810.3

Engd by H.S. Sadd

THE SISTERS.

2. Helleborus hortus. Trädgårds Hellebor.
3. Helleborus niger. Blank Hellebor.
5. Pallas, Europæa. Europeisk Pilblomma.

Lad

THE

LADIES' COMPANION,

ILLUSTRATED

WITH NUMEROUS

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

AND

COLORED FLOWER PLATES.

LOYOLA HIGH SCHOOL
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THE SISTERS.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

The old manor house of Folkstone has little to attract the notice of the passing wayfarer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been felled to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some fairer domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls, and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange stories are abroad concerning the origin of that fire. The present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit it, with a party of gay revellers, soon after it fell into his possession. Five more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of the wealthiest of England's peers, and when he beheld the worm-eaten tapestries and mouldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with a loud oath—

"I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue."

His steward, a keen-eyed, iron-faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames. Some said it was a judgment from Heaven—others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure. I had been told that the staircase was still decorated with some remains of the magnificent oaken carvings which had once adorned many of the rooms, and I

was therefore induced to visit the almost roofless mansion, which certainly promised little to reward my search. I had wandered for some time through the empty apartments, which were nearly stripped of every vestige of furniture, when, upon opening the door of a small chamber that seemed originally designed for an oratory, I found myself suddenly in the presence of a picture, whose tints were so unfaded and life-like, that, for a moment, I started as if the actual beings had suddenly risen before me.

The picture represented two young girls, with the arm of one resting on the neck of the other. Perhaps, had I seen the picture elsewhere, it might not have offered such powerful attraction, although it was as exquisite in its execution as in its design. But the faces of those beautiful girls, gleaming out from the dark oaken panel in which the picture was deeply inserted—this painted semblance of life, active and joyous life, in the midst of utter desolation—this solitary vestige of a race now passed forever from the earth—this single record of the past, which had escaped the destruction to which its stranger lord had doomed the home of an ancient family, awakened a feeling of awe for which I could scarcely account, even to myself. I gazed upon those bright faces, until imagination began to weave many a dream of the fortunes of those lovely children. I pictured them the idol of their stately parents, the pride of the family, the darlings of their dependents. I had been struck with their wonderful similarity of feature, and I fancied the fair sisters had been as much assimilated in character, while I endeavored to sketch some probable view of their course through life. The setting sun, which, beaming through the single window, suddenly lighted up the lonely picture with a halo of departing glory, recalled me to myself, and, as I turned my back upon the little chamber, I felt the folly of my own imaginings. Why should I seek to penetrate the veil of years? They had lived, and probably loved, and certainly suffered, and doubtless their ashes were now mingling with those of their forefathers in the family vault of the neighboring chapel. They had but shared the common lot of all mankind, and why should I be so strangely interested in two fair faces on which the worm had long since feasted in the silent tomb? Yet those beautiful children seemed to me like a bright vision, seen amid the blackness of darkness, long after I had returned to

my solitary room, and I determined to make some inquiries respecting them ere I left the neighborhood. There are always some old retainers of a noble house, or at least some descendants of such, who haunt the scenes of ancient splendor; and from an aged crone, whose mother had been the nurse of the beautiful girls whose portraits I had seen, I learned the tale which proved how false had been my own imaginings.

The ladies Charlotte and Grace were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone. Born after a childless marriage of many years, perhaps both parents would have been better pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of the two fragile daughters who were now destined to inherit the estates, and extinguish the name of their ancient family. But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue, their regrets, and ere long the girls were the idols of both father and mother.

Entitled by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshipped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their own offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all, from the proud old lord down to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they soon acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God himself had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickerings and still renewed quarrels which disturbed the days of infancy. The misfortunes which befel the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause, will be found to have arisen in that disunion of feeling, and selfishness which characterized their childhood, while the wonderful similarity which distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfailing source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlovely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter

unselfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events of the sisters' early life; events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character. In their teens, the ladies Charlotte and Grace were known to all the country around as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely lovely, drew around them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, yet these differences were of the most decided and definite kind. Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and power of self-possession. Charlotte, with far more real strength of mind than her sister, had far less control over her wayward impulses. Her acuteness of perception and brilliant wit gave point and poignancy to her conversation, which too frequently degenerated into severity and sarcasm, while the least irritation of temper produced such cutting and violent invectives against the offender that few were found willing to brave her anger more than once. But with all these defects she yet possessed a degree of generous frankness, and magnanimity in acknowledging her errors, which gave promise of many noble qualities hidden beneath the waywardness of her temper. Grace, on the contrary, was one of those sensitive, morbid creatures, who delight in cherishing every sentiment into a passion; romance was the atmosphere in which she sought to dwell, and, failing to find its subtle essence pervading the grosser elements of every-day life, she was ever fretful, repining, and discontented. But Grace was, also, a profound and skillful dissembler. Though guided ever by the impulses of a headstrong will, she yet managed to appear one of the most refined and delicate and gentle of women. Though resolute of purpose, and defying all hin drances when her passions were excited, she seemed only one of those frail, dependent, timid creatures who attach themselves to the hearts of men by their very helplessness. While the dark eyes of Charlotte flashed with the fires of intellect, those of Grace were full of liquid light, as if a tear were ever ready to soften their rich lustre. While the chiselled lips of the franker sister were sometimes wreathed with merry smiles, sometimes curved in bitter scorn, the rose-bud mouth of the gentle Grace

never expressed a ruder emotion than quiet pleasure or placid pensiveness. While the lithe figure of one was seen in all the unstudied grace of attitude, which might beseem a wood-nymph, the drooping form and equally picturesque but more artificial postures of the other would have afforded a model to the sculptor who vainly sought to image the statue of modesty.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood, when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the growth of those errors in her children of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantine caprices, and, like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for her unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their wilfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her long dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were, by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges. Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his peculiar prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his feeble claims upon their notice or regard. Herbert Bellenden was a younger son, who, from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance from Folkstone, and the large estates of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sisters. Shy and retiring in his manner, a student in the fullest sense of the word, he avoided society with an almost morbid feeling of self-distrust and false pride; while his keen sense of the beautiful, and his

ardent admiration of feminine loveliness, led him to find his chief delight in the continuance of his boyish intimacy with the ladies of Folkstone. He had mastered much of the lore of books, and had not altogether neglected the study of human nature, though his reserved manners gave him little facility in this pursuit—but of that strangest of all strange volumes—the heart of woman—he was profoundly and hopelessly ignorant. Considering the sex as vastly inferior to men in intellectual strength, he looked upon them as fair and gentle beings, sent to soften man's rugged nature, and embellish life's dreary scenes; but the idea that they had characters which might be studied, and faculties which might be developed, never once occurred to him.

To a man of secluded habits and timid nature, the bold, frank, fearless bearing of Charlotte was far more attractive than the sensitive and relying temper of Grace. He had not the decision of character and firmness of purpose which is sufficient for itself, and can, therefore, afford to offer its support to the feebler nature of woman. Charlotte's self-reliance, though generally the least attractive of all feminine traits, seemed peculiarly calculated to please one who was conscious of his own weakness; and Herbert Bellenden was not long in discovering that his affections were no longer in his own keeping. That his fine talents, his poetic temperament, his enthusiasm, and his romance of feeling should have given him an interest in the heart of the morbidly sensitive Grace, was by no means extraordinary; but that the high-spirited and joyous-hearted Charlotte—she who shared her father's pride, and looked with scorn upon all who trod a lowlier path through life than that which she pursued—she who mocked at the name of love, and despised the thought of being humbled to the condition of a loving and submissive woman—she who had heretofore fancied that a paladin of the olden time, a knight ready to do his devoir to the death, or at least a noble gentleman, skilled in all manly and daring exercises, could alone fix her wandering fancy—that she should have loved the shy and vacillating student, was one of those marvels for which philosophy has no explanation. Alas! were "human love the growth of human will," how much of the suffering which belongs to its full and perfect development, would the hearts of men, and more especially of women,

be spared. Herbert loved the high-souled Charlotte; and the lofty Charlotte, as well as the romantic Grace, had yielded up their hearts to him. Both, turning from the advantages which were offered them by wealth and rank, had bestowed their affections on the youthful rector. But while Charlotte proudly and sternly struggled against the love which was daily gaining new vigor in her heart, Grace, ever attracted by those incongruities of life which give a tincture of romance to the dull realities of this working-day world, cherished the feeble sentiment of preference into a deep and absorbing passion.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic but self-willed Grace. She had early discovered Herbert Bellenden's preference for Charlotte—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet, in despite of these things, she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart. All the powerful machinery of a woman's wiliness was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers. By cunningly constructed tales of Herbert's presumption, Charlotte was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness, almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Grace, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness. A woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary. Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Grace. He fancied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern, cold indifference of her sister, he could not but wonder at his own waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshipper.

One evening—it was the dusk hour of twilight, and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over

the pathway, as Herbert encountered the lady of his love. She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him. Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Grace—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. Now, however, he was nerved by a courage heretofore unknown to him. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he could neither understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did the lady listen to the burning words of passion—silently did she suffer him to draw her toward him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no misgiving seize him when he found the haughty and frank Charlotte listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even degrade herself by a clandestine marriage!

On the night following this unlooked for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a by-path through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trysting place. Herbert Bellenden was already there—the carriage was in waiting, and, with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one of its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but, strange to say, half the world made Charlotte the partner of his flight, while others said that Grace was the bride.

The gossips were only satisfied when Charlotte, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and queenly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily rides. It was strange, passing strange.

Time passed on, and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sisters. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Charlotte dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title and fortune which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Grace, who, to the eyes of the world, had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and wealth. At the death-bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Charlotte, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Charlotte's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Grace was hiding within her bosom a secret which she dreaded lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped her reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Grace was preparing for her first winter in London, where she had resolved to appear in all the splendors of her beauty and her fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground, while her dress becoming entangled in the steps, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded. She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured

that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured, but for many hours she lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor pronounced the crisis to be past.

"Everything depends upon care now," said the man of wisdom; "the slightest change may prove fatal to her; the most trivial neglect is death."

Then leaving a draught, to be taken at regular intervals, the doctor sought the repose which, during her most imminent danger, he had denied himself.

That very night, as Charlotte watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister—in the very presence of the helpless sufferer who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night, from the lips of him whom she still loved better than aught else on earth, did Charlotte listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was *her* love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—it was *her* hand he had tried to win—it was *her* whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her whom he claimed as his wife, did he learn that Grace, and not Charlotte, was his companion.

"From that hour, Charlotte," said he, "I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blandishments, have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love. Yes," he added, bitterly, "she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder whose sting I feel in my very heart of hearts; and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—a fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence."

What were the feelings of Charlotte when she listened to this strange tale? The flood-gates of passion were thrown down—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another. From that moment Charlotte never re-entered her sister's apartment, and never again met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstances awakened fearful

suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and ill-omened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Grace seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

"She will never walk again, poor thing," said he, gravely, "and she will scarcely be able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eye-sight will be fully restored—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years."

That very night, or rather at dawn of the following day, Grace was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left but a few hours before in comparative safety, but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not occurred, some rapid and violent attack of disease whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in state, although a pompous funeral graced the obsequies of the once beautiful Countess of Moreland. The Earl wore the semblance of decent sorrow—the lady Charlotte assumed the dusky habiliments of wo—and yet, it was observed that the old watcher, whose carelessness had, in all probability, shortened the days of the unhappy countess, was taken into the household, and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized secretly and by torch-light, in the chapel of Folkstone. The bride was the beautiful Charlotte, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and low, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which he was now doing.

He had yielded to the bolder wickedness of the woman at his side. But he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Charlotte was revenged, alike upon the sister who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had wavered, when decision would have afforded happiness to both. Grace was laid in an unhonored grave, Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence? Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character and his low vices—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the earldom of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of inexpressible horror from all who looked upon him was his only welcome to a world of suffering.

For twenty years Charlotte was manacled and bound like a wild beast, chained to the walls of her own apartment, an object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness, or listened to the wild howlings of her insanity. The child, a helpless, crippled idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and, by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I had fancied a destiny of innocent happiness.

A SUPREME fondness for any creature presumes that we do not perceive any worthier object; or, perceiving it, do not relish it; and we need not go further for proof of our utter incapacity for advancing in excellence, till we see and relish something higher and better.

FLOWERS.

What a surprising variety is observable among the flowery tribes. How has the bountiful hand of Providence diversified these nicest pieces of his workmanship; added the charms of an endless novelty to all their other perfections! A constant uniformity would soon render the entertainment tiresome or insipid; therefore every species is formed on a separate plan, and exhibits something entirely new. The fashion spreads not from family to family; but every one has a mode of its own, which is truly original. The most cursory glance perceives an apparent difference, as well as a peculiar delicacy, in the airs and habits, the attitude and lineaments, of every distinct class.

Some rear their heads with a majestic mien, and overlook, like sovereigns or nobles, the whole parterre. Others seem more moderate in their aims, and advance only to the middle stations; a genius turned for heraldry might term them the gentry of the border. While others, free from all aspiring views, creep unambitiously on the ground, and look like the commonality of the kind. Some are intersected with elegant stripes or studded with radiant spots. Some affect to be genteelly powdered or neatly fringed: while others are plain in their aspect, unaffected in their dress, and content to please with a naked simplicity. Some assume the monarch's purple: some look most becoming in the virgin's white. Here stands a warrior clad with crimson; there sits a magistrate robed in scarlet; and yonder struts a pretty fellow, that seems to have dipped his plumes in the rainbow, and glitters in all the gay colors of that resplendent arch. Some rise into a curious cup, or fall into a set of beautiful bells. Some spread themselves in a swelling tuft, or crowd into a delicious cluster. In some the predominant stain softens, by the gentlest diminutions, till it has even stolen away from itself.

The eye is amused at the agreeable delusion; and we wonder to find ourselves insensibly decoyed into quite a different lustre. In others you would think the fine tinges were emulous of pre-eminence. Disdaining to mingle, they confront one another with the resolution of rivals, determined to dispute the prize of beauty, while each is improved by the opposition into the highest vivacity of complexion.

Nor is the simplicity of the operation less astonishing than the accuracy of the workmanship or the infinitude of the effects. Should you ask, "Where and what are the materials which beautify the blooming world? What rich tints, what splendid dyes, what stores of shining crayons stand by the Heavenly Limner when he paints the robe of nature?" 'Tis answered, His powerful pencil needs no such costly apparatus. A single principle, under his conducting hand, branches out into an immensity of the most varied and most finished forms. The moisture of the earth and of the circumambient air, passed through proper strainers, and disposed in a range of pellucid tubes; this performs all the wonders, and produces all the beauties of vegetation. This creeps along the fibres of the low-spread moss, and climbs to the very tops of the lofty-waving cedars. This, attracted by the root, and circulating through invisible canals—this bursts into gems, expands itself into leaves, and clothes the forest with all its verdant honors. This one plain and simple cause gives birth to all the charms which deck the youth and maturity of the year.

By looking at the sun, we lose the power of seeing other objects. It was, I conceive, one design of God, in hiding himself so far from us, in throwing around himself the veil of his works, to prevent this very evil. He intended that our faculties should be left at liberty to act upon other things beside himself; that the will should not be crushed by his overpowering greatness; that we should be free agents; that we should recognize rights in ourselves and in others, as well as in the Creator, and thus be introduced into a wide and ever-enlarging sphere of action and duty.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY ANNIE DANE.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
From the tiny throat of the warbling bird,
Thy thrilling and cheering tones are heard;
From the rosy lips of the laughing child,
Thy notes come gushing merrily and wild.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine.
Was it nursed so darkly in sin and gloom,
With crushing doubts for a life-long doom,
That, bending its cradled infancy o'er,
Thou wast haunted afar forever more?

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
And can any one love it, so cold and drear,
With no soft musical strains to cheer—
With no lay to pour when the moon gleams bright—
And no flute-like voice for the still twilight?

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
And yet it has melodies all unheard—
Though sadder than those of a prisoned bird—
And fountains of joy that sparkle and play,
But whose gushing waters are pent alway.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
And when love shall come, with its wild unrest,
To make a home in my feeble breast,
I weep to think that the new-born prayer
Must seek in vain for utterance there.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
And when I would join the chant of praise,
My feeble lips can no offering raise—

Can never their hymn of devotion pour,
At His holy shrine, whom, unseen, I adore.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
Yet Hope, sweet angel, is hovering near,
On a radiant wing, all spotless and clear;
And she points afar to a sunny land,
The birth-place of song, with its angel band.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
Yet there I shall languish and roam no more,
With the chalice of tenderness brimming o'er:
But no words to express, and no sounds to reveal
The full strength of affection that now I conceal.

Oh! Spirit of Song, sweet Spirit divine,
Thou hast left unblest this heart of mine;
Yet there I shall wait, with a thrilling lyre,
And a soul unburdened with vain desire,
And sing a glad welcome to all I love,
As they raise their bright pinions to hasten above.

VIRTUES.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are rarer; and when they do occur we are prepared for them. We are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifices. We are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Thus the hero perishes on the field of battle, and the martyr at the stake. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. Hence we regard not as heroes those who fail not in the smallest duties of life; nor as martyrs those who sacrifice themselves to minuter virtues. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love of right and virtues can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit—an enthusiasm of the moment.

THE SOMNAMBULE.

BY ADOLPH.

The phantoms of night had fled. The light of the morning was around me. Over hill and dale went forth the golden beams, till the carol of birds rang merrily, and the minute features of the dreamiest landscape that ever zoned a dear home passed into full exhibition.

No disease illuded the senses, or disturbed the operations of the understanding. The dew of my youth and strength was upon me, and the visions of the night had refreshed me I had dreamed of usefulness—I had dreamed of renown—I had dreamed of love. One by one the visions departed to the low tones of music, and the glances of affection, and all within me was placid as the lake which has just mirrored the bright hues and gay forms of a summer sunset.

A sound was upon the breeze, and a voice was in my ear. I raised my eyes from the classic page on which they were resting, and lo! Mercury, the herald-god, stood before me. I knew him by the winged helmet upon his head, the winged sandals upon his feet, and the wand of office in his hand—just as he was in the days of the bard of Mantua, and of the blind old man of Scio. Addressing me in the very best of modern Greek, he summoned me in the name of cloud-compelling Jupiter, king of gods and men, to be present without delay at a grand council of the Olympian Deities. I was about inviting him to take a seat by the fire, and wait for some ambrosial refreshments, when he suddenly took me by the hand, and at once we were in mid-heaven, and posting to the Orient with the speed of thought.

Hail, F——! lovely home of the lovely and true! Hail mighty Ocean! thy bosom peopled with isles, and dotted with sails; bearing on thy breast the navies and argosies of the world, and untold wealth of bold and free hearts. Hail to the land of the renowned Cid! the land of the tourney and ballad—

of chivalry and romance! Yonder, in the Sierra Nevada, the Campeador and Himena plighted their early troth. There, at the lists of Seville, Rodrigo broke his hundred lances for his lady-love. There, from the tower of the Alhambra, watched the tearful Moorish maiden as the white plume of her chieftain floated long over the surge of battle and sank—and Granada was lost and won. And thou, Hesperia, hail! And hail, thou land of Dido! hapless, forsaken Dido—the pitied of all hearts.

> The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung!

And away in the distance the Troad of Helen, and the storied straits of Leander.

At this moment a dense cloud poured around us. With the rapidity of thought we darted upward for a moment, and then stood. The cloud slowly rolled away. My journey was finished. Olympus was reached—the assembly of the gods was before me.

Truly an august assembly! All riches of nature and art, all beauty and majesty, were there. There sat the Thunderer, whose nod shakes the world, and queenly Juno by his side. There sat Neptune with his trident, Pluto with his keys, Apollo with his bags and lyre, Venus, radiant queen of beauty and love, with her sisters, and on her knee the mischief-loving boy of the laughing eye and the rattling quiver. In a word, every deity was present, and every countenance was grave. Surely the business is weighty which checks the mirth of the Thyrsian god, and crowds the morning Divan of Olympus.

Let no one doubt the reality of the facts I shall relate, or question my right to relate them. They are as true as Jupiter himself, and I hold my commission to divulge them under the broad seal of Olympus.

The Council opened. Jupiter nodded—the world shook, and Mercury came forward. Hark to the silver-voiced herald! "Jupiter wills the plaintiff to appear and state his complaints; the will of Jupiter be done!" In an instant the rattling of a quiver was heard, and, at a bound, Cupid appeared on the rostrum, and, with lifted hands, frowning brow, and trumpet-voice, thus addressed the assembly:—

"Paternal Jove, and ye sons and daughters of Olympus! My power is scorned! My arrows are derided! My throne is in danger! What to me are the trophies of the past? What

to me the pledges of the future? Example spreads like the miasm of the desert. Alas! for the halcyon hours of the dim past. Alas! for the days of the old renown. Then the heart was tender, the age golden, and Arcadia universal. Then maidens welcomed me with smiles, and I had an altar in every home, and an arrow in every heart. But gone forever are the days of my power, and gone the days of love.

Wonder, not, most mighty father, at the strength of my language, or the vehemence of my manner. My provocation is great. 'I have had wrongs which might stir a fever in the blood of age, and make the infant sinew strong as steel.' Is it nothing that there is a conspiracy on foot against me? Is it nothing that the flowers have determined to remain in their native bowers, and the gems on their native bed, and never to bloom or sparkle but for themselves alone? Profound is my sorrow, and vast my indignation. Listen, ye gods and goddesses, while I unfold the causes of my grief; the efforts I have made to remove them, and urge you, with the cogency of argument and expostulation, to aid me by your counsels, and sustain me by your power.

Far away are the pillars of Hercules, and distant is 'Ultima Thule.' More distant than all, and where the sun sinks to his rest, lies the home of the lovely and true. Visit it, all ye who love fair fields, bright eyes, and cold hearts. Here lies the cause of my grief. Here rebellion is rife—organized, consolidated rebellion. Here a society has been formed against me, and officers chosen, and the nymphs, Amazon-like, with panoply and championess, are now marching against me under the waving standards of defiance. Full many a shaft have I launched; full many a knight have I sent against them. With lance in rest, and in full career, dashed my crested champions to the shock; but,

'Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invicta que bello dextra.'

Crested helm has fallen, and rider and steed have bit the dust. Pierced through and through, sank to their rest the noble and the brave. 'They have slept their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,' and no bard celebrates their deeds, and no requiem is chanted over them as they lie all cold on the bed of honor. Peace to the shades of the mighty departed!

Time would fail me to tell all the measures I have taken against my enemies. I have become Protean-formed. I have gone against them in many a legend, and ballad, and lay of the gifted minstrel, and tale of the olden time. Romance kindles the imagination, and poetry softens the soul to love. I have gone in dreams and visions of the night. Then, from the dim dream-land came to the maiden fairy forms of grace and fascination, and poured the gush of music, and breathed the air of Araby the blessed. There were lovers wandering in the pale moonlight, and 'soft eyes that looked love to eyes that spake again,' and the trembling utterances of a full and deathless affection, and cheeks that touched, and hands that clasped, and vows of eternal constancy, and moments big with the very 'life of life' of young hearts, and sad partings, and a meeting never to part again, and long bright day of wedded happiness such as the gods award to beauty and to virtue. The morning dawned, the visions fled, and the maiden awoke. The maiden awoke 'with the rose in her cheek, and the dew in her eye;' but still the championess is leading, and the nymphs are marching, and the standards are floating in the 'home of the beautiful and true.'

All, all is in vain. I have tried the combat and have fallen. I have tried stratagem and have failed. And never more on field or flood, in hall or lady's bower, shall I lift the foot or shake the wing till Olympus rises to my aid, and Jupiter thunders before me the mandate of dispersion.

But I must close. Brief has been my statement of facts, and brief must be my appeal for aid. Oh! many and strong are my claims upon you. Celestial is my birth and lineage. From age to age I have dwelt among you. Not a god or goddess but will testify that my sceptre is of the olive branch, and my chains of roses. I am the parent of beautiful smiles and blushes, of gentle tones and furtive glances, of electric thrills of pleasure, and the sweet charities of home. I give to flowers their language, and fill the forest glade with the 'sweet wood-notes wild.' I give to dress its elegance, to manners their polish, to society its refinement. I give to beauty a protector, to weakness a strong arm on which to lean, to the flower the stem around which it may entwine itself, and the wind of heaven dare not visit it too roughly, or slander speak against it, when I am by. I preside over joyous youth, and the eye sparkles, and the

blood dances at my presence. I am the nurse of chivalry—I am the very fountain and life of *belles lettres*. Poets pour libations to me, and genius offers whole hecatombs upon my altar. Grave philosophy, too, sooner or later, acknowledges my merit, and bows at my shrine. I spread the sails of enterprise —I prompt the scholar to his deeds of deathless fame. He seeks to deck the jewel of his heart with jewels of the mind, and pants for glory and the laurel that he may lay them at the feet of her he loves.

In a word, sixty hoar centuries send up their testimony from the abyss of the past, and, with mighty and emphatic voice, appeal to you in my behalf, as they attest the blessings of my reign. The sands are wasting, the moments are flying, and the council will soon be over. I read your countenances, and I anticipate your decision. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' Rebellion is crushed, and vindicated is the glory of my ancient monarchy.

'Iam redit et virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna.'"

The orator ceased. Profound silence reigned in the assembly. It was the silence of a few moments only. A low murmur arose, and spread itself gradually into a universal din of voices. Then came a lull. Again swelled the chorus of confusion—louder and louder—obstreperous Mars leading off with brazen throat and clanging shield—louder and louder—fiercer and fiercer—what a tempest! Can none constrain to order the tossing conclave! I raised my eye timidly to the seat of Jupiter, and lo! the Thunderer, with flushed face and straining muscle, poising a bolt for the far Occident. My eyes instinctively closed as they caught the incipient flash—a stunning roar as of a mighty park of artillery succeeded, and——

I awoke. The last echoes of thunder were dying in my ear. The rain pattered against the window, and the winds shrieked around the angles and shutters and giant elms of the old dwelling. On my table lay an open Odyssey, and between its leaves a narrative of the progress of the order of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. My right hand held a pen over a sheet of freshly written manuscript. Then I knew myself a SOMNAMBULE.

THE DISH OF MUSHROOMS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE AYCARD.]

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

During the latter days of the carnival, M. Aubertin, a rich banker, who had long since retired from business, was seated at his fireside with his friend, M. de Marans. It was near midnight. They had left a gay company in the saloon, where much had been said of the ball at the opera, and it was supposed that they were preparing to go and spend an hour there. The conversation soon grew animated between the two old men.

"My dear Aubertin," said M. de Marans, "I cannot understand the obstinacy with which you oppose your son's marriage with Mademoiselle de Moeris; she is an admirable young girl, she has a considerable fortune, and, on the score of family, there is nothing to be desired. They love each other, and——"

"It is not I, my friend, who oppose this marriage; it is Madame Aubertin."

"I know it; but what are her reasons?"

"Ah, ha!" said the husband, "reasons! reasons! Why, you know very well that she will give none."

"Listen to me, Aubertin; you are a prudent and reasonable man; you have always been so. I have never observed but one fault in you; a fault, it is true, which has often obscured your good qualities, and one which, at our age, ought to have disappeared—I mean jealousy."

"Ah, jealous! I am no longer so. Why, you see, my wife is preparing to go to the ball at the opera, and I do not think of accompanying her."

"I should hope so, indeed; why, she is fifty years of age; I do not think you still jealous. I am ready to acknowledge that you have corrected this folly. I would merely remind you that

you have harbored it for twenty years, at least, and that this protracted jealousy has been a proof of your love."

"Yes, I have been very fond of my wife."

"This fondness," replied M. de Marans, "which I am far from finding fault with, has permitted Madame Aubertin to acquire great influence over you, and at this present moment she abuses it."

"You think me very weak, then?" cried M. Aubertin.

"So weak," replied his friend, "that you do not even know the motive of your wife's refusal."

"Who has told you so?"

"You, yourself; but if you do know it, let me hear it, and if it is reasonable——"

"It is very reasonable."

"Let us hear."

"You will laugh, still you will see that she could not act otherwise than she does, and that I, for my part, have not the slightest word to say in the matter."

"What is it then, if you please? wherefore this aversion which nothing seems to justify?"

"It is on account of a dish of mushrooms."

M. de Marans pushed back his chair; he gazed at his friend attentively, as if he were seeking in his eyes for some tokens of mental derangement. M. Aubertin's glance was mild and tranquil, although somewhat embarrassed.

"A dish of mushrooms?" said M. de Marans, in extreme astonishment.

"Yes, a dish of mushrooms."

"Come, come," said M. de Marans, "let us speak seriously. You are jesting."

"By no means. You know that it is my favorite dish, and that it is not only disagreeable to my wife's palate, but injurious to her stomach; she can scarcely bear to see it on the table, and she would die of hunger rather than touch it."

"I know that, but I do not see what connection——"

"It was necessary to remind you of this, before relating, as I am about to do, that which occurred in my family nearly twenty-two years ago."

"At the time when you were jealous?"

"Precisely. My wife was then twenty years of age, and I

was still in business. We received much company; M. de Moeris came very often——"

"The father of the young girl whom your son wishes to espouse?"

"The same. If you knew him at that time, you must remember that he was a handsome fellow, agreeable, intelligent, and one whose attentions were well calculated to excite jealousy. So I was jealous!"

"Yes, yes!" said M. de Marans; "I recognise you there, my friend; I would wager that this jealousy had no reasonable foundation, and that you took the phantoms of your disordered brain for realities."

"You would lose, my dear friend, if you made such a wager."

"I defy you to prove it."

"Nothing is easier."

M. Aubertin rose, and approaching the wall of the apartment, struck it with the back of his hand; it sounded hollow.

"You know," he said, "that there was a certain Dionysius at Syracuse, who resorted to a similar means to learn his friends' secrets; a king of England has imitated his example, and this hiding-place was called the king's ears; I have copied after these two personages; I have had my ears."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, some time ago, during the first years of my marriage, I caused a small closet to be made yonder, the existence of which was suspected by no one, and in which all that is said in this chamber can be heard with the utmost distinctness. A secret door, carefully concealed from view, gave me admission, and when they thought me at a distance, I was near."

"What indelicacy! Aubertin, I did not think you capable of it."

"You are right; I do not seek to excuse it. But remember that I had a pretty wife—that I was jealous—and that I am relating to you the story of a dish of mushrooms. Besides, I assure you, it is now more than ten years since I have set foot in that closet; of late, indeed, I perceive that I have lost the key to it; how long I do not know. Well, I could thus watch, at my pleasure, the progress of M. de Moeris' passion, and of his success with my wife. Day by day, I heard the lover grow more tender—my wife oppose—at first, her love for me; then,

her duties, her affection for her son—the same one whose marriage with Mademoiselle de Moeris she opposes so violently to-day. Madame Aubertin spoke of her reputation, which would be blasted by a fault, of the regret, the agitation, the remorse which follows the slightest deviation from the path of duty, while M. de Moeris vowed eternal love; he offered her his fortune, his life; he wished to elope with her—to take her to the world's end—and swore that he would love her as devotedly in old age as he did at that very moment. One day, at last, his passion knew no bounds; it broke out in reproaches against her insensibility; and Madame Aubertin told him, in a voice interrupted by sobs, that she could not reveal to him the secrets of her heart, but that perhaps he had little reason for complaint, and that it was possible he was not the only unhappy one; in a word, she gave him to understand that I was the sole obstacle to her happiness, and that but for me, she would be well pleased to reward so much love and devotion.'

"Indeed!" cried M. de Marans.

"It was thus, at least, that M. de Moeris understood her," continued M. Aubertin. "He then exclaimed that I had been created to render him the most wretched of mankind; that, but for me, his life would glide on sweetly and happily, and, although he did not venture, doubtless, to express all the hatred which he felt towards me, nor to utter, in precise terms, the charitable wish to see my widow wear mourning, yet he said so much, that Madame Aubertin checked him by reminding him that I was her husband, and that these were words and wishes to which she could not listen. The two separated in sadness, and I left my hiding place. What was to be done? My rival was beloved, or at least, on the point of being so. Never did a jealous husband find himself in a position so annoying as mine; informed of all, yet the manner in which I had surprised the secret prevented me from speaking. I cursed my stratagem; I would have thrown my key into the river, but alas! I knew too much not to be sure that I would have ordered another to be made on the morrow! I thought of challenging M. de Moeris; then I rejected this idea, and, fearful that my wife might yield, I resolved to quit Paris—to carry her off from him before he carried her off from me. I passed the rest of the day, and the following night, in a most deplorable condition.

I formed a thousand projects, without being able to decide upon a single one, and in the morning, with a face calm in appearance, and with a constrained smile upon my lips, I met my wife."

"And you did not tell her——"

"I did not say a word to her; you will hear what passed. A domestic knocked at the door.

'What is it? What do you want?' I asked

'The cook, sir, wishes to speak with you,' said the domestic.

'The cook! what can he want of me? It is not my business to inspect his accounts."

'He has some favor to ask of you, perhaps,' said my wife. 'Go into your own apartment, and admit him.'

'I have no secrets from you,' I replied to Madame Aubertin, 'above all, with my domestics; besides, if the cook has a favor to ask, he will prefer, doubtless, to receive it at your hands rather than at mine. Send him up.'

The cook entered, pale, trembling, and with that air of mystery which announces some terrible accident.

'What has happened, Rigaud?' said my wife, alarmed at the agitation of his features.

'Ah, madame,' replied Rigaud, with his cotton cap in his hand, 'if you knew——'

'Speak, Rigaud!'

Rigaud had received an anonymous letter, in which he had found a bank note for a thousand francs, and the promise of a second note of the same amount, if he would pour into a dish of mushrooms—a dish that he prepared for me alone—the contents of a small phial which was attached to the letter. He was assured that it would add greatly to the flavor of the mushrooms, and would be followed by no inconvenience either to himself or to any one else. The honest fellow gave me the letter, and drew the phial from his pocket. He was well satisfied that the request could not be an innocent one, since it had been made with such mystery, and accompanied with such a sum of money. I took the phial, examined its contents, and having poured a few drops upon a lump of sugar, I gave it to a small dog, of which my wife was very fond. Scarcely had the poor animal swallowed the poisonous morsel, when his limbs

stiffened, his eyes rolled in his head, and he fell dead upon the carpet.

'Oh, heavens! it is poison!' exclaimed my wife, and, throwing herself into my arms, she deluged my face with tears.

The cook, motionless with fright, implored me to accompany him to a commissary of the police, that he might make his deposition. I, calm and quiet, applauded Rigaud's fidelity, acknowledged that I owed my life to him, and, placing in his hands a note for a thousand francs, to make up for that which had been promised him, I admonished him to be very careful of my dish of mushrooms, which I expected to eat with more than usual satisfaction, leaving him at liberty to seek out a magistrate, and make such a deposition as he chose. When I was alone with my wife, she wept, she sobbed, she overwhelmed me with marks of attachment and of love. I simply told her it appeared that I had a mortal enemy, but that with a loving wife, and surrounded by faithful domestics, I had nothing to fear, and I left her to her reflections. Another, in my place, would have been curious to overhear the conversation which would take place at the next interview between M. de Moeris and my wife. For my part, I knew Madame Aubertin so well, I had so plainly seen the horror with which the intended crime had inspired her, that I was certain that this interview would not take place. In truth, Madame Aubertin, terrified at a passion so violent and unscrupulous, arranged matters in such a way as to let M. de Moeris understand that he would not be admitted to her presence. The latter, piqued at this conduct, grew weary of a passion so poorly recompensed, and soon after married."

"Ha!" cried M. de Marans, "you have related a horrible story; this M. de Moeris must be a monster, and I am no longer astonished that Madame Aubertin is unwilling to ally herself with a man who could have meditated such a crime. But I am surprised that you do not share in her aversion and contempt for M. de Moeris."

"For M. de Moeris!" replied Aubertin: "What! do you think that it was he who tried to poison me?"

"And who, then, could it be?"

"Why, I myself."

"How, you?"

"Yes, it was I who wrote the anonymous letter to my cook, and who sent him the poison."

"You! you, Aubertin?"

"Certainly. I was jealous, and I knew what reason I had to be so; M. de Moeris, by regarding me as the sole obstacle to his happiness, by wishing for my death, suggested to me an idea, which I at once put into execution, and which delivered me from a dangerous rival. My wife's dog was killed by it, and it cost me two thousand francs. I do not think that was paying too much to recover my lost tranquillity."

"But you have calumniated an honest man."

"I! have I ever said a word? Has my mouth ever opened to accuse him?"

"You well knew that your wife would suspect M. de Moeris, and look upon him as a poisoner."

"That is true, and it was to produce this result that I acted as I did, for what more agreeable news could M. de Moeris hear than that of my death? Had he not openly desired it? and was not my wife obliged to interrupt him in the midst of his homicidal wishss?"

"True," replied M. de Marans; "but do you believe him capable of putting so base a design into execution? Because he was in love to become a poisoner! Do you not think that he is an honest, an honorable man?"

"Without doubt."

"Why then brand him with the opprobrium of a crime?"

"Because I was jealous, and because this passion, as violent as love itself, is also as blind. Now, after the lapse of twenty years, when I no longer see with the same eyes as then, I blush at my conduct—I blame myself as you blame me; but it is only of late that I have thought thus; so long as I was jealous, I approved of what I had done; now, the veil has fallen from my eyes, still you will comprehend that I can neither inform my wife, nor disapprove of her views in reference to this marriage."

"And your son will be unhappy, Mademoiselle de Moeris will not espouse the man she loves," said M. de Marans, "because, twenty years ago, you calumniated M. de Moeris."

"But confess, my friend," replied M. Aubertin, "that this calumny, if it were one, was the most innocent imaginable; it

was restricted to a single person; then, it has prevented me from being——"

"Come, come, I know your wife; there was no danger——"

At this moment the door of the apartment was opened, and Madame Aubertin entered.

"Ah! you here, madame?" said her husband, glancing at the clock, which was upon the point of striking one. "I thought that you were at the ball."

"No, sir," she replied, "I begged my son to escort thither the ladies who passed the evening with us, and I have employed the time in reflecting upon this marriage which is proposed to us. I have changed my opinion, sir; I give my consent to this union; I cease to oppose it."

"Indeed, madame!"

"Yes, sir," replied Madame Aubertin. "By the bye, here is a little key which I chanced to find some days ago—is it not yours?"

M. Aubertin took the key, cast a stealthy glance upon it, blushed, and thrust it into his pocket.

"My friend," said M. de Marans, "the ears of Dionysius of Syracuse, and of James of England, have just been turned against you."

The husband hung his head; after twenty years he was caught in the snare which he had spread for others.

Fifteen days afterward the son of M. Aubertin was married to Mademoiselle de Moeris.

THE brave only know how to forgive. It is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered, but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

THE LUXURY OF DEEP SORROW.

Montgomery once wrote a poem which he denominated "The Joy of Grief," if we mistake not its title, and a very touching thing it was, if we have not entirely forgotten the impression it made upon us some twenty years ago, when we read it for the first and last time. We thought it excellent; but, subsequent experience has taught us that it by no means reached the reality of the subject. True and touching as it was, as far as it went, even Montgomery's poetry fell short—very far short—of describing the feeling which is in *our* mind's eye. There may be "joy in grief;" common sorrow may contain a mixture of solace—detached portions of counteracting consolations which may not only blunt the edge of affliction,—but even furnish material for happiness—such happiness, at least, as Montgomery contemplated. The bee extracts very sweet honey from the most unpromising materials, and the poet and the moralist have the same right, if they have not the same skill. They may, *if they can*, make sorrow and sadness subservient to their mental alchymy, and cause even despondency itself to yield a partial harvest of pleasure! In the sense, however, in which the English poet considered this matter, there may be very grave doubts. He was a poet merely—very little of a philosopher. We *are* philosophers, and we intend to give an opinion on this subject that will prove us so. Sorrow *has* its luxury. The man who has struggled, for years, with the adverse currents of human life, who has breasted the billows of misfortune, and met the stormiest times which life's navigator is fated to encounter, knows as we know, that even misery, itself, has its store-house of comforts. He whose struggles have finally succumbed to the resistlessness of ill fortune, can bear us witness that there is luxury left to despondency! *There is enjoyment*, even in retiring into the concentration of the heart's last and lowliest abyss of bitterness! When a man can no longer remain cheerful upon his bright prospects, it is a blessed portion of his destiny that he may gather comforts from the mere intensity of those that are blighted! He may retire into himself, and luxurate upon the miseries which, being impossible to become worse,

ought, by all means, to become better; if it be true, as we believe it is, that fate is always locomotive, and never stands still. He who has satisfied himself that his fortune is at zero, may rationally enough make up his mind that there is little use in caring for it when it goes below. After freezing to death amid the snows and frosts of life, who would care much about the posthumous freaks of Fahrenheit? Who will give himself much trouble as to the temperature, after it has made an icicle of him? A frozen heart is precisely upon a par with a frozen potato, and one is worth just as much as the other.

But, we repeat, that there *is* a point in human feeling—and the heart reaches it before its throbbings are quite congealed—in which even its very woes assume the office of the soother!—Their intensity reacts upon itself, and while the demon of distraction seems to revel in the belief that he has utterly prostrated his victim, the victim rises superior to his inflictions, and gathers consolation from them! There is "luxury in deep sorrow"—there is happiness even amidst the heapings up of calamity. Let Misfortune do her worst; if she bring not the consciousness of crime or dishonor to her aid, her victim may defy her! Who has ever looked into himself during the season of deep depression, *studied* the causes of it, and studying them, been able to absolve himself from blame that they have come upon him, without finding a feeling worth all the self-complacency of the fortunate, the proud and the rich? Who, in such a scene buries himself in the contemplation of those he loves, and of the unremitted exertions he has made to deserve that love, but finds a loftier and holier feeling than wealth or pride or prosperity ever yet could bring him? That fate is unpropitious he knows—that he has done all in his power to deserve a better fate, he knows also, and in that lies the secret of the luxury which even grief can pluck from its direst visitations. There is the heart furnished with rays of sunshine from the sombre atmosphere with which its own misfortunes have surrounded it. There rises the rainbow of hope over the horizon of despair, and there, are dispensed the ministrations of consolation which the good angels of man's destiny throw through the gloom with which the bad have overshadowed it. In one word, when the heart feels itself verging fastest towards utter despondency, let it take courage; it will soon find itself at the point where there is "*Luxury in deep Sorrow.*" C. F. D.

CHERISHED TOKENS.

I have a bird—a lovely bird,
With saffron color'd wings,
And when the blessed morning breaks,
Ah, me! how sweet it sings!
He perches on the window, where
It looks upon the sea,
And oh! his every note is soft
As melody can be.

I have a tree—a scented tree,
Brought from far southern bowers;
And every month it bears for me
A coronal of flowers.
Though fragile be that wreath it weaves,
And soon its bloom be past,
'Tis sweet to watch the opening leaves,
And love them while they last.

I have a lute—a deep-toned lute,
With chords of magic thrill;
And when at night the birds are mute,
And winds and waves are still,
(Sometimes even by daylight's hour,)
It sings, or seems to sing
Such wild sad strains, I've almost though
An angel touch'd its string.

I have a braid—a silken braid
Of softest flaxen hair,
With clasp, which part of gold is made,
And part a jewel rare.
They say the gold is thrice refined,
And costlier far the gem,
And yet the simple lock they bind,
I value more than them.

And I have—ah, me!—how little priz'd
Of all my cherished things—
Hid in my bosom's deepest nook,
A heart of passion's strings.
I have—no, no, I have it not—
It once was in that cell—
But now I fear, 'tis flown away,
Whither—I may not tell.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

In the bright galaxy of female worthies, there is one name to which every American woman turns with even more of fond affection than of respectful admiration. It is the name of Martha Washington—the beloved and honored wife of the Father of his country; of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The distinction was an enviable one which made her the chosen of his heart and the sharer of his fame; but it was well-merited by personal excellencies on her part, which have seldom been equalled.

Eminently beautiful in form and features—descended from one of the noblest families in the Old Dominion—and allied by both her marriages to others not less distinguished—this illustrious woman might seem to have formed a shining mark for the shafts of envy and detraction; but she bore her honors so meekly—her native firmness and dignity were so tempered with winning softness and feminine delicacy, and her refinement of manners with unaffected benevolence—that envy stood abashed in her presence, and detraction turned away from the sight of excellencies it could not depreciate. Her character was one of deep sensibility and strong passions, but it was sensibility guided by judgment, and passion controlled by reason and religion. In her, the sorrowful, the timid, and the erring, found a sympathizing friend and a judicious counsellor—for she felt that her "mission on earth was to pity and to heal, and believed that the strongest and purest have within them the germs of those frailties which conquer the weak." The heart of her husband safely trusted in her—and, amid all the cares

and trials of public life, never, during his whole eventful career, was he disappointed in his reliance on her wisdom, her prudence, or her affection.

But it is not as the high-born and courtly belle of the drawing-room—not as the admired and envied wife of the hero and the statesman, that I wish to present Martha Washington to the attention of my young countrywomen. It was the crowning excellence of her character as a woman, that she possessed, in rare perfection, those domestic virtues which render home an earthly paradise. She was formed to be the ornament of society—but at an early age, she retired from its noise and glitter, into the calm privacy of domestic life, and there, as the idolized mistress, the tender mother, and the fond and faithful wife, her days were filled up with duty and usefulness. In all the details of household economy she was an adept; and if she was, beyond dispute, a lady in the parlor, she was equally so in that *terra incognita* to most fashionable ladies—the *kitchen*. Her skilful management and efficient control were felt throughout every part of her extensive establishment; and during the long absences from home which her husband's public station rendered necessary, she sustained the additional load of care thus thrown upon her, with an ease and cheerfulness that knew no variation and no abatement. The accomplishments of Martha Washington were not, like those of too many at the present day, "kept for show," and worn only in the presence of company. They were made to contribute to the happiness of all around her, and, like the rich setting of a diamond, only gave additional beauty to a character whose sterling value they could not materially enhance.

There are comparatively few who possess the proud but dangerous gift of genius—and to the multitudes who have no such distinction, I would say, Martha Washington was not "a genius;" but she possessed what is in reality more valuable—good common sense, and intellect sufficient to direct it in the very best manner to all the practical purposes of life; reasoning powers, strengthened by a thorough course of mental discipline; and, above all, that genuine piety

which led her to forget herself, in seeking the glory of God and the happiness of her fellow-beings. Her own character was one of transparent simplicity, and truth and candor were impressed on every line of her speaking countenance. Hers, in an eminent degree, was that charity which "thinketh no evil," for though she usually read character accurately, it was strictly true in her case, that—

> "Oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
> At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
> Resigns her charge; while Goodness thinks no ill,
> Where no ill seems."

Is the character I have faintly and imperfectly sketched, winning and attractive to my youthful readers? It is indeed one of rare symmetry, but there are about it no points of unattainable excellence to discourage all attempts at imitation. The guileless simplicity, the warm and generous sympathies, the untiring energy, the lofty purpose, and the consistent piety of Martha Washington, are virtues that may be cultivated by the humblest daughter of the land which gave her birth. Let woman be but true to herself—to her nature and her destinies; let her dare to break away from the slavery of fashion and the allurements of pleasure, and seek her happiness in the path of duty alone—then would every household be blessed with a presiding spirit such as Martha Washington, and the purifying influences of home flow out in streams of life and blessing through the land.

"After the death of her illustrious companion, which occurred in December, 1799, she remained at Mount Vernon, where she spent seventeen months mourning her loss, receiving the visits of the great from all parts of our land and from various parts of the earth; attending, as heretofore, to her domestic concerns, perfecting in the Christian graces, and ripening for the joys of a holier state of being. On the 22d of May, 1801, she who, while on earth, could be placed in no station which she did not dignify and honor, was welcomed to the glories of another world."

"She healed the hearts of the sorrowful, while living, and broke them when she died!"

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN, HOW GOOD IT IS!

LITTLE things make up the sum of human existence. In the natural world, objects, animate and inanimate, are composed of particles. Innumerable shining sands form the barrier against which old Ocean loves to fret. Crystal drops compose the vast extent of water which covers nearly three-fourths of our globe. The "blessed light," which cheers us day by day, may be separated into an infinite number of rays, each blending with its neighbor while faithfully performing its work. And the rich odors, so grateful to the senses, which float in our atmosphere, are actually tiny atoms, escaping from the dewy petals of the rose or lily, which blossoms at our feet. Meet emblems are those odors—floating round us all unseen—of the influence of "fitly spoken" words.

Words are among the "little things" which determine our influence for good or ill.

Speak they of sympathy, or encouragement, or reproof? If so be they are spoken kindly, they are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Would you have influence with those who look to you for guidance and instruction? Bear with you the law of kindness. Would you command their respect? Let your words, though they inflict *pain* for the time, drop kindly from your lips.

The youthful heart, however hopeful, will sometimes be depressed, discouraged. Then a single word, if it be "fitly spoken," will, like the magician's wand, work wonders. The child has his troubles as well as the man, and they are as hard for him to bear, therefore he needs words of sympathy; for it is the wonderful virtue of sympathy to lessen grief—and the troubled spirit soothed, will rouse again its energies, and toil on as before.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

BOOK I.

"Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes—
And what before was shadow, took
The light of summer skies.
The first-born love was in that look;
The Venus rose from out the deep :
Of those inspiring eyes!"

FLORENCE WARNER.

A story of Light and Darkness, for these are life; and they change in the heaven of the human heart when we least expect it and are least prepared for it. But there are stars for the sudden darkness, although many perceive them not—stars, which bring warmth and light and beauty back to us again; and he who finds them does not heed the gloom, for they burn in the inner chamber of the soul—those stars of hope and faith!

"Are you going to the Burkes to-night?" inquired Tom Marchmont of Cecil Grey.

"No," said Cecil, "I am tired of parties, with their rows of young ladies and their files of young gentlemen—their thirteen cotillions and two waltzes—their liquid ice-creams and their flat champagne. I'll have none of them!"

"But you must go to this affair. You'll see Florence Warner."

"And who may Florence Warner be?—a sweetly-spoken, prettily-behaved inanity like the rest of them?—fair and insipid as the *blanc-mange* she eats?"

"Do you remember the eyes you praised *en-passant* yesterday?"

"With refreshing distinctness," said Cecil.

"Well, they belong to Miss Warner.

"Ah! I'll go to the Burke concern. Call for me at nine."

"That I won't! I go with Miss Warner."

"You do! I wish that I did; but good bye! I'll find the way myself."

So at nine o'clock Grey presented himself at the residence of the Burkes, who, being merely *good* people—neither admirable nor ridiculous—will fill but little of our story. And there he saw, oh! what rows of nice young women, sitting on a sofa or a line of chairs, chattering most volubly—and whenever a male creature approached, drawing up primly, and saying "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," with intense gravity! And there were groups of young men, talking of horses and dogs and themselves. And there were one or two sensible people, amusing themselves and each other.

Grey saluted his host and hostess, and then strolled through the rooms. A knot of young men were lounging near the fireplace. "Good evening, Mr. Grey," and "Good evening, gentlemen," drew Cecil within their circle.

"Very pleasant here to-night," suggested Mr. Joseph Berg; "such an array of beauty—quite a *gal*axy!" and he smiled at the fearful attempt, for he had very white teeth.

"Quite brilliant," said Cecil; "and where we find people like Mr. Berg, it must always be pleasant."

"Thank you," said Joseph; "but I see Miss Warner has dropped a glove; I must go and pick it up for her;" and away he darted.

"I wish supper were ready," said Mr. Staples—the first time he had opened his mouth, which he seldom did, except to put something in it!

But Cecil had turned to look at Miss Warner. Her dress was simple, but every fold spoke of taste. The rich chestnut hair was swept from a spiritual forehead, and a single ringlet curled behind the small ear. Her eyes, such as few could look upon without loving. To what shall I liken those eyes—so full of beauty, of intellect, and love—so large, so dark, so lustrous! Just such a pair haunts all my dreams Grey kept his gaze closely fixed upon her as she conversed gaily with the gentleman on whose arm she leaned.

As Mr. Berg presented the glove, she thanked him with a smile; whereupon he ventured to make a remark, but she drew herself up, looked at him magnificently, and continued her conversation. Cecil's lip curled.

"Well, what think you of our beauty?" asked Marchmont, joining him.

"She seems made to be admired, but never to be loved," said Cecil; "she seems to me to have that most contemptible of all ambitions, the desire of being the 'ball-room belle,' and queening it sublimely over empty fools."

In an instant he saw that she had overheard him, for the blood rushed over her face and neck, and her large eyes flashed steadily upon him. Marchmont saw the look, and with his usual recklessness exclaimed, "Miss Warner, Mr. Grey! the loveliest face that ever yet upon the world hath shone, and the greatest genius, and all that sort of thing."

And thus the introduction was completed. Cecil exhibited his best politeness, and the lady, haughtily, moved to another room. Afterward, in the dance, or wherever she moved, Cecil would detect himself following her steps. He could not keep his eyes from her.

And so, at length, the dancing was over; and the signal for supper—so longed for by Mr. Staples—was given, and great was the rush to the supper-room. Alas for the oysters and champagne! alas for the creams and the *charlotte russe!* alas for the chicken salad and the fruit!—the time of their destruction was at hand!

Cecil turned from the omnivorous crowd, and, left alone, went to look at some prints which lay on a table near him. He heard a step beside him, and turning, saw Florence Warner.

"And so," she said abruptly, "Mr. Grey's loftiness scorns the 'queen of the ball-room.'"

"I hope that Miss Warner will pardon my rudeness. Let her remember that I had not then spoken to her."

"Yes," she said, bitterly, "yes, you are a true man, and think that a woman may always be soothed by a little flattery."

"You will not, then, forgive my rudeness?"

"I do not care for the rudeness, Mr. Grey, but for the injustice. And yet, why is it so contemptible to aspire to rule—even in a ball-room? Is it not all that you allow us? I am convinced that you would be the first to sneer down her who sought a higher ambition."

"It is your turn to judge harshly now, Miss Warner. None assign to woman loftier or better aims than I. To her is given up the best of ambitions, the ambition of affection."

"And who, sir, has taken from her the right to rule? Hitherto in the history of the world, have the days of her empire over men been unfortunate? Semiramis, Zenobia, Catherine di Medicis, and Elizabeth—did they govern less worthily than men have done?"

"Add to your list," said Cecil, "Cleopatra, Joanna of Naples, and Mary of Scotland, and see that queens have woman-hearts."

"The heart, the heart!" she said; "better, far better for a woman to forget that she has a heart! The mind's kingdom is serener and happier than affection's."

"You talk strangely for one so young, so beautiful, and so idolized."

"Youth and beauty!—and what can they do for a woman? Nothing more than to make her the 'idol of the ball-room' and the scorn of such as Cecil Grey!"

Cecil began to feel hurt.

"Miss Warner," he said, "you do not treat me fairly. I thought the desire contemptible, and, ignorant of yourself, expressed my opinion. But in justice to you, I must furnish you with power to forget it. I belong to a class of men whose opinions are to be unnoticed, whose remarks met with contempt. I am *poor*, lady, and therefore unworthy of farther thought from you."

"Ah! the scholar's pride is galled!" she said. "I would not have noticed your remark, Mr. Grey, had I not heard much and often of you. But why should poverty be contemptible? God did not make the poor for scorn. And you, with the spell of genius glowing on your brow, and living

beautiful in your mind—you, with gifts of song and eloquence, I wonder that you dare say it! It is impious to say that you are poor! Have you no high desires, no fame dreams, no hopes?"

He looked upon her face so filled with the beauty of her soul, and thrilled. But, as he thought of her question, his heart died within him, and he answered sadly—

"No—I have thought all dreams away. I have suffered too much to hope, and I can only echo Byron's wish—

> 'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
> Live as I lived, and love as I have loved:
> To dust if I return—from dust I sprung—
> And then at least my heart shall ne'er be moved.'

No, lady, I am too poor to hope, to dream, or to aspire; and I presume not when I say so, for the poor have at least the privilege of being sad."

When he raised his eyes, he saw that hers were full of tears. The sight was too much for him—he lost his freedom—his breath ceased—his hands trembled—and he felt that the poison of human love was in his heart!

"Ah!" cried Tom Marchmont, coming into the room, "you two all alone! Pray, Miss Warner, what have you been saying to my friend Cecil?"

"Giving him a lecture on politeness," said Florence, blushing a little.

"But you, Mr. Marchmont, how have *you* amused yourself?"

"Oh!" replied Tom, "in a great variety of ways. First, in watching the road down Mr. Staples' throat. Queer companionships the travelers that way have!"

"How so?" queried the lady.

"Why," continued Tom, "first, I saw two oysters go down with one *swallow;* then followed an *ice*, and a bit of chicken *slipped down* on that. I stumbled over Berg's foot—and when he said I was heavy, I said I could not help it, for I had been eating *pound* cake. And finally, when some wicked body asked me to say *grace*, I thought of you, and murmured—'Florence Warner!'"

BOOK II.

"But first the signal-pass they claim;
Ask who they were, and whence they came—
Their home—their purpose—and their name."

Florence Warner was an orphan. She had seen her parents dying with the broken hearts of poverty; and Florence had resolved to crush the woman in her heart, and be anything, no matter what; cold—heartless—the coquette—the wife without love—anything, rather than be poor.

Her mother's only sister—long resident in Europe—had returned home in time to gaze upon the last struggle and to save the orphan. With this aunt (Mrs. Langley) Florence now lived, and, to the time of our history, believed that she had forgotten to be a woman, and fancied that she would escape a woman's destiny—to love and to suffer.

And Grey, too, was alone in the world. One by one

——"the gems from his household crown,
To the grave had dropp'd away."

He was a man whose intellectual power, although of the loftiest order, was surpassed by his feelings. The heart in him was stronger than the mind. There is but one way of guiding this kind of constitution. Affection, passion, and feeling must become enslaved by one object; and it, by its mastery over these, has power to incite and direct the intellect. And now his heart was filled by an abiding love for Florence Warner. They had met very frequently since their introduction, and Cecil Grey had become her slave; but he dared not ask her to love him; the darkness of love without hope was upon him—the darkness of poverty was upon him—and, turn which way he would, there was no light!

And Tom Marchmont, there was no harm in him. He was

"One of those light hearts whose glee
Is never chill'd; whose life-streams glide
Bright from their fountain to the sea,
With sunshine always on their tide:

Hearts whose light hopes burn on the same,
And quenchless as the Grecian flame,
Though winds may rise, or storms may fall,
Glow on still joyously through all."

BOOK III.

"'Twas not in cold and measured phrase :
We gave our passion name :
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame,
And long-imprisoned feelings, fast
In deep sobs came."

"Her arm is round her lover now—
His livid cheek to hers she presses."

DARKNESS.

A summer party were gathered at Mrs. Langley's country seat a few miles up the Hudson, and Cecil Grey was among them. Here he wandered through the old woods and thought on Florence Warner—carved her name upon the trees—and dreamed himself to madness for her!

One morning a riding party had been formed, and Cecil, sad and spiritless, pleaded head-ache, and was permitted to stay at home. When they had left the house and all had become quiet again, he went down to the library, and, for lack of better employment, arranged his thoughts into a story—a story in which he strove to show the necessity and uses of a wife to the author—in which he tried to prove that energy is best incited by love, and the mind best guided through the heart. Yet his hero died—for in his own sadness he could not give the creature of his fancy a happy lot.

Just as he finished, the door opened, and Florence Warner entered.

"Mr. Grey!" she said, stopping, and growing crimson, and then very pale; "I thought you had joined the riding party."

"I had imagined the same of you," replied Cecil. "But your cheek is pale; are you not well?" and he set a chair for her.

"No—I have some head-ache. But what excuse have you?"

"None, save a woman's—caprice. I did not feel in the mood for gaiety, and I did not wish to cloud the mirth of others."

"Perhaps I disturbed you," said Florence, glancing at his papers.

"Oh, no, I had finished—and it would have borne interruption."

"You know," she said, "the foible of our sex—curiosity. May I be pardoned for feeling it, and asking the nature of your employment?"

"Truly a fit employment for an idle man—the framing of an idle tale."

"One more request, Mr. Grey. Read it to me; come," she added, as she marked his hesitation, "I will make all due allowance for modesty and imperfection. But we have all the morning before us, and I am sure cannot find a pleasanter employment."

Cecil bowed to the compliment, and read the story.

"And such," was the comment of Florence, "such is the effect of a poor man's marriage!"

"Ah! your comment proves little for my authorcraft! I meant to show the necessity of a wife to the student."

"Would you advocate the marriage of the poor?" she asked.

"That must depend on the man's nature," he replied. "With some, it destroys energy and power; but there are others—and so I feel would it be with me—whom a wife, and nothing else, would drive to energy. Give me but the love I desire, and earth can show no obstacle insuperable by me. Let me but know that my labor is for *her*, and nothing could tire me. But now I sicken at toil; I have none to sympathize with me—none to whom I can show the reward of my labors and ask her to be proud in me; and I cannot work."

"You speak feelingly, Mr. Grey. Can it be possible that you, the ever gay, ever smiling, have this darkness of love

at your heart?" And that question awoke all the passion of his nature.

"Trust not the face!" he said. "Trust not the smile, of all things! Even the poet draws his simily for a smile from the sparkling water, and forgets its icy depths; from the glowing flame, and thinks not of the ashes beneath; from the beauty of the sunset, and chills not to think of the coming night. Love! you ask me. Perhaps you think that the penniless have no right to such a luxury. But I *do* love, with all my power—fervently—hopelessly! You, Florence Warner—you, whom I scorned as the ball-room belle when I first saw you—whom I soon learned to respect—whom I now live to love—your beauty allured me—your intellect fascinated me—your kindness and gentleness won me. And now, Florence, I love *you!*—not with the heart only, not merely with affection and passion, but with mind and soul, with intellect and thought! Thus have I—the poor scholar, loved by none—dared to love you, the idol of all. Florence, the heart has had its way. I have told you that I love you; and now, farewell for ever!" As he arose to his feet and turned away, her cheek grew crimson and then pallid as death.

"Cecil," she murmured. He turned in astonishment. She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and fixed her dark, fervent eyes upon his. "Cecil Grey!" she repeated; and with a low cry of joy he pressed her to his heart.

"See, Florence," and from his bosom he drew a small locket. "Your hair is in that with my mother's. It was to be my idol—my memory of the dream of you; but you have loved me."

An hour passed on, as with hands clasped together they gave themselves up to their young happiness. Suddenly, impelled by a quick thought, Florence put his arm from about her waist, drew her hand from his, and said as she arose to her feet, "Cecil, this must end now."

"Florence! what can you mean?"

"I can never marry *you*, Cecil!"

"What ails you, dearest?" he asked fondly, fearing that

she was ill, so pale she grew and trembled so constantly. And he would have wound his arm about her, but she put it aside with a shudder.

"Cecil Grey, I too have a story to tell—listen to me;" and she told him the sorrows, sufferings, and death of her parents—the miseries of want as she had seen them—and her own resolve.

"My mother died almost of starvation; died in a garret, Cecil." And her voice grew passionate, and the uncontrollable tears burst from her eyes. "Do not, do not speak to me of love!" and she knelt down before him. "Do not ask me to marry you! Could you bring me to this, Cecil? Could you see me die of want, and know that *you* had done it?"

He sunk back, stunned and half senseless. It needed the strong heart of a woman to bear the agony of that hour.

"Poor Cecil!" she said, as she looked upon him. "If it will comfort you to know how truly, how devotedly I love you; if to know that my happiness is gone for ever; that the light has left my heart; that my life must be sorrow—know it! Farewell!" and she stooped down and kissed his forehead.

As she left the room, he half recovered. "Florence!" he murmured—"Florence!"

"Farewell, Cecil!" she said. One look, one long, long look on the pale, beautiful face he loved so well, and then the door closed.

It was midnight darkness with them both—silent, rayless, and profound.

"The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung, blind and blackening, in the moonless air."

* * * * * * * * *

"Darkness had no need
Of aid from them. She was the universe."

LIGHT.

Alone in her room, Florence Warner flung herself upon the bed and wept long and bitterly. Sternly had she become the iconoclast of her own idols; and she looked now into her desolate heart, and saw that nothing but love would fill it. Then she thought of what he had said. He could conquer poverty and all other obstacles, if she would love him.

"I cannot lose him!" she cried. "I will go to him, and ask to share his lot wherever and however God may cast it!"

Grey, as soon as he recovered, went to his own room.

"Well," he thought, "it is over now, and the beggar has wakened from his dream! What right had I to love? How dared I? What has the poor man to do with passions and feelings? God did not make love for him! No—let him crawl through the bye-ways of life with an humble heart, and hail with a smile the common grave of the Potter's Field; but let him not presume to love! * * * * * Oblivion! oblivion!" he shouted; "they cannot take *that* from the poor!" and as he spoke, he dashed from the room. As he left the house, Florence saw him, and watched him till his form was lost among the trees.

The breeze increased, the day darkened, and the signs of the summer storm were around him. He did not notice them, but flung himself at the foot of an old tree on which he had carved her initials. He leaned back his head, and closed his eyes. Then to him came visions from the spirit-land of dreams—and, in those visions, all was beautiful. The air was fragrance—delicate, but all-pervading; the breeze was music; and there were cool sounds of waterfall and brook, and songs of birds and rustling of leaves. Through them moved the form of Florence—her voice enriching the music and her smile the beauty of the day. He spoke of love to her, and she listened with a blush, and rested her hand in his, and leaned her beautiful head upon his shoulder.

He heard not the low muttering of the thunder and the plash of the first rain-drops—

> "For far and wide there glitter'd to his eye
> Life's only fairy land—the days to come."

But the scene began to change. The forest, the flowers, and the birds passed away, and he saw nothing but a cloud before him; and from it looked the face of his mother, with a sweet but sad and mysterious smile upon her lips. She was looking from heaven upon her son. He gazed upon the still face, and, as he gazed, a change passed over it; the smile faded; the features grew rigid and sharp, an expression of great pain covered them; the eyes were glazing; and the quick, gasping breath was there, and the white foam upon the lips; and the face was as that which he had watched when he kneeled at her death-bed. He strove to raise his arms and to murmur, "Mother!" He knew that he stood in the forest, but the rain was falling fiercely. Again the living thunder of God shook the sky, and the lightning struck an oak directly in front of him. He saw the huge tree shiver and bend; he heard the crash as it fell through the air; then covered his eyes, groaned deeply, and fell.

And there Florence Warner found him; and there she called God to witness that she would never forsake him!

He opened his eyes, and saw her bending over him.

"Ah!" he shuddered, "I am dreaming yet!"

"Not dreaming, dear Cecil—not dreaming. It is I." Then the star-beams broke upon his heart—beams of hope and faith.

"And you will love me then for ever?" And for answer she laid her face upon his heart!

"And you will inspire me to labor, and be glad in my fame; you will soothe me when I need it; you will sorrow in my sadness, rejoice in my pleasure, and be proud in my pride? When I can justly claim you, you will be my own, my wife?"

He bound her by no vow. He asked no promise—for poor is the love that cannot trust! He was exultant, for he had

faith in her. Once, one instant, she raised her trembling lids, and the large eyes dwelt upon his. And the smile came to his lip.

Then the sun broke forth, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds, and the damp leaves glittered in the sheen. The birds carolled gaily, and the butterfly crept from beneath the mullen leaf, and dried his wings in the sun. And the south wind whispered; and the rivulet sung; and the world was Eden once more; for light was in heaven—light was on earth—and light (God's light) was in their hearts!

TRIFLES.

A CLOUD may intercept the sun;
A web, by insect-workers spun,
Preserve the life within the frame—
Or vipers take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight,
May rob a giant of his might!
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death!

How often, at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties that years could not have riven,
Are scatter'd to the winds of heaven!
A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts, not looked nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love,
May be an angel from above;
A whisper'd welcome in our ears,
Be as the music of the spheres;
The pressure of a gentle hand,
Worth all that glitters in the land.
Oh! trifles are not what they are,
But fortune ruling voice and star!

FLOWERS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Children of the summer, smiling
Out from green and odorous dells,
Where the soft wind gently swells
O'er your lips, with fond beguiling;
Are ye not, O, bright evangels,
Foot-prints of the hovering angels?

Tear-drops your mild eyes suffusing,
Turning ever to the sun;
And, o'er all the paths we run,
Fragrance from your life diffusing;
Are ye not from God sent to us,
By your gentle smiles to woo us?

O, I see the lingering traces
Of your high and holier birth,
When the twilight stars the earth,
And the dew-drops on your faces
Twinkle upward, through the even,
To their kindred lights in heaven.

And, with near and dearer teaching
Than all human tongues, ye come,
Of our bright and griefless home,
With your spirit-voices, preaching,
In that low and gentle strain
Like our childhood's tone, again.

Smile ye on! as fair forever,
With your faces turn'd above;
Let your eyes, so full of love,
All our thoughts from evil sever;
Lead us up, and, O, restore us
To the brightness still before us!

THE PAST YEAR.

From "Musings of an Invalid."

A FEW short hours since, and the eighteen hundred and fifty-first volume of the new series of Time's Earthly Works was finished, and deposited by the Recording Angel in the archives of Heaven. And already is that most diligent, most truthful of historians hard at work upon the next. Oh! what endless, yet what vain and idle speculations are suggested to the imagination by this thought! Who *is* this heavenly compiler? What associates hath he, in his unceasing labors? From what point of space doth he survey this restless ball of ours? On what mysterious leaves, with what magic pen, in what unknown language, are his records inscribed? Where is the celestial library, whose alcoves contain these innumerable, these all-revealing histories? And are *all* the transactions of Earth here faithfully depicted, be they great or small, public or private, Christian or Pagan? Does the same volume that recites the virtues of a Washington, take note of the humble, unlettered goodness that lies hid in some secluded mountain dell, or that praises God in some far-off log-house of the wilderness? The same historian that lays bare the deep, the Titanic wickedness of a Napoleon, does he also duly mark and brand the petty villanies of every low-browed scoundrel of St. Giles's? Is the same page, perhaps, whereon are inscribed the sweet hymns and prayers of childhood, stained with the ribald blasphemies of some foul nest of pirates? Is nothing lost, then? What! are all the burning words of orators, the passionate outpourings of lovers, the brilliant sallies of wits, the drowsy speeches of legislators, the quibbles of special pleaders, the mocks of wicked and the groans of dying men—are they all treasured

up in these authentic histories? Is it to no purpose, then, that we destroy our ill-considered writings, take back our hasty words, suppress our evil thoughts? Do they still live, and are they to be published against us? Horrible! horrible! *When*, then, oh! when are these mysterious, these terrible details to be disclosed? Is it to be on some grand day of audience and of judgment, before all the assembled souls of the children of men? or does each one of us, immediately on leaving earth, hear and receive, according to the deeds done in the body? And oh! what is be *our* portion, when confronted with and judged by these not-to-be-questioned records? Where *is* this heaven, or this hell, that awaits us? In what part of the boundless realms of space? These other planets of our system, too, are they also inhabited by moral and accountable beings, whose daily thoughts, words, and deeds are thus transcribed for purposes of judgment? Are all these systems of the universe but so many expansions of the same great scheme of discipline? or, are certain portions of creation set apart as theatres where the great drama of probation is for ever enacted, and others selected for the wonderful realities of retribution? Which of those two sparkling stars, then, is the abode of the just made perfect, and which the eternal residence of the lost? Or, is there no eternal residence for the soul? and are all these worlds so many points at which we commence, or stages through which we pass, in the progress of a journey that knows no end? Ah, dear! who hath not asked, who is not continually asking these questions?—so natural, and at the same time so terrible; so familiar to the mind, and yet so utterly inexplicable? Revelation certainly does not condescend to answer them, save in the merest generalities, and Nature's voice returns but vague and indistinct mutterings; the hints that Science furnishes, sublime as they may be, yet are they not far more calculated to bewilder, appal, overwhelm us, than to inspire or yield us comfort? What a withering, blighting sense of insignificance seems to attach to earth and earthly things! Virtue itself loses heart, and is afraid, lest, in the mysterious arrangements of God, it

should be overlooked—cheated out of its future existence. Vice becomes more hardened and reckless than ever, as if it felt sure, through its very littleness, of slipping through the fingers of Almighty Justice. Reputation hardly rises to the dignity of a bubble; and Fame, alas! the loudest blast of her trumpet sinks into the faintest echo of the feeblest whisper: "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit," scarcely seems to be an appreciable quantity in the universe, and no more to be missed, were it suddenly plucked out of creation, than a berry would be from a bush, an apple from a crowded tree. But, oh! *can* this be the true view of ourselves, or of our position in the vast scale of being? No, no—we are not such obscure, such insignificant creatures in God's eyes. This dear earth of ours—has not Heavenly Wisdom contrived it, planted and watered it, filled it with life and beauty, endowed it with light and motion, subjected it to wondrous laws, prescribed for it a glorious pathway in the skies, entrusted it to guardian angels, nay, assigned to it this same celestial overseer and historian, whose labors know no pause, whose records cannot err? Surely some great end is contemplated in all these wondrous plans. *Can* that be so very paltry and worthless an object, on which so much thought and care and kindness have been expended? Not only do mortified pride and alarmed vanity, but reason and good sense also, remonstrate, protest against this belittling view of man, and his relations to his Maker; this view, which so discourages all that is excellent, and arouses all that is diabolical within us. But, oh! how much more potent and triumphant is the voice of Christianity on this subject! "What, *they* of no account in his eyes, to whom God has given not only so many good things and noble faculties, but so many special messengers also, fraught with glad tidings and solemn warnings and precious promises?—nay, who hath himself come down from heaven to visit and enlighten and redeem them?" Happy the man who can ask this question in good faith—who is not shamming in this matter, who is not merely acquiescing in these truths, but in his very heart and soul adopts them, and manfully acts

up to them. If these things be so, indeed, what a delightful position he occupies! If they *should* turn out to be an illusion, still what a charming, glorious illusion! An illusion that tends alike to cheer the heart and mend the life—to make a man a blessing to those about him, an ornament to his race, who wouldn't cherish it? But, to look at this matter again, as a poor natural man—is there, after all, in the phenomena which science discloses or suggests, anything to force us to take such frightfully humble ground, and to make us out such a contemptible portion of creation? If mere bulk, indeed, is to be the measure of value, our little planet must certainly cut a pretty sorry figure in the skies, alongside of its unwieldy brethren Jupiter and Saturn, for instance. But may we not have the advantage of them both, in matters of far more consequence? As in the earth itself, there are favored tracts, alike removed from the heat of the equator and the polar cold, in which alone are to be found the highest manifestations of beauty, the rarest exhibitions of intellect, may it not be the same thing in the system? may we not have a far more felicitous position in that system, for the development of physical and intellectual excellence, than either the inhabitants of Mars or Venus, or than those of the greater and more distant planets? may not our little orb, after all, then, be far more precious in the eyes of its Maker than its huge brethren? may not our little selves, with all our crimes and follies, be far nobler products of Divine Wisdom, than *their* inhabitants—a race, for aught we know, of clumsy, feeble-witted, malignant giants? Why not take comfort in *that* thought, as well as be cowed down by the opposite? May not conjecture—poor, wandering child of ignorance!—be allowed to stray in one direction as well as another? But, after all, why indulge at all in such vain and unprofitable conjectures? Are they not quite too much, even for the strongest nerves, the clearest heads, the purest hearts? What right, then, have I—poor, frail, feeble, ignorant sinner that I am—to try to fathom these awful depths, to puzzle my poor brains with these bewildering speculations? Better, far better, confine myself to the

humble sphere of duty assigned me—to do all I can, in my small way, towards making this earth of ours, or at least the little corner of it in which I am called to act, more worthy of the Great Founder—more comfortable, and beautiful, and enlightened, and happy—the home of peace and good will—and to leave it, at last, not in a murmuring, struggling, rebellious spirit, but calmly and hopefully awaiting the great mysteries of the future.

"Hope humbly, then—on trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death—and God adore."

WEDDED LOVE.

THERE is a love so fond, so true,
No art the magic tie can sever;
'Tis ever beauteous, ever new—
Its chain once linked, is linked for ever.

There is a love whose feeling rolls
In pure, unruffled calmness on—
The meeting of congenial souls—
Of hearts whose currents flow in one.

It is a blessing that is felt
But by united minds that flow—
As sunbeams into sunbeams melt,
To light a frozen world below.

There is a love that o'er the war
Of jarring passions pours its light,
And sheds its influence like a star
That brightest burns in darkest night.

It is so true, so fix'd, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath;
In the soul's flight 'tis borne along,
And holds the heart-strings e'en in death.

'Tis never quench'd by sorrow's tide;
No, 'tis a flame caught from above—
A tie that death cannot divide;—
'Tis the bright torch of wedded love.

OH, SPEAK NOT HARSHLY!

To *Youth* not harshly!—since the wound
Upon the sapling green
Still scars the ancient oak, which hath
Its fourscore winters seen.

Oh! soon, full soon doth sorrow chill—
Full soon the dark clouds lower;
Why shouldst thou tear thus ruthlessly
The petals of the flower?

To *Age* not harshly! Age hath had
A weary weight to bear—
Troubles that well might pale the cheek,
And mark the brow with care.

Not harshly! She is hearing now
Sweet household tones again;
Why shouldst thou rudely break upon
The dear, familiar strain?

Why shouldst thou wake her to the thought
That love and joy are fled?
Why dost thou make her long to share
The quiet of her dead?

Not harshly! *He* hath erred, indeed;
And yet thou dost not know
The wearing strife, the tempter's power,
The bitterness of woe.

And when he fell, thou wast not there
To mark his agony;
Thou couldst not hear the frenzied prayer,
The wild, remorseful cry.

Oh, speak not harshly! The dark clouds
Have but just rolled away,
And let a gleam of sunlight down
To gild *her* changing day.

Why sternly check her passing mirth,
When, ere to-morrow's morn,
The golden ray will fade away,
Like those of April born?

Not harshly! Thou art mortal too,
As those thou dost condemn;
And wouldst thou God should deal with *thee*
As thou dost deal with *them*?

Then speak not harshly!—since a time
May be in store for *thee*,
When *thou* for some kind word wouldst give
Treasures of land or sea.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY C. D. STUART.

THERE are pictures in life, as on canvass, which once seen are never forgotten. I remember one such. It was years ago, on a hot afternoon, that I saw an old man leaning against a lamp-post, which he left in a few moments, evidently wearied out, for an iron hydrant, on whose square top he sat himself down to rest. There was something so mournful in his look, that I threw open the blinds of the window where I had been sitting, and, leaning over the casement, watched him with an intensity of feeling akin to anguish and tears. Over a brow, on which I should judge not less than seventy winters had pressed their feet, and as many summers their parching hands, and down the sides of which struggled a few white hairs, was drawn a faded hat, scarce shading his hollow cheeks, while his body was garbed in a covering which, though cleanly-looking, bore unmistakable marks of a past age. His feet were cased in a poor apology for shoes; and thus accoutred, with "silvery beard unshorn," in the very sun's eye, sad, yet vacant-looking, as though no bond of earth claimed, and no mortal friend cared for him, he sat silent, immovable as the seat on which he rested.

There is to me no sight more tenderly touching than that of old age. I reverence the Chinese, in that they reverence old age. Even though comfort and happiness surround it, and youth and childhood smile lovingly upon it, it suggests to me more than the ripest joy of earth. So near the verge of life, it seems to me only so much nearer to heaven, and the great mysteries of the grave, and it fills me with solemnly tender thoughts. Stranger though it may be, I see my kin, my nearest and dearest, and even my own self imaged in it, and I could no more treat it irreverently than I could mock at immediate death. But old age in want, suffering by the way-side, what so touching as that? It might be my father,

or my mother; a wife, brother, or sister: if one suffer thus, may not all? And what if one's mother were shivering with cold, or dying with hunger, or suffering from pain, with no heart to beat tenderly toward her, and no hand to shield her grey hairs; can a sight more touching appear upon earth? Not to me!

I watched the old man for an hour, full of reflections like the above, when I ventured out to speak a word with him, to inquire into his history, and, if he had them, his sorrows and griefs. If youth is reverent, old age seldom repulses it. There is a childhood at either end of life, and the two mingle when they meet. So I found it. Freely to my question, "Friend, are you in want?" he replied that he was way-worn, and tired, and nigh starved; an out-cast or cast-out from his own home; a home which, in other years, he had reared to shelter and make happy those images of himself who now had so foully turned him forth to beggary and death. I was poor enough in this world's goods, but infinitely rich, I trust, in the sympathy that divides what it has with the suffering, and I gave him that which I had. It was but little, yet I have a thousand times felt, and now feel, the tearful gratitude of that old man, for so small a kindness, sweeter to me than "strained honey." The memory of it flows into my heart like a rich odor.

Could I have done less for him, though I could do no more? Could I have passed by such sorrow and suffering, without dropping if only one consoling word? The breath of kindness is sometimes both the bread and water of life. Nay, I could not have done less. Within me arose the suggestion, yet a little while, O, child, now blest with sufficiency, and thy head will be silvered, and may be as poorly sheltered as this old man's. Thou, too, mayst have children who will turn thee from thy home. It was a reciprocity founded on the possibility of events far off, swelling within me, that would not be repressed; a sentiment of compassion, not altogether unselfish, which, as with God's voice, bade me do as I did; a duty, whose omission would have pained my heart forever after—whose fulfilment, brought its great reward.

I looked not upon that old man as a beggar: No, he had been a happy boy, had felt the spring breezes kiss his spotless cheek and toss up his glossy bright hair. He had been a light-hearted youth, had touched his lips to the fountain of life when it was clear and sweet, and had been happy with high aspirations, and dreams of faithful love. Finally, he had grown to manhood, passed the rubicon, and seen in the distance before him, transcendently beautiful, the Mecca of life. Around him clustered his flock, beaming their bright eyes upon his sobered face, shedding a halo over his home. Happy man! a child, a youth, a man and a father, blessed in affections that refined and purified him, and with affluence sufficient for all the desires of life, could he ask for more? Could he say to felicity, "Come nearer to my soul?"

But hold! change and blight hang upon the issue of an hour. The wife of the happy man died, misfortune came upon him, and before the storm, passed away much that was bright. The old oak, shorn of the protecting forest, caught the lightning, and stood charred and blasted against the sky. The stout heart palsied and the hand withered at its task.

Did the fond, beaming eyes of children then smile upon the old man—the father? Nay! but with bitterness and reproach, his own blood thrust him forth, alone, into the world! He went forth, he knew not whither; not a beggar, but a venerable old man, cursed by the sting that is "sharper than a serpent's tooth." He was Lear, without the memories of a king. And this was not among savages, but in a Christian land!

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this. Who can ridicule even grey hairs? I cannot. Mendicity nor crime could stay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one so clad in livery for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my alms, wherever I see the silvery signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it, but I think of the children who mocked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

TO MY MOTHER

I've wander'd far from thee, mother—
  Far from our happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
  In other climes to roam:
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
  And mark'd them on my brow;
Yet still, I've often thought of thee—
  I'm thinking of thee now!

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
  When, with such earnest pride,
You watch'd the dawnings of my youth,
  And press'd me to your side;
Then love had fill'd my trusting heart
  With hopes of future joy,
And thy bright fancy honors wove,
  To deck thy "darling boy."

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
  I left thy watchful care,
When thy fond heart was lifted up
  To Heaven—thy trust was there:
And memory brings thy parting words,
  When tears fell o'er thy cheek;
But thy last loving, anxious look,
  Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
  No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
  Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove,
  Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came—
  They did not love like thee!

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distress'd:
I know thou wouldst not chide, mother,
Thou wouldst not give me pain,
But cheer me with thy softest words,
And bid me hope again.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast—
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice, that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
(Making it rich like a lily in bloom,)
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold
And to the presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?" The angel raised his head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered—"The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said—"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names the love of God had blest—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON.*

This ingenious and beautiful allegory illustrates, in a very powerful manner, the danger of "uttering, or of lending ear to the unkind word or insinuation," which is unhappily so near to being a universal fault, that few are exempt from its unlovely, mischievous, and wicked influence.

Poor Goodman, the keeper of the Hartz Prison, is persuaded by a person of gentlemanly address and insinuating manners, to admit within his walls a hideous dwarf, named Salander, at the same time being warned in a solemn manner not to let him escape—though he had something more than a hint that it would be extremely difficult to detain him. The keeper's wife discovers that something of a private nature is going on; and she continually tantalizes her husband with entreaties to see the monster—to which he consents, though it is entirely contrary to orders. At length she is permitted to look upon the hideous prisoner with her own eyes, when, wonderful to say, she is seized with a strange fancy for him, petting him, as it would seem, for his very ugliness. She communicates the secret to a neighbor. Unpleasant and disgraceful things begin to be whispered abroad; and finally the poor keeper, intolerably annoyed, turns the prisoner loose.

The career of Salander is delineated with a most graphic power. Every step is marked by disgrace, misery and death. Conscienza, the Lord of the Castle, having been entranced by a potent drug, administered by Goodman and his wife, that he might not know, and punish them for their mischief, suddenly rises from his sleep; and the poor Keeper of the Prison is overwhelmed by his terrible anger. As a punishment he is sent forth to re-capture and bring back Salander.

* "A Romance of the Hartz Prison."—By Rev. Frederick W. Shelton.—Published by John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau-Street, New-York. 250 pp. 12mo.

He treads paths which are bordered by his ruins; but the dwarfish monster, mounted on his Dragon, is going wide in the world. He is at large; and no human power can arrest his progress.

But it is impossible to give even an outline of the story. In the catastrophe and some of its results, it rises into the splendor and majesty of a true poem—now grand and powerful, in the imagery of the battle, now sinking into the sweet and mournful numbers of a wailing sorrow for the lovely and noble, who have fallen victims to the escaped demon. Nothing could be more beautiful than the dying man's dream of finding the *Lost Jewel.*

The volume is beautifully illustrated with fine etchings, some of which have in themselves much merit. Let story-readers read this story of truth, and profit thereby; and let none venture to pass it over, lest, peradventure, he should lose something of which society had better pay the price than that it should not go where it is so much needed—that is, everywhere. A person of even common good feeling, after having read this book, would be apt to think twice, before giving either utterance or ear to a single detracting word. F. H. G.

KIND WORDS—USE THEM.—Because they fall pleasantly on the ears of all to whom they are addressed, and it is therefore one of the ways of promoting human happiness.—Because they give an expression in your favor, and thus prepare the way for your greater influence over others for good.—Because your kind words powerfully contribute to soothe and quiet your own spirit, when ruffled by the unkindness of others.—Because they show the difference between you and the rude, malicious, or revengeful, and are suited to show them their wrong.—Because they are suited to stir up the kind affections of your own heart. There is sweet music in such voices rightly to affect the heart.—Because they are so uncommon, use them, that there may be more of such bright stars in our dark firmanent.—Because they aid in carrying out the Divine injunction—"Be courteous," "Be kindly affectioned one to another."

TO MY WIFE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
  To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
(Which modern wits and fools despise,)
  Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
  Even years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
  That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have *I* a wish?—'tis all for *thee;*
Hast *thou* a wish?—'tis all for *me:*
  So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
  And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home—
  I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
  And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All her's and mine are roll'd in one:
  Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
  'Tis death to be disjoined.

class had procured, as he said, "a fine subject," and we only awaited the arrival of the Professor before it was produced. Felix—who was the pupil appointed to demonstrate on that evening—was busy in preparing his instruments for operation. Never can the scene be effaced from my memory. Custom had banished all feeling of sympathy, and the laugh and gibe went merrily around. At length the Professor arrived. The body was placed upon the table, and each student, with his knife in hand, stood ready to assist.

"Mr. D——," said the Professor, "are you ready to proceed?"

"I am, sir," replied D——; and, removing the oil-cloth which had been carefully thrown over the subject, he was about to plunge his knife into the body, when he uttered a wild, unearthly shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

"What can this mean?" said the Professor: "raise him." Quick as lightning we did so, and, applying some remedies, restored him once more to reason.

"Take me hence—take me hence," he feebly uttered. "Touch her not—she is mine. Emily!—poor Emily! do not mutilate that breast on which I have a thousand times reposed! Take me hence—I am dying!" and he sunk exhausted into our arms, and was borne from the room. A carriage having been procured, I attended him home, and saw him committed to the care of his young and affectionate wife, but he shrunk from her presence as from the glance of a basalisk. "Leave me," he said to her, "for a few moments; I have some instructions to give to my friend here; I shall send for you shortly." She fondly kissed his pallid brow, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, unwillingly obeyed him.

As soon as we were alone, "Crime," said he, "you perceive, cannot be concealed. You have twice beheld my strange conduct; I will no longer deny the cause of it. The young female whose body this evening was to have served for our operations, is one of my victims. She it was, on that evening when you were first a witness to my wildness, sought charity at my hand. From the hour that I had betrayed

her up to that night, I had lost all trace of her; and although I have since been untiring in my search, yet have I been unsuccessful. Save the body, I beseech you, from the knife; let it rest in peace; it is the only atonement I now can make. Promise me this ere reason leaves me, for I feel that madness is weaving her spell about my brain."

"Compose yourself," I said: "since you have erred, repentance yet may bring you peace."

"Never! never! Peace only is for me in the grave. Fly, my dear R——! for the love of heaven, secure the body from desecration, and consign it to the dust; that done, return and tell me all. Emily! poor blighted blossom! curses, curses on your seducer!" and he frantically tore his hair and wept.

Finding that neither consolation or advice was of avail, I left him, and, having procured a coffin at the nearest undertaker's, had the corse placed within it. But, judge of my astonishment, when I recognized the features to be those of the young girl whom, with the doctor, I had a fortnight before visited. My curiosity was aroused, and I immediately repaired to the wretched hovel, where from the old woman I learned that poor Emily had two days before been by death released from her sufferings. As an outcast from society, an "*unfortunate woman*," as the delicate phraseology of the world terms it, she had been buried without a friend to weep a tear upon her ashes, and now from the grave had the body been torn to supply the dissecting-room. On the following morning I saw it again committed to the dust.

Of Felix what shall I say? Alas, his prediction was truly and fearfully fulfilled! Madness did indeed claim him for its victim. He yet lives. I saw him last summer the inmate of a mad-house. He did not remember me. The walls were scrawled over with the name of Emily—a name which the keeper told me was the only sound that ever passed his lips. Poor Felix! how dearly hast thou expiated thy error! How true are the words of the poet,—

> "Though the betrayer deems himself secure,
> Yet God's revenge, though slow, is ever sure."

FEMALE KINDNESS.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"I have observed among all nations, that the women are ever the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay, timorous, and modest. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In wandering over the plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy of the application of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."—*Ledyard.*

Beyond the ever-rocking deep,
O'er deserts bleak, and regions green,
From month to month, from year to year,
Unwearied still my way hath been.

My pilgrim staff hath cross'd the snows
O'er frozen Labrador that roll,
And scaled the icy pinnacles
Far up the wintry northern pole.
Upon the iceberg's glassy top,
Upon the glacier's crystal crest,
Oft times my tempest-beaten head
Has found a pillow for its rest.
Along the bare and sandy waste
That border's Afric's yellow shore,
These limbs, from dawn of day till eve,
Have oft their weary burden bore.

On every shore, in every clime,
In tropic or in frigid zone,
Wearied and fainting by the way,
Famished, athirst, and sick, and lone,

In WOMAN's soft and melting heart
A sympathetic balm I've found—
A spirit ever prompt to heal
The smarting pang and galling wound.

The wintry day was chill and bleak,
And to its setting sank the sun,
When worn with travel, faint and weak,
I faltered o'er the dreary waste.
Across the wide champaign of France
My toilsome way all day had led,
And long the heavy road did seem
To lengthen to my weary tread.
At length, exhausted, I reposed
Where fast a little hamlet stood,
By many a flowering hedge enclosed,
E'en bosomed in a drooping wood.
Nor long upon the cheerless sod
The stranger's fainting form reclined
For forth from an old cottage grey,
(Its lattice with green vines entwined,)
A dark-eyed damsel of the land
Came with a light and dancing step,
And soon with hospitable hand
The humble door was open thrown;
And all my freezing veins revived,
As high the genial blaze arose;
And soon the snow-white board was spread,
And the soft pillow of repose.
And long that cottage, neat though poor,
Oped to my friendless frame its door;
Nor other guerdon was bestowed,
Save thanks from a full heart that flowed.

Among the wild majestic cliffs
That tower above the Switzer's home,
Far 'mid the everlasting Alps,
With restless feet I've loved to roam.
Oft met the glorious sun advance
O'er regal Alps with burning brow—
Oft seen him down bleak Wetterhorn—
At twilight tinge the roseate snow—

Oft gild the Eigher's frosty peak,
And Finster Aar-horn's silver crown;
And paint with daylight's latest streak
The Jura chain with golden brown.
Oft with the mountaineer's long staff,
Have I white Bosson's glacier scaled;
And on the gleaming Mer-de-glace,
Roamed where the mountain eagle sailed:
And even 'mid that airy world,
In shepherd's chalet, chieftain's hold,
Shelter and rest were ne'er denied
In summer's heat or winter's cold.
And ever was the female heart
The first to melt at my distress,
And prompt the gentle female hand
The door to ope, the wound to dress,
And cheer with many a friendly deed
The pilgrim, at his utmost need.

Far have I roamed by tumbling Po,
And where the Tiber's waters flow,
Laving old Rome's imperial feet,
As proudly as in Cæsar's day;
And in each swarming land and street,
Amid the princely Corso's crowd;
Toil-worn, and travel-stained, I found
In woman balm for every wound—
A smile angelic did I find,
To heal the body and the mind.

And where the broad and lordly Rhine
Sweeps by wild cliff and mountain tall,
Crowned with the olive and the vine,
And many a grey baronial hall,
Thy weary-wandering frame hath shared
The poor man's feast, howe'er he fared.
From matron old and maiden sweet
The self-same succor did I meet;
Nor e'er unwelcom'd turned away
From mossy hut or cottage grey.

And where the rapid Danube pours
His rolling current to the sea,
Kind-hearted woman still hath been
A benefactor unto me.

In crowded Moscow's noisy street,
Or bleak Siberia's dreary sand,
The cup and bread were still supplied
Unasked for, by her generous hand.
For me the blazing faggot threw
A ruddier flame athwart the gloom—
The fading lamp was trimmed anew—
The couch spread in the choicest room—
And the poor pilgrim of the road
Freed from soiled garb and weary load.

Sweet woman! when the hour of pain,
And when the hour of death doth come,
What hand so ready to sustain
The heavy brow, and wipe the foam
That on the dying lip doth lay,
Or wipe the dews of death away?

What voice so sweet to soothe the ear,
When all things else sound harsh and cold?
What smile so sweet the soul to cheer?
What arms so tender to enfold?

SOMETHING WORSE THAN DEATH.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit;
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

The harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look boldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

"I AM NOT MAD, MOST NOBLE FESTUS."

St. Paul

If 'tis madness, when cast on the waves of the ocean,
And toss'd by the rage of its surging commotion,
To catch at the spar that will buoy you up,
While the heart tells the dying pulsations of Hope;
'Neath the load of despair, with a fire at the brain,
Your eyes, almost bursting, you anxiously strain
To behold the bright sail of some ship on the foam,
To restore you once more to your lov'd ones at home,—
Then the Christian is mad!

When you gaze at the things your heart has long cherish'd,
And behold them all scatter'd, and wither'd, and perish'd;
If 'tis madness to wish for the power to give
Those lov'd things in beauty for ever to live;
If, when friends have departed, and hopes are all dead,
And the lights of life's pathway for ever have fled,
'Tis madness to look through the gloom of earth's night
To the rise of a morning eternally bright,—
Then the Christian is mad!

If 'tis madness to love what is lovely and bright,
And hate the dark things of pollution and night;
To fly from the pit where lost spirits are riven,
And long for the beauty, bliss, glory of heaven;
To enjoy the rapture which swells the loud hymn
Of the blest ones, and angels, and high cherubim;
To follow the footsteps of Him who has trod
O'er earth's pains to the throne of our Father and God,—
Then the Christian is mad!

C. M. F. D

If there were no opposition between inclination and goodness, men would follow what is good; for they never sink so low as to prefer evil because it *is* evil.

THEMATOPSIS.

BY MISS A. L. FRASER.

"When we watch long by the sick bed where a loved one pines slowly in her beauty at the approach of death, and see the roses one by one fade and go out, the smiles and the loves remain about the pale lips, we soon become almost content to bid the young spirit God speed to the land where she shall mix freely with kindred souls in empyrean act, and behold unveiled, with joy, her native skies."

How beautiful she lay
  Upon the bed of death,
Ere from the lovely clay
  Parted the fleeting breath!
Could one so loved be dying,
  Whose gentle voice we've heard,
Sweetly to ours replying,
  In many a tender word?

Like sculpture fair her brow
  Gleamed thro' her sunny hair;
How rich her cheeks' warm glow!—
  The hectic rose was there!
Oh, bright, deceitful blossom!
  Flower of the fatal breath!
To th' eye thou'rt life and beauty—
  But to the wearer, death!

Bright shone her eye, and clear
  As the cloudless blue of heaven;
Its spirit light, how dear—
  How soon to darkness given!
Now she has pass'd the shadow;
  Ours is the void—the gloom:
She bathes in love's pure ocean,
  Far, far beyond the tomb.

Sweetly the morning star,
  Fading, is lost in light;
So fled the maid afar,
  Forever from our sight.
Weep not: she dwelt among us,
  A bird of brighter skies;
Whose song is sweet when fettered,
  But sweeter when she flies.

Mothers and Daughters of the Bible.

RUTH.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

A CELEBRATED English author once proposed to a company of British lords and ladies to entertain them, by reading a story of pastoral life—a production, as he intimated, of rare merit. They met; the *Book of Ruth* was read, simply substituting different names. The party were delighted, charmed, with the simple and truthful narrative. The most extravagant encomiums were passed upon the heroine of the tale Her decision, her fortitude, her affection, her modesty, her uncompromising integrity, and piety, were pronounced to be above all praise. All, of course, were anxious to know the author of this rare and romantic story, as one who might grace the circles of literature and fashion. They were referred to the Bible, as containing this remarkable narrative. They were confounded and amazed, not knowing that it contained a gem of such surprising beauty and interest.

The Bible is really a wonderful book, containing poetry more fascinating than any production of uninspired genius—"truth, stranger than fiction."

Much as we admire the poets of Pagan antiquity, we do affirm that Homer has been excelled in his battle-scenes by Miriam and Deborah. The Grecian drama rises not to the sublimity of Job; and where shall we find any thing, even in the Orphic hymns, to compare with the richness, the sweetness, the melody of David? Who has ever sung, like Jeremiah, the dirge of a fallen nation? and what has ever

fallen from the pen of the novelist so poetic and pure, so strange and spirit-stirring, as the simple delineations contained in the Books of Esther and Ruth? We yield to the poets and writers of fiction, who have charmed the world by the magic of their genius, all their laurels. We shall not dispute their greatness, or the splendor of their execution. They have written for time; they have delineated with graphic beauty, to chain the gay devotees of earth and sense. But, for the Bible, we put in a prouder claim: *it* delineates the character of the Universal Father; it throws out its simple verities, so as to affect the character and destiny of earth's population. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

The Book of Ruth is supposed to have been written by Samuel, as the connecting link between Judges and the books bearing his name; and for truthful simplicity and poetic beauty, it has no rival either in ancient or modern literature. No more graphic history ever has or ever *can* be written of Ruth, than is found in the scriptural record. We can add no lights or shadows to the picture, which are not found in beautiful harmony there. We cannot improve upon the word of God. All we propose, is to present to the mind of the reader a brief analysis of the character of the artless heroine of our story. Of her young life we know but little, save that she was educated to the service of idolatry; she had often danced around its altars, and worshipped at its shrine. Doubtless she was sincere—earnest—devout; but her religion was vague—misty—shadowy—and illy adapted to develope those lofty traits of character which afterwards distinguished her history and rendered her name immortal. There was one family in that idolatrous land that shone like a lamp in a sepulchre of gloom and darkness. It was the house and family of Elimelech. He had fled from the altars and temple of his own highly-favored country, to avoid the pinching effects of a wide-spread and desolating famine. We do not justify the course of the pious Elimelech. We think he erred in leaving the land of his fathers, with all its hallowed associations—its beautiful temple of worship—its

high privileges and blessings—and going to a land of spiritual darkness, and exposing his family to the corrupting influence of a false and fascinating religion. There seems to have been no necessity, in his circumstances, for such a removal. He was a man of means, of influence, and of honorable connections in the Hebrew commonwealth. A partial distrust of God, and a secret love of gain, must have led him to take a false step, which resulted fatally, in the over-rulings of Providence, to the forfeiture of his own life and the fall of his family.

His two sons became interested in the daughters of Moab; and, in violation of the Divine law, they were subsequently married: but their union was short; death entered that family circle, where all was now happy and hopeful as the young innocence of childhood, and, despite the pleadings of true-hearted affection, made the young and beautiful wives widows, and their home desolate.

Now that the mother was bereft of her earthly all—of her husband and her two sons—she began to think of returning to the land and grave of her fathers. Her two daughters-in-law, Orpha and Ruth, proposed to accompany her; but, grasping in her mind the distance and dangers of the journey, her impoverished circumstances, and the doubtful manner of her reception by her kindred and former friends, she frankly, yet with trembling solicitude, advised each to return to her mother's house, imploring upon them the benedictions of the God of Israel. She could hold out to them no inducements to share her poverty or be identified with her doubtful and subsequent history; and, with true, disinterested affection, she said, "'Turn again, my daughters; go your way; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me.' Then she kissed them, and they lifted up their voice and wept." Poor stricken and broken-hearted widow!—she preferred to bear her calamities alone, rather than accept the offered sacrifice of her children! It was a moment of deep trial and painful and conflicting emotions—a *crisis* well adapted to try and develope the character of each. Orpha relented, and returned to her home, her kin-

dred, and the altars of Pagan idolatry. She had not the strength of character or the piety of Ruth, who, in a strain of lofty and impassioned eloquence, replied to the appeal of Naomi, "'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!" This response of the Moabitess was effectual, and brings out in bold and beautiful relief the striking and attractive features of her character.

Observe her heroic decision blended with becoming diffidence and respect. Decision is an element of character which we all admire. It is a gem that adds beauty to him who possesses it, and is the more precious in this world, because its exhibition is comparatively rare. A man who can face sarcasm and scorn without relenting, or stand firm in his integrity amid the seductions of vice and the fascinations of pleasure—who pursues the right, through persecution and trial, with unfaltering step—is truly a moral hero, and merits the regards and high admiration of his fellow men. Such a character has solidity and strength, and, when discovered in woman, blended with appropriate modesty and grace, it is a most rare and precious jewel. And was not this one of the crowning characteristics of the amiable and devoted Ruth? She had deliberately come to the conclusion to forsake the land of her nativity, and identify her fortunes with the widowed and afflicted Naomi—and nothing, it would seem, could turn her from her purpose. On the one hand were the associations of her young girlhood, the friends of her youth, the grave of her companion, and the prospect of an honorable competency, in the land of Moab—all pleading with her to remain. On the other, toil and exposure, danger and trial, perhaps desertion and perpetual widowhood, seemed to forbid her journey to Canaan. But, in view of all this, she was firm in her resolve, that her home, her country, her people, her God, her grave, should be the home, the country,

the people, the God, and the grave of her bereaved and stricken mother. You will perceive that her purpose was both *filial* and *religious*. She had formed, during the short period of her residence in her family, an unconquerable attachment to Naomi. They had wept and worshipped together—they had been mutually and deeply afflicted—they had stood in pensive grief over the grave of the loved and the lost—their hearts had been cemented by discipline and trial—and no considerations of worldly gain or chilling poverty could separate them. Besides, her young heart had been warmed by a live coal from off the Hebrew altar. She had witnessed the living and radiant piety of Naomi, amid a region of extended gloom and darkness. She had seen her meek patience and heroic fortitude under the most crushing and accumulated misfortunes; and she was persuaded that an invisible and Divine arm must have been her solace and support. She had been impressed by the example of the living, and by the calm and triumphant faith of the dying, with the superior excellence of the religion of the Hebrews to the religion which cast its dark and lengthened shadows over the land of Moab. She had never indeed seen the Tabernacle, with its solemn rites and awful mysteries. She had never beheld the shekinah resting upon the mercy-seat, and shadowing forth the presence of the Infinite. She had never listened to those deep and organ-like tones which thrilled the hearts of the hosts of Israel, as they congregated for worship beneath the solemn dome and around the sacred altars of their venerated temple. But she had, doubtless, heard from the lips of her sainted husband the story of God's wonders in Egypt—his miraculous deliverance of Israel—his protection and providence amid the perils and privations of the wilderness—his sublime manifestations upon the awful mount—his formal delivery of the law to the awe-stricken multitudes—their subsequent introduction and settlement in the land of Canaan. All this may have operated powerfully upon her sensitive nature, to strengthen her decision, and prefer the God of Israel to the gods of Moab.

She had become convinced that the religion of the Hebrews was the true religion, and that their God was the only living and true God. She had lost confidence in heathenism. It was dark, cold, and cruel—affording no solace in trouble, and shedding no light over the gloom of the shadow of death, and she had made up her mind to abandon it for ever: and no solicitations of friendship, no appeals of worldly policy, no threatening obstacles or frowning poverty, could shake her high resolve, or intimidate her in the path of duty. She would be identified with the bereaved Naomi, and her God and people should be hers, *come what would!*

We scarcely know which to admire most—her deep devotion to her mother-in-law, or her unbending purpose to yield to the convictions of duty. Both are beautiful, and both have helped to embalm her name in the grateful remembrances of posterity.

She was advised by Naomi to return—to go back to her kindred and her father's house. Perhaps she thought she would be happier, so far as personal comfort and worldly advantage are concerned, to return to the land of Moab; or perhaps she wished to test the sincerity and strength of her affection. She was now a widow—poor, heart-stricken, and lonely; and she well knew that many who make high professions of love—who flatter and fawn in times of prosperity—disappear like snow-flakes, when sorrow or adversity comes; and she desired proof of Ruth's devotion, in view of the most frowning and adverse circumstances. And did her plea to return, prevail? No; the very reasons that she had urged for her return, awoke the strong womanly affection of her nature, and she would not desert her mother-in-law in the time of her deep poverty. She would help her, lighten her sorrows, and bear the burdens of her crushed heart. With her warm and sensitive heart, all throbbing and alive to the interest of her mother, she felt prepared for any emergency. Let storms and trials flood her way to Canaan, and the waters of affliction drench her shivering form, still her language to Naomi is, "'Whither thou goest, I will go, and where

thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried!"

Can we conceive of anything more beautiful or sublime in woman's character? But how the firmness of her resolute and heroic nature rises in our estimation, at beholding her cleaving to Naomi, not merely to perform offices of dutiful affection, but that she might stand with her in the same covenant relations to the God of Israel, and share his benedictions and smiles. Her new faith imparted a sublimity to her character, and, like the morning star glittering above the horizon, announces a day of gladness succeeding the night of her deep gloom. Sustained by this faith, she was enabled to resist every solicitation of flesh and sense, and pursue the path of duty, although it might lead to hardship, contempt, and poverty.

In language similar to the prophetic declaration of her royal descendant, did the voice of Heaven speak to her heart: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thy father's house: so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him."—*Ps.* xlv. 10, 11.

To this voice she heartily responded, and they both pursued their long and weary way to Bethlehem. Many, doubtless, were their surmises, fears, and deep anxieties, about the future; but, faith was triumphant—their journey is ended—and the young Moabitess is a gleaner in the rich fields of Boaz. Here another admired trait appears in the character of Ruth. She submits her hands, unused to toil, to the hard drudgery of the harvest-field. She had been delicately trained in the land of Moab; she had moved in the gay saloons of pleasure; she had been admired and caressed for her beauty and virtue, and was illy prepared for so hard a lot; but unmurmuringly she submits, and, prompted by affection, and with a happy heart, she says to Naomi, "'Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn:' and she said unto her, 'Go, my daughter:' and she went and gleaned in the field after the reapers." And the God "under whose

wings she had come to trust," favored her, and at nightfall she returned to her mother, laden with the precious fruits of her labor. Her strange beauty, her unaffected modesty, and respectful address, had attracted the attention of Boaz, and he had directed the reapers to treat her kindly, and to let fall handfulls of grain on purpose for her. In this direction he had respect not only to the beautiful stranger, but to the law of Moses—forbidding to reap wholly the corners of the field, or to gather the gleanings of the harvest, but commanding to leave them for the poor and the stranger. Ruth acknowledged the favor, and with artless simplicity said, "'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?' And Boaz answered and said unto her, 'It hath fully been showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work.'" This address of Boaz was peculiarly grateful to the heart of the young maiden. He intimates, that he had heard of her devotion to her afflicted mother-in-law—the noble sacrifice she had made for the truth's sake—her decided preference for the people of God to her idolatrous kindred.

It seems that the arrival of Naomi with the beautiful stranger had produced no little sensation in the quiet town of Bethlehem. Her changed appearance, her unprotected and prostrate condition, excited the deep sympathy of the people, and "all the city was moved about them, and they said, 'Is this Naomi?' And she said unto them, 'Call me not *Naomi;* call me *Mara*—for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me *Naomi*, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?'" Her original name was in keeping with her circumstances—*affluent, pleasant;* but now that the Almighty had "dealt bitterly" with her, she preferred to be called *Mara*—which signifies *bitter.* Boaz had not

Gen.l Warren taking leave of his wife and child on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill

GENERAL WARREN.

One of the consequences of the singularly rapid growth of America, is, that life-remembered things have become already matters of history. The mighty convulsion which shook the strong fabric of European society to its very centre, subverted the domination of centuries, and, as it were, with a touch of the enchanter's wand, changed the destinies of millions of lives, even within the memory of some of the very men through whose agency Almighty wisdom worked out its decree.

Inasmuch as no human prescience could have pointed out the means to achieve this wondrous end, so no human sagacity could have imagined aught to avert its consummation. "It was written in the book of destiny." The same Holy voice that from conflicting atoms called the universe into existence, bade the sun of freedom rise, and it was obeyed—it was accomplished!

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At the close of a raw, comfortless day, in the early part of the eventful year 1775, a group of young men were collected together in a small but neat and comfortable house in the little village of Lexington. They were in whispered but earnest conversation, and, from the stern determination pictured in each countenance, it was evident that no trivial matter had drawn them together.

"More news," said one, under his compressed teeth: "they have determined that Boston must suffer. The 'rebels' must be stoned into subjection, it appears."

"Well, they're right," said another, "*if they can do it.* The only means by which they can get the Yankees to succumb will be to kill them outright, *if they let them;* but every life now lost, will be a thousand gained to us: the

crisis has arrived at last, roused by continued acts of injustice and oppression. The people—not a few factious individuals, who, for personal aggrandizement, would feign an ardor which they did not feel—but the bone, muscle, and sinew of the country—*the people* begin to feel, to know, and to deliberate. Oh! with what an inward thrill of joy I gaze upon determined faces as I pass along—look into eyes whose purpose shows itself, though yet unspoken—meet the stern grasp instead of the easy, careless salutation!—proofs that one secret but o'erwhelming thought pervades all hearts."

"True, Russell," replied the other, "the people are prepared; but, to act in general concert, it will be necessary to discover *one* man whose evident and unquestionable fitness would declare him *fated* to direct the whole."

"And so we shall: that Providence which has so surely decreed the evil, will not deny us the means. I myself know *one* who, if his present promise be but an earnest of his future greatness, will achieve a name whose glories will o'ershadow e'en the brightest: modest in deportment, reserved in manner, an enemy to ambition, uniting in a curious degree the opposites of caution and energy. Prudent in deciding, but firm and prompt in action, I am much mistaken or his deeds will keep his memory fresh in the hearts of his countrymen from age to age, till 'time beholds the wreck of all.'"

"His name?"

"George Washington."

And that undying name which, uttered since, has made the hearts of millions swell with rapturous thrill, was listened to without one quickened pulse.

"But what of Warren?" resumed Russell. "Has he been sounded?"

"No need of sounding, when every feeling of his honest, manly heart, is indexed in his face."

"How is it that we never see him?"

"His home is now his sole consideration. I know him well: the universal thought which fills all hearts, his is not exempt from. But his young wife and infant make him

cling to home as to a paradise: to lose them, would be to him perdition."

"I think you misjudge him," said one of the group. "There's more of the stern sacrificing virtue of the Roman character in Warren than you give him credit for. But see, he is here."

It was thus unexpectedly that Warren appeared for the first time among the confederated patriots.

Many months had they met together for the purpose of deliberating on the present aspect of affairs, and never before had he taken any part in their proceedings. It is not to be wondered at then that he was accused of at least lukewarmness by the ardent partizans who had embarked in the (as yet hardly defined) enterprize, hand and heart, body and soul!

Delighted at this spontaneous evidence of his willingness to join in their deliberations, they welcomed Warren with enthusiasm. He was looked upon as the first man in the place, and consequently his countenance and support would bring fresh converts to the cause, cheer its supporters, and make the wavering decide.

The appearance of Warren was striking in the extreme. Young, tall, and of elegant proportions, he possessed that indefinable aspect of superiority to which men in their own despite pay homage—the nobility of nature, stamped by Heaven's own hand upon his brow.

The first cordial salutation over, there was a pause, and slight embarrassment crept over the features of all, but it was dissipated in an instant by Warren's frank and noble words:—

"My friends," said he, "why dissimulation—why the semblance of restraint, when this nervous grasp, like an electric touch, declares our hearts to beat in unison—our country's cause?"

"To the death!" they all cried, simultaneously, catching the enthusiasm of the speaker.

"Aye, to the death!" replied Warren, with flashing eye and startling emphasis—"to the death! What luxury of

life compares with such a glorious destiny, to die for liberty! Heaven grant it may be mine! To my beloved country I have dedicated every thought: let me but seal the freedom with my blood, and 'twill be happiness to die."

The animated discussion that followed was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an individual who, breathless with impetuous haste, burst upon the assembly.

"Men of Lexington!" said he, "it behooves you to be prepared! Have your nerves up for the coming conflict!—the thunder-cloud grows darker!"

"The news from Concord?" demanded Warren, to whom the speaker was known.

"News," said the comer, "which I know will stir up the best blood within each heart here. It has come to the knowledge of the British general that we have been for some time past collecting arms and ammunition; and he is determined that, cost what it may, they shall be seized; and a strong detachment is even on its road from Boston. In a day or two it will pass through the village."

"Brave news!" cried Russell, impetuously; "now is the time to strike!"

"Hold!—let us not lose sight of prudence in our impetuosity," replied Warren. "It will be difficult to let our foes pass without some demonstration of opposal—but pass they must. 'Twill take many days ere they can retrace their steps—and then, if I augur rightly, we shall be enabled to collect sufficient friends to make their return more difficult than they imagine."

"But why not assemble at Concord?" said one; "the arms and ammunition there collected will be useful in our hands, and a heavy loss, if seized."

"Take no heed for that," replied Warren; "they have been dispersed long ago—some in our very neighborhood. No, no—the time, the time is all we want now. Let it be understood by all, that our enemies may pass unmolested—but every inch of their return *must* be disputed."

Concurring in the views of their leader—for such was Warren conceded to be—the small knot of patriots, soon to be swollen into a mass, separated for the night.

In a few days after, a strong detachment of military did pass through Lexington; and the quiet of its inhabitants and apparently deserted state of their houses, had an ominous look to some of the most thinking. It is matter of history that in a conversation respecting it between two officers, one said—

"See, I knew they dared not oppose us: the houses are shut up, the windows closed."

"Depend upon it," said the other, "*we shall be fired at from these very windows on our return.*"

A week passed rapidly over, and, by dint of extraordinary exertion, the dozen or two patriots had increased their strength to hundreds. The British detachment seized the few useless arms found at Concord; and the officer in command either deeming the information to be overdrawn, or, as had often been the case, wholly fabricated, prepared to return to Boston, then their head-quarters.

It is now the close of the day. Warren is seated in his chamber, his wife opposite, and their sole hope, their infant child, sleeping in his cradle. Not unconscious of the high aspirations that fill his soul is she, the sharer of every thought, the soother of every sorrow, the stimulator, the adviser; and does she entertain one selfish feeling? No. Knowing the power that woman always has to shape the thought and to direct the energy even now, when every moment threatened instant parting, did she smother her almost devotion, and, with a kindling eye and cheerful look, belying the woman's heart that trembled in her bosom, smile an approval on the glorious cause he had undertaken.

"The moment approaches, wife of my heart," said he, "when you must yield up every domestic, gentle thought, and cheerfully bear the cross which the need of our country imposes. Heaven knows how tenderly, how truly do I love thee; and may the sacrifice I make in leaving this my happy home, be the best proof of devotedness, and prove propitious to our great cause!"

"Go, Warren—go!" said the heroic wife, the fire of patriotism beaming in her eye. "To me you owe but love,

which you have paid to the uttermost; but to your country, if need be, you owe a *life!* and though in that life is mine entwined, yet would I give up all to ensure my country's weal!"

"Fit wife for a patriot!" said the lofty Warren; "the thought of thee and thy heart's desolation was the only obstacle that intervened 'twixt me and my soul-cherished hopes: nobly have you answered me. Now, my oppressed, beloved country, I am all thine own!"

This heart-uttered aspiration was fitly answered by a distant shout.

"Ha! they come so soon!—'tis well. My arms, my heroine—my arms! One kiss, my child," cried Warren, "and then for a name that must endure! No drop of blood shed in this glorious effort, but will be honored by a nation's tears, remembered in a people's gratitude." Snatching a kiss from his sleeping infant, he hastily armed himself, and, embracing his tearless but fearfully excited wife, cried, "Wife of my bosom, let me have thy benediction upon my work, or I shall go but with half a heart!"

"Bless thee—bless thee and thy cause!" she replied. "Bear witness, Heaven, I would rather live upon the thoughts of thy renown with but the remembrance of thy love buried in my heart, than share a palace with an enemy to freedom. Here, from my own hands, take this instrument of war! Far better thus, than live to see thy child a slave! Farewell! May the God of battles protect thee!"

Not many hours after, the first conflict which opened the road to freedom took place. Most obstinately was every foot of ground contested through the village. At last, nearly cut to pieces, the residue of the detachment fled like frightened sheep before the victorious army of patriots, and the *Battle of Lexington* was inscribed with a pen of adamant on the imperishable records of fame.

From that day the career of Warren was one continued succession of victories; but never did he see his smiling, happy home again! The destiny which he had so ardently desired, awaited him. Almost in sight of the Canaan of

Freedom, he ratified his devotion to his country by his blood. On the very threshold of his hope's consummation, with the shout of triumph in his ears, he yielded up his life, encouragement on his lip.

"Be firm," he cried—"flinch not! behold your banners! stand fast! Ye battle for the right!" and thus the heroic Warren—his eye flashing defiance even in the moment of death—by his glorious example, stimulated his living companions to a fresh exertion, and he closed his eyes upon that ground which is now hailed as the landmark of liberty. His last fight had settled the destinies of his country, and gave freedom to a world.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war—
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier-eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

WASHINGTON.

BY THE LATE JOHN INMAN.

The name of our great patriot—of the only man to whom the world renders its tribute of undivided, unqualified homage—has been frequently mentioned of late in the political journals; naturally called up by the occurrence of events and the inception of designs in regard to which opinions are greatly at issue. The enquiry has been,—What course would Washington have taken under circumstances like these? and it is a striking acknowledgment of his wisdom and virtue, that the presumption of what his conduct would have been, has been put forward as an unanswerable argument. It is well for us to keep ever before our eyes the nobleness and purity of his character, as a fitting subject of imitation.

He was indeed a *man*—filled to overflowing with all the elements of greatness, and working out, with a loftiness of aspiration and a constancy of purpose that by man have never been exceeded, the god-like capacities and purposes of his existence. Occupying, as he did, a position which exposed him to the gaze and scrutiny of all men, all ages, and all nations, and scanned as his character and actions have been, with eager solicitude, for nearly half a century since he passed away from the world in which he filled a station so great and so imposing, not a solitary act or trait has been brought to light that can diminish the reverence with which he was in life regarded; but ever, as the space between him and those who gaze upon him expands with the lapse of years, the height to which we must raise our eyes becomes loftier and loftier, and still his awful form stands out in proportions more colossal and majestic.

His duties were indeed arduous and multiform—and were they not all fulfilled with as much exactitude as other and lesser men exhibit in the performance of such as are least and easiest? High and noble was his perception of the great object for which he was created—and did he not achieve it? Just, and grand, and glorious were his views of human capacity—and did he not act up to them? Weaknesses we know that he must have had, for they are among the constituents of humanity—but he knew where to find the strength that should replace them. Tendencies to evil we know that he must have had, for they belong to all the posterity of Adam—but he had the power and the will to strive against and overcome them; and so perfect was his victory, so absolutely was he master of himself, so triumphant was the might with which he subdued and kept down the appetites and passions which must at times have risen in rebellion against the better elements of his immortal being, that to no other eye but that of God was the struggle even visible. No man ever saw him hesitating between good and evil. Tempted he might be, and doubtless was, like other men—but so little power had temptation to move him, that it could not gain even the poor triumph of a doubtful conquest.

Alike calm, dignified, and self-possessed amid the excitement of enterprize and danger, and the relaxing tranquillity of familiar social intercourse—never elated by prosperity or depressed by ill-fortune—filling stations of most opposing character, and equally great in all—performing high and trying duties, and those of the most ordinary grade, with the same scrupulous fidelity—ever keeping his eye fixed steadfastly upon the highest aim of a being created for immortality, and ever advancing toward it with a constancy that no inducement could turn aside, as with a vigor of progress that no obstacle could for a moment check—in him we see exemplified the dignity of man, as he was designed to be when the Almighty said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" and there is scarcely a suspicion of extravagance in the idea that he was called into being

not only as a special instrument under the power of God to achieve the deliverance of an oppressed people, and to proclaim and establish before all nations the eternal principles of freedom, but also as a demonstration to all mankind, of the glory and brightness and majesty that reside in the soul of man, and that may be brought forth to shine as the stars of heaven, if man will but rightfully employ the gifts with which he has been endowed by his benevolent and omnipotent Creator.

HEART WISHES.

I would not wear a golden crown,
Nor reign upon a throne;
But o'er one true and loving heart
I would be queen alone.

I would not have a servile throng
Press round to bow the knee;
But one light, free, and eager step,
Haste homeward unto me.

I would not hear the stirring shout
Of plaudits far and wide—
But list a soft voice gently speak
My name at eventide.

I would not have a sumptuous couch,
When pain had laid me low—
But one dear arm to fold my form,
One hand to press my brow.

I would not have proud marble piled
Upon my lowly head—
But simple stone, and grassy mound,
And *one* to weep me dead.

I would not have the breath of fame
Attempt my worth to prove—
But I would have one warm heart keep
The memory of my love.

I would, belov'd, to thee and me,
The priceless pearl be given,
That thy true heart may meet mine own,
And each love each in heaven.

J. C. C.

JUDICIAL MURDER.

BY THE LATE JOHN INMAN

MANY wise and good men contend earnestly, and no doubt conscientiously, for the right as well as the expediency of putting their fellow-men to death in a legal way; but I must confess that I can see neither the right nor the expediency. In fact, I am glad of this opportunity to put on record, for such good end as the testimony of an individual may achieve, my firm conviction that the taking of life deliberately, and with all the sanctions that law and legal forms can give, is not only inexpedient, but a crime. There is something inexpressibly horrible in the thought of going coolly, gravely, dispassionately to work for the strangling of a fellow-creature. The victim is so helpless—he stands so utterly alone, not in a contest with, but in the irresistible grasp of a mighty power. If he could even seem to have a chance of escape, by strength, or swiftness, or cunning—but no; the banded might of a whole nation, of millions, is concentrated in the hands of the officials who are to deal with him; all the appliances and enginery that the united power of millions can create, are about him; he cannot so much as struggle. In the plenitude of life and health and vigor, he must count the minutes at the end of which he shall die. A tremendous spell is on him; at the appointed time he must walk to his place of doom; silent, unresisting, hopeless, without an effort, he must stretch forth his hands for binding—submit his neck to the deadly rope. His free agency is gone—his will is annihilated—he is a machine in the hands of the constructor, moving, not by the impulse of his own volition, but in a defined track, the ghastly end of which, glaring hideously upon him, is de-

struction: and it is always possible that he has not deserved the doom awarded to him—possible that he dies to expiate, as it is called, the crime of another. How agonizing must be, in such a case, the sense of wrong and injustice in his bosom! What deadly cruelty must he perceive in the fiat that cuts him off from life and all its blessings—that widows his wife and orphans his children—stamps his name with infamy, and bequeaths that infamy as his legacy to them upon whose infancy he had smiled, for whose advancing years he had cared and toiled and hoped!

A poor colored girl was executed in New-Jersey, not long ago, for the murder of her master. After her death, the papers said that she was scarcely a responsible being; her intellect was of the lowest grade—but little removed from idiocy. And she was but sixteen years of age! If all this was true, how dreadful the consummation! Not for her sake so much—not in regard to her—but as a deed for society to commit. Her life was of little value, perhaps, even to herself; it was but the life of a poor, ignorant, half-witted, friendless creature; its circle of enjoyments was very limited; the mental pangs that heralded its close were not keenly felt; and when once the silver cord was broken, philosophy might calmly say that the difference was but slight between death then and death after the lapse of ten or twenty or thirty years. But to think that the tremendous might of a whole people was arrayed against this feeble creature! That the terrible machinery of penal law was set in motion to extinguish the miserable spark that glimmered in that poor frame! If her death could have restored the life she took, it would have been something. But society could gain nothing by wreaking its revenge on her for the evil she had done; means of preventing her from doing more evil were easy, though she were allowed to live; and experience has proved, that the strangling of the criminal is less efficacious than other means, to deter others from the commission of the same offence.

But even a worse case has recently occurred in England. A woman was convicted and condemned to death for the

murder of her child. She was poor and friendless—and at the trial she had no professional defender. In the proof for the prosecution, however, it came out that she had been an inmate of a work-house, where her sufferings were extreme; that in the desperate hope of faring better by her own exertions, she left the house and wandered about for several days, seeking employment, but in vain: starving, cold, heart-broken, she carried her child from street to street—was heard to utter expressions of despair—and at last was rescued, by the cruel humanity of a boatman, from the waters of a canal. Life was all but extinct in her—in the child it was extinct. She was resuscitated—imprisoned—tried—condemned. When asked what she had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon her, she answered feebly, but with the touching eloquence of a crushed spirit, that she was miserable, oppressed, tortured; that she passed days without food, agonized by the wailings of her starving child; that she knew not what she did, or how she got into the water—whether she fell in through weakness, or threw herself in while destitute of reason. Was there anything improbable in this? was it inconsistent with the proved facts? might not humanity rejoice to believe it? Yet the judge pronounced sentence of death upon her—the jury did not even recommend her to mercy; and she was left for execution. The bloodthirsty benevolence of law spared no pains or expense to recall the fleeting breath to her almost drowned body, only that it might be taken a few days afterward by strangulation. But, happily, the ultimate power of life and death was in a woman's hands—and Victoria saved the victim from the rope. All honor to her for the kindly deed!

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turn'd the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warp'd the giant oak for ever.

THE EXACTING LOVER.

"First *catch* your fish."

"Upon my word, Howard, I don't know whether to consider you a rascal, or only a simpleton," exclaimed a young man to his companion, as, at a late hour in the evening, they descended the steps of a handsome house in Broadway.

"You do me too much honor in allowing me the alternative," was the laughing reply; "indeed, if your *polite* remark had been uttered by anybody but my own good cousin, it would probably have been met by a *knock-down* argument."

"You deserve far more severe reprehension, Howard, than I am either able or willing to inflict upon you. It seems to me that you are wantonly trifling with the affections of a young and artless girl who loves you, and is too guileless to conceal her attachment."

"If such is your opinion, Tom, I shall certainly make no attempt to change it."

"Why do you act a part so inconsistent with your usual mode of thinking?"

"My dear fellow, my conduct is perfectly consistent. I have a certain theory about women—a certain system in my manners towards them—and to that system I mean to adhere rigidly, even in despite of my own impulses."

"For heaven's sake, Howard, do not attempt to weave your fragile, fine-spun theories into the web of actual life: you have been a dreamer of dreams, and a projector of schemes all your life, yet what have you gained by them all?"

"I have gained, as Byron says, 'a deal of judgment.' I am no longer a passionate boy, looking upon woman as

a being of a higher sphere, whose image is to be 'ensky'd, ensainted, worshipped.' I have been in too many love-affairs—have knelt too often before an idol like the image seen in the prophet's vision, whose head was of fine gold, but whose feet were of clay. I look upon woman now as only a gentle and loving minister to man's happiness: inferior to us in mind and in vigor of character, she is our superior in passion, fortitude, and devoted tenderness; the very creature, in short, of whom a slave, not a queen, is made. We spoil women by our blind homage, and unfit them for the station they were sent to occupy, while all our efforts to elevate them to the position which our youthful fancy allots them, must be vain and useless."

"This is quite a new idea, is it not, Howard?" Less than a twelvemonth ago you were *au desespoir* for the brilliant and witty Azuretta Folatre, and then you maintained *a l'outrance* the superiority—mental, moral, and personal—of the feminine creation."

"You are right, Tom—but Azuretta cured me of all such foolish fancies: she had been so spoiled by flattery, that she was fit for nothing but to occupy the throne of that tyrannical old Indian, Begum, we were reading about yesterday. Her whims and caprices led me to reflect upon the causes which could thus transform a being whom nature had made timid and gentle, into such a proud, exacting, haughty, domineering creature; and I became convinced that the evil might be traced to man's mistaken homage. Henceforth I mean to treat women as we do children; to regard them as beings capable of reason, but utterly unfit to be left to their own guidance, and who, in place of being deified, require to be influenced."

"And pray how are you to obtain the opportunity of influencing them, except by interesting the affections?"

"It is by the affections only that they are to be ruled, Tom."

"Then there must yet be a season of homage, Howard, for women are not to be won unsought."

"That is true—but neither are they to be wooed by such

blind and humble devotion as we usually pay. Byron knew the female heart well, and I am convinced his rule is the true one—'Pique them and soothe by turns.'"

"Ay, Byron knew the heart of woman as it exists in the tainted atmosphere of fashionable life, where the weeds of passion grow the more rankly because nurtured by luxurious self-indulgence; but you would not surely follow Byron's rule in your choice of a wife?"

"Indeed I should. What would a man gain by humbling himself before a woman during courtship, when he knew that his future happiness depended upon her slavish submission to him after marriage? I mean to marry a delicate, refined, and gentle woman, who will love me earnestly and devotedly—to whom my slightest wish will be law—who shall have no wish but to please me—no pleasure unshared by me—no enjoyments save such as are directly derived from my will; a woman, in short, who shall be all that a wife was first designed—'a helpmate—subject to her husband, and patient under his will.'"

"You are as despotic as a Turk, Howard: where do you expect to find such a modern Griselda?"

"I have found her already, Tom."

"You do not, certainly, expect to train Isabel Forrester to such submission?"

"Indeed I do—and, what is more, I have no doubt I shall succeed. I love her better than I ever did any other woman, but I mean to try her to the utmost, before I place my happiness in her keeping."

"And I suppose this new system of yours will account for your violent flirtation with the new belle, this evening, while Isabel sat neglected in a corner."

"You have guessed right: I met Isabel in the street, this morning, and I managed to insinuate a wish that she would refrain from dancing at Mrs. Anson's party, to-night. It was a first experiment in testing my power, but it succeeded perfectly: she is passionately fond of dancing, but she steadily refused all solicitations on the subject."

"And you rewarded her attention to your wishes by almost total neglect."

"That was part of my policy; she doubtless expected to be rewarded for her self-denial by a double portion of my attention—and, had I been weak enough to bestow it, her forbearance would have been no sacrifice. As matters now stand, she has learned that I have power to afflict her, and that is a great point gained."

"So you expect to win her by wounding her: this might do in buffalo-hunting, but will scarcely succeed in love-making."

"Don't you see that I excite a new interest by awakening her apprehensions? She probably felt sure of my preference for her until this evening, and the doubts which my conduct has excited, will make her think of me until we meet again. A woman is easily managed by one who is allowed to engross her thoughts."

"Will you allow me to give you my candid opinion of your scheme, Howard?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow."

"I think it a most selfish, cold-hearted, rascally method of trifling with a woman's feelings."

"You are complimentary; but *n' importe;* you are in the toils of a pretty girl who tyrannizes over you without mercy, Tom, and I cannot hope to bring you to my way of thinking at present."

"Nor in future, I trust, Howard: it seems to me unprincipled."

"You are wrong, Tom. I mean to marry Isabel as soon as she is perfectly broken in."

"And suppose she proves intractable?"

"That will be a sufficient proof of want of affection on her part, and of course I shall be the only sufferer."

"Well, you certainly have a cool and comfortable way of discussing affairs of the heart; but I do not envy you the power. When the feelings are seared as yours seem to be, they must have suffered frequent scathing, and I would not go through such an ordeal of fire, even to obtain the prize of insensibility."

With these words the young men parted—one to dream

of his beautiful but coquetish lady-love, the other to speculate upon the effect which his unkindness had produced upon a gentle and loving heart.

Wilmarth was one of those "men about town," who are always to be met in gay society. He began his career by falling in love at twelve years of age, with his cousin of twenty; and from that time until he had counted his thirtieth summer, he had been continually under the influence of some fever dream. A bright smile, a soft eye, a sweet voice, a delicate form, a pretty foot, were each in turn sufficient to bewitch him for the time; and the ease with which he became enchanted and disenchanted, seemed to him less the effect of his own fickleness than the result of his overestimation of the power of woman's spells. His handsome person and elegant manners made him always welcome in the circles of fashion, while his lucrative profession and rising reputation gave him interest in the eyes of prudent parents. He had met with so much success in society, that he had learned to think too highly of himself, as well as too humbly of his neighbors; and his opinion of women had become more degrading and unjust in proportion as he had received new proofs of their refined susceptibility of feeling. He had been loved fondly and truly by more than one noble-hearted woman; but these things occurred at a period when he could not summon courage enough to resign his brilliant position for the comparatively uninteresting character of the married man, and he had coolly extricated himself from such dilemmas without difficulty. He had no faith in the stability of woman's feelings, and could not be made to believe that the agreeable flirtations which were so pleasant while they lasted, and occasioned so little pain to *him* in their termination, were productive of more serious grief to the belle than to the beau. But he had now become wearied of this aimless and roving life. He wanted some one to minister to his whims, to study his comforts, to wait upon him more faithfully than a hireling, and he therefore decided to marry.

Isabel Forrester was no heroine of romance—no creature

of improbable perfection. She was a meek, quiet, tender girl, with faculties yet to be developed by circumstances, and warm affections, which, from childhood, had been lavished upon every thing and every body around her. She was perfectly unsophisticated in feeling, and the idea of saying or doing anything merely for effect, never entered her mind. Wilmarth's experience in the world had made him master of the arts of pleasing, and it is not surprising that he should soon have excited an interest in the bosom of the artless girl. She did not begin to speculate upon his motives for distinguishing her by his attentions; no true-hearted woman ever thinks of such things till they are suggested by some officious friend; nor did she at once calculate her chances of matrimony: she was influenced too much by the impulses of feeling to be so fully awake to selfish interest. She liked Wilmarth, and was charmed with his adroit adaptation of himself to suit her tastes. She loved poetry—and he was an admirable reciter; she was a fine musician—and he had a decided taste if not a talent for "sweet sounds;" she was fond of reading—and his choice of books was excellent: in short, he left no means untried to convince her of the congeniality which existed between their minds. As soon as he was assured of her preference for him, (and a man of the world soon discovers this) he commenced his system of training. He did not at once presume to censure her, for this might have aroused her pride; but he insinuated his wishes—and Isabel, with the devotedness of a true woman, endeavored to mould herself to his will. He at first undertook to correct her taste in books—and to this Isabel submitted with the meek humility of one who was conscious of her mental inferiority. He then scrutinized, with a critical eye, her style of dress, and lauded a severe simplicity of attire, until Isabel banished gay colors, ribbons, and jewels, and assumed a garb of almost Quaker neatness. Her rich curls were braided back from her brow, her dresses were all selected from those grave, sombre tints always so unbecoming in fresh youth; and an embroidered handkerchief, which she ventured to exhibit, after having

heard a tirade against such follies from the lips of the sage Mr. Wilmarth, cost her a night of sleeplessness and tears.

So far, Wilmarth's scheme had succeeded perfectly, but he determined to try still more severe experiments. His conduct on the evening before alluded to, was his first attempt, and what it cost Isabel may be best imagined by those who can remember the first awakening of distrust in the youthful and confiding heart. That Wilmarth loved her, she could not doubt, for his looks, his manners, all disclosed his attachment; but the words which bind heart to heart in that contract which the world holds to be only less irrefragable than the church's bond, had never yet been uttered. They were not affianced lovers, and therefore Isabel, though feeling herself wronged and outraged, knew she had no right to complain. That night, Isabel's head pressed a sleepless pillow, but with the morning came a feeling of pride and a sense of shame such as she had never before experienced. For the first time in her life she had something to conceal, (alas! it is too often the first grief which teaches the first deception,) and with a pale cheek but calm brow, she took her accustomed seat in the drawing-room. At an earlier hour than usual, Wilmarth made his appearance. He was prepared for sadness and reproaches, but Isabel's cold, proud demeanor, made him fear he had gone too far. He had no wish to lose his influence over the lady, for Isabel was an heiress, and in his anxiety to regain his power, he uttered those expressions of tenderness and love, which, once spoken, are never to be recalled. They had met with coldness and distrust, but they parted as betrothed lovers—and thus, in despite of his themes and his systems, Wilmarth found himself, after all, the toy of natural impulses.

Notwithstanding his pleasure at having secured the lady and her fortune, Wilmarth was seriously alarmed when he reflected upon the consequences of his precipitation. He fancied that Isabel would now assert her sovereignty, and he knew that the opinion of society would uphold her in claiming her right to his attentions. The situation of an

engaged lover, compelled to dangle for ever at the side of his lady-love—about as useful to her as her reticule, yet as much in demand as if really essential to her hourly existence—had always struck him as supremely ridiculous; and even while secretly rejoicing in his success, he determined to guard against any advantage which Isabel might hope from his weakness. His first step, therefore, was to enjoin the strictest secresy concerning their engagement; and when Isabel cheerfully acceded to a wish which still seemed to her very unaccountable, he resumed his former habits of dictation and direction.

A woman will bear much from one she loves, so long as no doubt exists of his affection—so long as she is rewarded by a proper appreciation of her tenderness. Isabel sometimes felt a sort of meek wonder at Wilmarth's exactions; she sometimes caught herself wishing that he was less difficult to please, and less fastidious in his ideas of womanly duties and womanly impulses, but the thought of paying no heed to his suggestions and counsels, never occurred to her as possible. She considered it her duty to begin at once the task of assimilation—to adapt herself immediately to the tastes of him who was to be her future companion through life, but she was scarcely prepared for so much self-denial as she was now called to practise. In the course of a very short time she found herself completely shut out from society, restricted to the coldest and most ceremonious intercourse with former friends—debarred the privilege of walking or talking with whom she pleased—forbidden to mingle in the dance—her modes of thinking and acting marked out for her—and her very impulses restrained or directed by the will of her lover. Yet Isabel bore with all his caprices, for she truly loved him, and considered his whims rather as proofs of the jealous tenderness of his nature, or at the worst, but as slight infirmities of temper. There was no sacrifice, however great, which she would not willingly have made for him; but it can scarcely be wondered at if the thousand petty exactions which were constantly marring the quiet of her life, should, in the course of time, weary her, and per-

haps suggest a doubt of the high-mindedness of one whose thoughts dwelt so much in trifling details.

Isabel had borne for months with Wilmarth's freaks of coldness, his capricious devotion to others, his occasional outbreaks of anger, and his unreasonable control over her actions. But at length, circumstances too trivial to be recorded, yet, taken in connection, forming a chain of continued evidence not to be disputed, led her to suspect that his apparent caprice was the result of a systematic plan. At first the thought was too painful to be indulged for a moment; but distrust once admitted, was not to be repelled, and in sadness of spirit Isabel was compelled to admit the belief of her lover's selfishness. A conversation which she accidentally overheard between Wilmarth and his cousin, removed all doubts on the subject. She heard Wilmarth congratulate himself on his success in training her; she heard herself spoken of as the tame, subdued, devoted creature, who had nearly attained the requisite point of perfection—and from that moment resentment took the place of her relying love. She felt herself outraged and insulted; her affections had been used as fetters to bind her to a victor's car of triumph; she had been made the sport of man's selfishness; her heart had been as a sweet instrument in the hands of a cunning player, and every stop had been sounded, not in response to the voice of love, but in obedience to the will of a cold experimentalist. Isabel was a proud as well as a true-hearted woman. She would not reproach Wilmarth—she would not even ask an explanation—but with that quickness of feeling which is a woman's gravest error as well as her sweetest charm, she concluded that he had never loved her. Once convinced of his object in guarding her with such jealous care—once assured that it was less the tender reserve of affection than the selfish wish to rule, and Isabel became again her own mistress. The submission which love might have exacted through a long life of cheerful self-denial, was refused to cold, calculating tyranny.

Without one word of explanation or deprecation, Isabel

returned to society and resumed her former habits. Her voice was again heard in the cheerful song—her step was once more lightest in the dance—her beauty once more dazzled and delighted a circle of admiring worshippers. To Wilmarth's fierce and angry remonstrances she turned a deaf ear—to his earnest professions she replied with a smile of incredulity—to his real anxiety of mind she gave not the slightest credence. Whatever regrets she felt, were hidden beneath a calm demeanor, or dissipated in the gay scenes of busy life; and Isabel proved, in progress of time, as every proud woman must do when convinced that her heart has been given to one unworthy of its treasures, that she grieved less for the *lover* than for the *love*, which had passed away from her as the dew from the early rose. The youth of her heart was gone; she had learned her first lesson in disappointment, and for her the romance of life was past for ever.

Wilmarth knew not how much he really loved Isabel until she was lost to him. In vain he endeavored to regain his influence over her—in vain he sought to convince her how entirely his happiness depended on her.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Wilmarth," was her cold reply: "I am not the person calculated to make you happy. Some Circassian beauty, who would feel honored in being permitted to be your slave, would better suit one who uses affection but as a coil to ensnare the free will. Had you given me one honest feeling—had you yielded to one true impulse while I was pouring out the fulness of my heart at your feet—had you been any other than the cold, calculating man of the world, which your conduct has since shown you, I might have forgiven you; but now, I would rather wed with the merest clod that ever wore human form, than give my hand to one who could offer the spurious coin of false affection in exchange for woman's true and loving heart."

Wilmarth thought long on Isabel's last words, and he remembered them with deeper bitterness when he afterwards beheld her the honored and apparently happy wife of one who had long loved her with a more unselfish and confiding

tenderness. Years have passed since then, but he has never yet found the creature worthy or willing to become his wife. He is now fast falling into "the sear and yellow leaf"—the weight of half a century lies heavy upon him, and all the skill of the perruquier, the dentist, and the tailor, cannot conceal the fact that—

> "Time may fly with the wings of the hawk, but his steps
> Are marked by the feet of the crow."

A lonely and disappointed bachelor—leading an aimless and joyless life—tolerated in circles where he was wont to be courted—banished to fireside corners with the comely matrons who were his cotemporaries, while those who were unborn in the days of his early triumphs, now elbow him from the course—he has learned to repent his vain attempt to *manage* a tender and truthful woman by other means than the rule of love.

HEAVEN.

BY C. D. STUART.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
  When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
  Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow
  When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
  Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
  With the pure spirit's sight;
But near, and in the very hearts,
  Of those who see aright.

HE CAME TOO LATE!

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt
That all his power was o'er!
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt—
She thought of him no more!
Anger and grief had passed away—
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay—
No spell had memory.

He came too late!—The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound—
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound!
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away!

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love!

ERIS: A SPIRIT RECORD.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Who says that there are not angels or invisible spirits watching around us? The teeming regions of the air swarm with bodiless ghosts—bodiless to human sight, because of their exceeding and too dazzling beauty!

And there is one, childlike, with helpless and unsteady movements, but a countenance of immortal bloom, whose long-lashed eyes droop downward. The name of the shape is Dai. When he comes near, the angels are silent, and gaze upon him with pity and affection. And the fair eyes of the shape roll, but fix upon no object: while his lips move, but a plaintive tone only is heard—the speaking of a single name. Wandering in the confines of earth, or restlessly amid the streets of the beautiful land, goes Dai, earnestly calling on one he loves.

Wherefore is there no response?

Soft as the feathery leaf of the frailest flower—pure as the heart of flame—of a beauty so lustrous that the sons of Heaven themselves might well be drunken to gaze thereon—with fleecy robes that but half apparel a maddening whiteness and grace—dwells Eris among the creatures beautiful, a chosen and cherished one. And Eris is the name called by the wandering angel—while no answer comes, and the loved flies swiftly away, with a look of sadness and displeasure.

It had been years before that a maid and her betrothed lived in one of the pleasant places of earth. Their hearts clung to each other with fondness of young life and all its dreamy passion. Each was simple and innocent. Mortality might not know a thing better than their love, or more sunny than their happiness.

In the method of the rule of fate, it was ordered that the maid should sicken, and be drawn nigh to the gates of death—nigh, but not through them. Now, to the young who love purely, High Power commissions to each a gentle guardian, who hovers around unseen day and night. The office of this spirit is to keep a sleepless watch, and fill the heart of his charge with strange and mysterious and lovely thoughts. Over the maid was placed Dai, and through her illness the unknown presence of the youth hung near continually.

To the immortal, days, years, and centuries are the same.

Erewhile, a cloud was seen in Heaven. The delicate ones bent their necks, and shook as if a chill blast had swept by—and white robes were drawn around shivering and terrified forms.

An archangel with veiled cheeks cleaved the air. Silence spread through the hosts of the passed away, who gazed in wonder and fear. And as they gazed, they saw a new companion of wondrous loveliness among them—a strange and timid creature, who, were it not that pain must never enter those borders with innocence, would have been called unhappy. The angels gathered around the late comer with caresses and kisses, and they smiled pleasantly with joy in each other's eyes.

Then the archangel's voice was heard—and they who heard it, knew that One still mightier spake his will therein:—

"The child Dai!" said he.

A far reply sounded out in tones of trembling and apprehension—

"I am here!"

And the youth came forth from the distant confines whither he had been in solitude. The placid look of peace no more illumined his brow with silver light, and his unearthly beauty was as a choice statue enveloped in mist and smoke.

"Oh, weak and wicked spirit!" said the archangel, "thou hast been false to thy mission and thy Master!"

The quivering limbs of Dai felt weak and cold. He would have made an answer in agony—but at that moment he lifted his eyes and beheld the countenance of Eris, the late comer.

Love is potent, even in Heaven! And subtle passion creeps into the hearts of the sons of beauty, who feel the delicious impulse, and know that there is a soft sadness sweeter than aught in the round of their pleasure eternal.

When the youth saw Eris, he sprang forward with lightning swiftness to her side. But the late comer turned away with aversion. The band of good-will might not be between them, because of wrongs done, and the planting of despair in two happy human hearts.

At the same moment, the myriads of interlinked spirits that range step by step from the throne of the Uppermost, (as the power of that light and presence which is unbearable even to the deathless, must be tempered for the sight of any created thing, however lofty,) were conscious of a motion of the mind of God. Quicker than electric thought the command was accomplished! The disobedient angel felt himself enveloped in a sudden cloud, impenetrably dark. The face of Eris gladdened and maddened him no more. He turned himself to and fro, and stretched out his arms—but though he knew the nearness of his companions, the light of Heaven, and of the eyes of Eris, was strangely sealed to him. The youth was blind forever!

So a wandering angel sweeps through space with restless and unsteady movements—and the sound heard from his lips is the calling of a single name. But the loved flies swiftly away in sadness, and heeds him not. Onward and onward speeds the angel, amid scenes of ineffable splendor, though to his sight the splendor is darkness. But there is one scene that rests before him alway. It is of a low brown dwelling among the children of men; and in an inner room a couch, whereon lies a young maid, whose cheeks rival the frailness and paleness of foam. Near by is a youth; and the filmy eyes of the girl are bent upon him in fondness. What dim shape hovers overhead? He is invisible

to mortals; but, oh! well may the blind spirit, by the token of throbs of guilty and fiery love beating through him, know that hovering form! Thrust forward by such fiery love, the shape dared transcend his duty. Again the youth looked upon the couch, and beheld a lifeless corpse.

This is the picture upon the vision of Dai. His brethren of the bands of light, as they meet him in his journeyings, pause awhile for pity; yet never do the pangs of their sympathy (the only pangs known to those sinless creatures, or arms thrown softly around him, or kisses on his brow,) efface the pale lineaments of the sick girl—the dead.

In the portals of Heaven stands Eris, oft peering into the outer distance. Nor of the millions of winged messengers that hourly come and go, does one enter there whose features are not earnestly scanned by the watcher. And the fond joy resides in her soul, that the time is nigh at hand; for a thread yet binds the angel down to the old abode, and, until the breaking of that bond, Eris keeps vigil in the portals of Heaven.

The limit of the watch comes soon. On earth, a toil-worn man has returned from distant travel, and lays him down, weary and faint at heart, on a floor amid the ruins of that low brown dwelling. The slight echo is heard of moans coming from the breast of one who yearns to die. Life, and rosy light, and the pleasant things of nature, and the voice and sight of his fellows, and the glory of thought—the sun, the flowers, the glittering stars, the soft breeze—have no joy for him. And the coffin and the cold earth have no horror; they are a path to the unforgotten.

Thus the tale is told in Heaven, how the pure love of two human beings is a sacred thing, which the immortal themselves must not dare to cross. In pity to the disobedient angel he is blind, that he may not gaze ceaselessly on one who returns his love with displeasure. And haply Dai is the spirit of the destiny of those whose selfishness would seek to mar the peace of gentle hearts, by their own unreturned and unhallowed passion.

SLANDER.

How many there are, who can say with almost a broken heart, "Surely the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison!" How many a ruined character can exclaim, with a bleeding heart, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Surely, it has crushed a thousand hopes, and sent to the grave of peaceful rest many a fair reputation!

Slander is a crying evil. Few there are who possess that fiendish and vampire-like disposition to take that from a person which is near to him as the blood of his own heart. But, there are some who can calmly and sedately sap the fair fame, and pluck the laurel of reputation from their brow, and cause them to wither as the rose.

Behold, for a moment, the Slanderer! He comes forth with pleasantness and gaiety. He is unassuming in his deportment, and the robe of peace seems to be his mantle. He hails you with joy and congratulation. He begins with vague, insignificant surmise, and small broken hints, or some small detached expression of some child-like story, believing every utterable word, and then marshals or puts them together to his own liking, and at last he puts them afloat in the public ear.

It then goes on from one tongue to another, concealed like a tiger in a jungle, creeping for his prey; and the public mind being such, that one whisper is enough to shadow and becloud the brightest and fairest character that has acquired years to establish. It is like breath upon a looking-glass. Thus the whisper or hint goes on from one to another, like the secret leaven, till at last it breaks out, all at once, in words. Then comes the tug of war. Then, there comes a mighty tornado, sweeping and laying in ruins the fair hopes of future anticipations. It falls like the astonished shock of a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

In such cases, could the person slandered, but trace it, he would find that it was but a mere dint—a dim or minute germ—having grown out of mere nothing, and by using, and transition from one to another, into a notorious and odious calumny.

Such is slander in its protean form. The fair, unblemished character, lies bleeding at every pore. What a fine and vital cord do you snap, when you snap the most tiny thread of character! Deplorable is the man when character is gone! Truly it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It infuses the whole atmosphere of mind with its poisonous effluvia and death.

Surely, indeed, no man can tame the tongue of others, or can stop the onward move of the Slanderer's tongue. He must stand as the bleeding object of a thousand arrows, without a possibility to shield himself. He goes on and down to the grave, or couches through life with life's very essence turned to bitterness and all his hopes withered. Oh! let us beware of giving birth to slander! A wound made by the arrow of slander can never be healed. Let us beware of a slanderous tongue—it is full of deadly poison.

BE KIND.

Let us be kind—for who has not
Been more or less imperfect here?—
Who fain would have his sins forgot,
Or blotted out by Pity's tear?

Forgiveness is a gentle word—
Upon whose tone how many live!
And since we *all* have sinned or erred,
Why not each other's faults forgive?

Oh! let our hearts be kindly cast,
Until we cross the downward tide—
Like barques that feel a common blast,
And haste to anchor side by side.

blind and humble devotion as we usually pay. Byron knew the female heart well, and I am convinced his rule is the true one—'Pique them and soothe by turns.'"

"Ay, Byron knew the heart of woman as it exists in the tainted atmosphere of fashionable life, where the weeds of passion grow the more rankly because nurtured by luxurious self-indulgence; but you would not surely follow Byron's rule in your choice of a wife?"

"Indeed I should. What would a man gain by humbling himself before a woman during courtship, when he knew that his future happiness depended upon her slavish submission to him after marriage? I mean to marry a delicate, refined, and gentle woman, who will love me earnestly and devotedly—to whom my slightest wish will be law—who shall have no wish but to please me—no pleasure unshared by me—no enjoyments save such as are directly derived from my will; a woman, in short, who shall be all that a wife was first designed—'a helpmate—subject to her husband, and patient under his will.'"

"You are as despotic as a Turk, Howard: where do you expect to find such a modern Griselda?"

"I have found her already, Tom."

"You do not, certainly, expect to train Isabel Forrester to such submission?"

"Indeed I do—and, what is more, I have no doubt I shall succeed. I love her better than I ever did any other woman, but I mean to try her to the utmost, before I place my happiness in her keeping."

"And I suppose this new system of yours will account for your violent flirtation with the new belle, this evening, while Isabel sat neglected in a corner."

"You have guessed right: I met Isabel in the street, this morning, and I managed to insinuate a wish that she would refrain from dancing at Mrs. Anson's party, to-night. It was a first experiment in testing my power, but it succeeded perfectly: she is passionately fond of dancing, but she steadily refused all solicitations on the subject."

"And you rewarded her attention to your wishes by almost total neglect."

"That was part of my policy; she doubtless expected to be rewarded for her self-denial by a double portion of my attention—and, had I been weak enough to bestow it, her forbearance would have been no sacrifice. As matters now stand, she has learned that I have power to afflict her, and that is a great point gained."

"So you expect to win her by wounding her: this might do in buffalo-hunting, but will scarcely succeed in love-making."

"Don't you see that I excite a new interest by awakening her apprehensions? She probably felt sure of my preference for her until this evening, and the doubts which my conduct has excited, will make her think of me until we meet again. A woman is easily managed by one who is allowed to engross her thoughts."

"Will you allow me to give you my candid opinion of your scheme, Howard?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow."

"I think it a most selfish, cold-hearted, rascally method of trifling with a woman's feelings."

"You are complimentary; but *n' importe;* you are in the toils of a pretty girl who tyrannizes over you without mercy, Tom, and I cannot hope to bring you to my way of thinking at present."

"Nor in future, I trust, Howard: it seems to me unprincipled."

"You are wrong, Tom. I mean to marry Isabel as soon as she is perfectly broken in."

"And suppose she proves intractable?"

"That will be a sufficient proof of want of affection on her part, and of course I shall be the only sufferer."

"Well, you certainly have a cool and comfortable way of discussing affairs of the heart; but I do not envy you the power. When the feelings are seared as yours seem to be, they must have suffered frequent scathing, and I would not go through such an ordeal of fire, even to obtain the prize of insensibility."

With these words the young men parted—one to dream

of his beautiful but coquetish lady-love, the other to speculate upon the effect which his unkindness had produced upon a gentle and loving heart.

Wilmarth was one of those "men about town," who are always to be met in gay society. He began his career by falling in love at twelve years of age, with his cousin of twenty; and from that time until he had counted his thirtieth summer, he had been continually under the influence of some fever dream. A bright smile, a soft eye, a sweet voice, a delicate form, a pretty foot, were each in turn sufficient to bewitch him for the time; and the ease with which he became enchanted and disenchanted, seemed to him less the effect of his own fickleness than the result of his overestimation of the power of woman's spells. His handsome person and elegant manners made him always welcome in the circles of fashion, while his lucrative profession and rising reputation gave him interest in the eyes of prudent parents. He had met with so much success in society, that he had learned to think too highly of himself, as well as too humbly of his neighbors; and his opinion of women had become more degrading and unjust in proportion as he had received new proofs of their refined susceptibility of feeling. He had been loved fondly and truly by more than one noble-hearted woman; but these things occurred at a period when he could not summon courage enough to resign his brilliant position for the comparatively uninteresting character of the married man, and he had coolly extricated himself from such dilemmas without difficulty. He had no faith in the stability of woman's feelings, and could not be made to believe that the agreeable flirtations which were so pleasant while they lasted, and occasioned so little pain to *him* in their termination, were productive of more serious grief to the belle than to the beau. But he had now become wearied of this aimless and roving life. He wanted some one to minister to his whims, to study his comforts, to wait upon him more faithfully than a hireling, and he therefore decided to marry.

Isabel Forrester was no heroine of romance—no creature

of improbable perfection. She was a meek, quiet, tender girl, with faculties yet to be developed by circumstances, and warm affections, which, from childhood, had been lavished upon every thing and every body around her. She was perfectly unsophisticated in feeling, and the idea of saying or doing anything merely for effect, never entered her mind. Wilmarth's experience in the world had made him master of the arts of pleasing, and it is not surprising that he should soon have excited an interest in the bosom of the artless girl. She did not begin to speculate upon his motives for distinguishing her by his attentions; no true-hearted woman ever thinks of such things till they are suggested by some officious friend; nor did she at once calculate her chances of matrimony: she was influenced too much by the impulses of feeling to be so fully awake to selfish interest. She liked Wilmarth, and was charmed with his adroit adaptation of himself to suit her tastes. She loved poetry—and he was an admirable reciter; she was a fine musician—and he had a decided taste if not a talent for "sweet sounds;" she was fond of reading—and his choice of books was excellent: in short, he left no means untried to convince her of the congeniality which existed between their minds. As soon as he was assured of her preference for him, (and a man of the world soon discovers this) he commenced his system of training. He did not at once presume to censure her, for this might have aroused her pride; but he insinuated his wishes—and Isabel, with the devotedness of a true woman, endeavored to mould herself to his will. He at first undertook to correct her taste in books—and to this Isabel submitted with the meek humility of one who was conscious of her mental inferiority. He then scrutinized, with a critical eye, her style of dress, and lauded a severe simplicity of attire, until Isabel banished gay colors, ribbons, and jewels, and assumed a garb of almost Quaker neatness. Her rich curls were braided back from her brow, her dresses were all selected from those grave, sombre tints always so unbecoming in fresh youth; and an embroidered handkerchief, which she ventured to exhibit, after having

heard a tirade against such follies from the lips of the sage Mr. Wilmarth, cost her a night of sleeplessness and tears.

So far, Wilmarth's scheme had succeeded perfectly, but he determined to try still more severe experiments. His conduct on the evening before alluded to, was his first attempt, and what it cost Isabel may be best imagined by those who can remember the first awakening of distrust in the youthful and confiding heart. That Wilmarth loved her, she could not doubt, for his looks, his manners, all disclosed his attachment; but the words which bind heart to heart in that contract which the world holds to be only less irrefragable than the church's bond, had never yet been uttered. They were not affianced lovers, and therefore Isabel, though feeling herself wronged and outraged, knew she had no right to complain. That night, Isabel's head pressed a sleepless pillow, but with the morning came a feeling of pride and a sense of shame such as she had never before experienced. For the first time in her life she had something to conceal, (alas! it is too often the first grief which teaches the first deception,) and with a pale cheek but calm brow, she took her accustomed seat in the drawing-room. At an earlier hour than usual, Wilmarth made his appearance. He was prepared for sadness and reproaches, but Isabel's cold, proud demeanor, made him fear he had gone too far. He had no wish to lose his influence over the lady, for Isabel was an heiress, and in his anxiety to regain his power, he uttered those expressions of tenderness and love, which, once spoken, are never to be recalled. They had met with coldness and distrust, but they parted as betrothed lovers—and thus, in despite of his themes and his systems, Wilmarth found himself, after all, the toy of natural impulses.

Notwithstanding his pleasure at having secured the lady and her fortune, Wilmarth was seriously alarmed when he reflected upon the consequences of his precipitation. He fancied that Isabel would now assert her sovereignty, and he knew that the opinion of society would uphold her in claiming her right to his attentions. The situation of an

engaged lover, compelled to dangle for ever at the side of his lady-love—about as useful to her as her reticule, yet as much in demand as if really essential to her hourly existence—had always struck him as supremely ridiculous; and even while secretly rejoicing in his success, he determined to guard against any advantage which Isabel might hope from his weakness. His first step, therefore, was to enjoin the strictest secresy concerning their engagement; and when Isabel cheerfully acceded to a wish which still seemed to her very unaccountable, he resumed his former habits of dictation and direction.

A woman will bear much from one she loves, so long as no doubt exists of his affection—so long as she is rewarded by a proper appreciation of her tenderness. Isabel sometimes felt a sort of meek wonder at Wilmarth's exactions; she sometimes caught herself wishing that he was less difficult to please, and less fastidious in his ideas of womanly duties and womanly impulses, but the thought of paying no heed to his suggestions and counsels, never occurred to her as possible. She considered it her duty to begin at once the task of assimilation—to adapt herself immediately to the tastes of him who was to be her future companion through life, but she was scarcely prepared for so much self-denial as she was now called to practise. In the course of a very short time she found herself completely shut out from society, restricted to the coldest and most ceremonious intercourse with former friends—debarred the privilege of walking or talking with whom she pleased—forbidden to mingle in the dance—her modes of thinking and acting marked out for her—and her very impulses restrained or directed by the will of her lover. Yet Isabel bore with all his caprices, for she truly loved him, and considered his whims rather as proofs of the jealous tenderness of his nature, or at the worst, but as slight infirmities of temper. There was no sacrifice, however great, which she would not willingly have made for him; but it can scarcely be wondered at if the thousand petty exactions which were constantly marring the quiet of her life, should, in the course of time, weary her, and per-

haps suggest a doubt of the high-mindedness of one whose thoughts dwelt so much in trifling details.

Isabel had borne for months with Wilmarth's freaks of coldness, his capricious devotion to others, his occasional outbreaks of anger, and his unreasonable control over her actions. But at length, circumstances too trivial to be recorded, yet, taken in connection, forming a chain of continued evidence not to be disputed, led her to suspect that his apparent caprice was the result of a systematic plan. At first the thought was too painful to be indulged for a moment; but distrust once admitted, was not to be repelled, and in sadness of spirit Isabel was compelled to admit the belief of her lover's selfishness. A conversation which she accidentally overheard between Wilmarth and his cousin, removed all doubts on the subject. She heard Wilmarth congratulate himself on his success in training her; she heard herself spoken of as the tame, subdued, devoted creature, who had nearly attained the requisite point of perfection—and from that moment resentment took the place of her relying love. She felt herself outraged and insulted; her affections had been used as fetters to bind her to a victor's car of triumph; she had been made the sport of man's selfishness; her heart had been as a sweet instrument in the hands of a cunning player, and every stop had been sounded, not in response to the voice of love, but in obedience to the will of a cold experimentalist. Isabel was a proud as well as a true-hearted woman. She would not reproach Wilmarth—she would not even ask an explanation—but with that quickness of feeling which is a woman's gravest error as well as her sweetest charm, she concluded that he had never loved her. Once convinced of his object in guarding her with such jealous care—once assured that it was less the tender reserve of affection than the selfish wish to rule, and Isabel became again her own mistress. The submission which love might have exacted through a long life of cheerful self-denial, was refused to cold, calculating tyranny.

Without one word of explanation or deprecation, Isabel

returned to society and resumed her former habits. Her voice was again heard in the cheerful song—her step was once more lightest in the dance—her beauty once more dazzled and delighted a circle of admiring worshippers. To Wilmarth's fierce and angry remonstrances she turned a deaf ear—to his earnest professions she replied with a smile of incredulity—to his real anxiety of mind she gave not the slightest credence. Whatever regrets she felt, were hidden beneath a calm demeanor, or dissipated in the gay scenes of busy life; and Isabel proved, in progress of time, as every proud woman must do when convinced that her heart has been given to one unworthy of its treasures, that she grieved less for the *lover* than for the *love*, which had passed away from her as the dew from the early rose. The youth of her heart was gone; she had learned her first lesson in disappointment, and for her the romance of life was past for ever.

Wilmarth knew not how much he really loved Isabel until she was lost to him. In vain he endeavored to regain his influence over her—in vain he sought to convince her how entirely his happiness depended on her.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Wilmarth," was her cold reply: "I am not the person calculated to make you happy. Some Circassian beauty, who would feel honored in being permitted to be your slave, would better suit one who uses affection but as a coil to ensnare the free will Had you given me one honest feeling—had you yielded to one true impulse while I was pouring out the fulness of my heart at your feet—had you been any other than the cold, calculating man of the world, which your conduct has since shown you, I might have forgiven you; but now, I would rather wed with the merest clod that ever wore human form, than give my hand to one who could offer the spurious coin of false affection in exchange for woman's true and loving heart."

Wilmarth thought long on Isabel's last words, and he remembered them with deeper bitterness when he afterwards beheld her the honored and apparently happy wife of one who had long loved her with a more unselfish and confiding

tenderness. Years have passed since then, but he has never yet found the creature worthy or willing to become his wife. He is now fast falling into "the sear and yellow leaf"—the weight of half a century lies heavy upon him, and all the skill of the perruquier, the dentist, and the tailor, cannot conceal the fact that—

> "Time may fly with the wings of the hawk, but his steps
> Are marked by the feet of the crow."

A lonely and disappointed bachelor—leading an aimless and joyless life—tolerated in circles where he was wont to be courted—banished to fireside corners with the comely matrons who were his cotemporaries, while those who were unborn in the days of his early triumphs, now elbow him from the course—he has learned to repent his vain attempt to *manage* a tender and truthful woman by other means than the rule of love.

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BY C. D. STUART.

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So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
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HE CAME TOO LATE!

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  Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
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No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
  Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
  Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
  And spurned his fickle love!

ERIS: A SPIRIT RECORD.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Who says that there are not angels or invisible spirits watching around us? The teeming regions of the air swarm with bodiless ghosts—bodiless to human sight, because of their exceeding and too dazzling beauty!

And there is one, childlike, with helpless and unsteady movements, but a countenance of immortal bloom, whose long-lashed eyes droop downward. The name of the shape is Dai. When he comes near, the angels are silent, and gaze upon him with pity and affection. And the fair eyes of the shape roll, but fix upon no object: while his lips move, but a plaintive tone only is heard—the speaking of a single name. Wandering in the confines of earth, or restlessly amid the streets of the beautiful land, goes Dai, earnestly calling on one he loves.

Wherefore is there no response?

Soft as the feathery leaf of the frailest flower—pure as the heart of flame—of a beauty so lustrous that the sons of Heaven themselves might well be drunken to gaze thereon—with fleecy robes that but half apparel a maddening whiteness and grace—dwells Eris among the creatures beautiful, a chosen and cherished one. And Eris is the name called by the wandering angel—while no answer comes, and the loved flies swiftly away, with a look of sadness and displeasure.

It had been years before that a maid and her betrothed lived in one of the pleasant places of earth. Their hearts clung to each other with fondness of young life and all its dreamy passion. Each was simple and innocent. Mortality might not know a thing better than their love, or more sunny than their happiness.

In the method of the rule of fate, it was ordered that the maid should sicken, and be drawn nigh to the gates of death—nigh, but not through them. Now, to the young who love purely, High Power commissions to each a gentle guardian, who hovers around unseen day and night. The office of this spirit is to keep a sleepless watch, and fill the heart of his charge with strange and mysterious and lovely thoughts. Over the maid was placed Dai, and through her illness the unknown presence of the youth hung near continually.

To the immortal, days, years, and centuries are the same.

Erewhile, a cloud was seen in Heaven. The delicate ones bent their necks, and shook as if a chill blast had swept by—and white robes were drawn around shivering and terrified forms.

An archangel with veiled cheeks cleaved the air. Silence spread through the hosts of the passed away, who gazed in wonder and fear. And as they gazed, they saw a new companion of wondrous loveliness among them—a strange and timid creature, who, were it not that pain must never enter those borders with innocence, would have been called unhappy. The angels gathered around the late comer with caresses and kisses, and they smiled pleasantly with joy in each other's eyes.

Then the archangel's voice was heard—and they who heard it, knew that One still mightier spake his will therein:—

"The child Dai!" said he.

A far reply sounded out in tones of trembling and apprehension—

"I am here!"

And the youth came forth from the distant confines whither he had been in solitude. The placid look of peace no more illumined his brow with silver light, and his unearthly beauty was as a choice statue enveloped in mist and smoke.

"Oh, weak and wicked spirit!" said the archangel, "thou hast been false to thy mission and thy Master!"

The quivering limbs of Dai felt weak and cold. He would have made an answer in agony—but at that moment he lifted his eyes and beheld the countenance of Eris, the late comer.

Love is potent, even in Heaven! And subtle passion creeps into the hearts of the sons of beauty, who feel the delicious impulse, and know that there is a soft sadness sweeter than aught in the round of their pleasure eternal.

When the youth saw Eris, he sprang forward with lightning swiftness to her side. But the late comer turned away with aversion. The band of good-will might not be between them, because of wrongs done, and the planting of despair in two happy human hearts.

At the same moment, the myriads of interlinked spirits that range step by step from the throne of the Uppermost, (as the power of that light and presence which is unbearable even to the deathless, must be tempered for the sight of any created thing, however lofty,) were conscious of a motion of the mind of God. Quicker than electric thought the command was accomplished! The disobedient angel felt himself enveloped in a sudden cloud, impenetrably dark. The face of Eris gladdened and maddened him no more. He turned himself to and fro, and stretched out his arms—but though he knew the nearness of his companions, the light of Heaven, and of the eyes of Eris, was strangely sealed to him. The youth was blind forever!

So a wandering angel sweeps through space with restless and unsteady movements—and the sound heard from his lips is the calling of a single name. But the loved flies swiftly away in sadness, and heeds him not. Onward and onward speeds the angel, amid scenes of ineffable splendor, though to his sight the splendor is darkness. But there is one scene that rests before him alway. It is of a low brown dwelling among the children of men; and in an inner room a couch, whereon lies a young maid, whose cheeks rival the frailness and paleness of foam. Near by is a youth; and the filmy eyes of the girl are bent upon him in fondness. What dim shape hovers overhead? He is invisible

to mortals; but, oh! well may the blind spirit, by the token of throbs of guilty and fiery love beating through him, know that hovering form! Thrust forward by such fiery love, the shape dared transcend his duty. Again the youth looked upon the couch, and beheld a lifeless corpse.

This is the picture upon the vision of Dai. His brethren of the bands of light, as they meet him in his journeyings, pause awhile for pity; yet never do the pangs of their sympathy (the only pangs known to those sinless creatures, or arms thrown softly around him, or kisses on his brow,) efface the pale lineaments of the sick girl—the dead.

In the portals of Heaven stands Eris, oft peering into the outer distance. Nor of the millions of winged messengers that hourly come and go, does one enter there whose features are not earnestly scanned by the watcher. And the fond joy resides in her soul, that the time is nigh at hand; for a thread yet binds the angel down to the old abode, and, until the breaking of that bond, Eris keeps vigil in the portals of Heaven.

The limit of the watch comes soon. On earth, a toil-worn man has returned from distant travel, and lays him down, weary and faint at heart, on a floor amid the ruins of that low brown dwelling. The slight echo is heard of moans coming from the breast of one who yearns to die. Life, and rosy light, and the pleasant things of nature, and the voice and sight of his fellows, and the glory of thought—the sun, the flowers, the glittering stars, the soft breeze—have no joy for him. And the coffin and the cold earth have no horror; they are a path to the unforgotten.

Thus the tale is told in Heaven, how the pure love of two human beings is a sacred thing, which the immortal themselves must not dare to cross. In pity to the disobedient angel he is blind, that he may not gaze ceaselessly on one who returns his love with displeasure. And haply Dai is the spirit of the destiny of those whose selfishness would seek to mar the peace of gentle hearts, by their own unreturned and unhallowed passion.

SLANDER.

How many there are, who can say with almost a broken heart, "Surely the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison!" How many a ruined character can exclaim, with a bleeding heart, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Surely, it has crushed a thousand hopes, and sent to the grave of peaceful rest many a fair reputation!

Slander is a crying evil. Few there are who possess that fiendish and vampire-like disposition to take that from a person which is near to him as the blood of his own heart. But, there are some who can calmly and sedately sap the fair fame, and pluck the laurel of reputation from their brow, and cause them to wither as the rose.

Behold, for a moment, the Slanderer! He comes forth with pleasantness and gaiety. He is unassuming in his deportment, and the robe of peace seems to be his mantle. He hails you with joy and congratulation. He begins with vague, insignificant surmise, and small broken hints, or some small detached expression of some child-like story, believing every utterable word, and then marshals or puts them together to his own liking, and at last he puts them afloat in the public ear.

It then goes on from one tongue to another, concealed like a tiger in a jungle, creeping for his prey; and the public mind being such, that one whisper is enough to shadow and becloud the brightest and fairest character that has acquired years to establish. It is like breath upon a looking-glass. Thus the whisper or hint goes on from one to another, like the secret leaven, till at last it breaks out, all at once, in words. Then comes the tug of war. Then, there comes a mighty tornado, sweeping and laying in ruins the fair hopes of future anticipations. It falls like the astonished shock of a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

In such cases, could the person slandered, but trace it, he would find that it was but a mere dint—a dim or minute germ—having grown out of mere nothing, and by using, and transition from one to another, into a notorious and odious calumny.

Such is slander in its protean form. The fair, unblemished character, lies bleeding at every pore. What a fine and vital cord do you snap, when you snap the most tiny thread of character! Deplorable is the man when character is gone! Truly it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It infuses the whole atmosphere of mind with its poisonous effluvia and death.

Surely, indeed, no man can tame the tongue of others, or can stop the onward move of the Slanderer's tongue. He must stand as the bleeding object of a thousand arrows, without a possibility to shield himself. He goes on and down to the grave, or couches through life with life's very essence turned to bitterness and all his hopes withered. Oh! let us beware of giving birth to slander! A wound made by the arrow of slander can never be healed. Let us beware of a slanderous tongue—it is full of deadly poison.

BE KIND.

Let us be kind—for who has not
Been more or less imperfect here?—
Who fain would have his sins forgot,
Or blotted out by Pity's tear?

Forgiveness is a gentle word—
Upon whose tone how many live!
And since we *all* have sinned or erred,
Why not each other's faults forgive?

Oh! let our hearts be kindly cast,
Until we cross the downward tide—
Like barques that feel a common blast,
And haste to anchor side by side.

could visit Augustina, although I had intended it. One morning I received the following note:

"My dearest Mr. President:—Must your old friend learn first from the papers that you are here? Under fear of my displeasure, I command you to come this evening and sup with me, in company with some good friends. Do not fail. Yours attached, A. Von Winter."

Natural enough! who would fail? But yet the tone in which she asked me, did not exactly please me. I had imagined her first address very differently, for there had come over me a peculiar anxiety and fear, when I on the previous days had thought, "I must go and see her." The separation for so many years, the various succeeding events in this interval of time, the old passion, and since then the changes between us two; these ideas all filled me with peculiar, and I may say contradictory emotions, which made me dread the first meeting with my former love.

With a violent heart-beating I entered the coach and alighted before the old Waldern house, now the house of Winter. Over the door I saw the coat of arms of a nobleman cut in the stone. Within, everything was new and elegant, so much so that I hardly knew myself there; but two quick-footed servants in pale green and gold livery, conducted me in the right direction, up the broad staircase, and into a spacious saloon filled with company.

The lady of the house, the gracious lady, received me, standing at the entrance of the apartment. It was Augustina—yes, it was she; and yet it was not exactly herself. Certainly not the fresh beauty of a girl of nineteen; but yet she was charming as a woman of thirty, full, majestic, easy. I could scarcely stammer out a word or two, I was so surprised, so bewildered. Her eyes, too, her blushes, told me of her quickened emotions. But she was so entirely her own mistress, so self-possessed, that she saluted me in the most agreeable manner possible, drew me from my embarrassment, reproved me sportively for having neglected an old acquaintance for so long a time, and taking me by the hand, led me to the company, and presented me as a good friend whom she had not seen for ten years.

I soon recovered myself in the confusion of a general sprightly conversation. The lady of the house must do the honors of the

house. She was equally kind, pleasant, and amiable to all. As she came again for a moment near me, she said,

"How long do we have the pleasure, Mr. President, of keeping you in our city?"

And meeting me afterwards again, "Excellent, my dearest, I tell you once for all, I expect you here every day, and appoint you for the whole time of your stay my *cavaliere servente.*"

I now made my request to her to present me to her husband. "Indeed," cried she, "I cannot tell you where he is; I believe, however, he is on a party in the country, with the royal master of the hunt. Apropos," added she, "are you married?"

The evening passed away. There was no opportunity for any confidential conversation with Augustina. We danced, we feasted; wit and folly reigned, and pomp and elegance dazzled.

I had, the next day, the happiness of seeing the husband of Augustina. The Counsellor of Justice was a man over fifty, very fine, very polite, nice, but sickly, feeble and meagre in his appearance. "Not so, my brave sir," said Augustina once in passing me. "You look very proud near my dog of a husband, and think to humble my taste a little, but I assure you, on my honor, he is, after all, a very good sort of person."

The tone of the house did not please me, and nothing but the urgency of Augustina that I would be at all her parties, as much as my business would allow me, could have moved me to go there. She did not please me; and yet I found her so amiable, her lively manner, her grace, her wit, drew me there again, often when old recollections, and a comparison of the present with the past, would have held me back. I even felt she might be dangerous to me, in spite of her levity and her fashionable airs.

"But are you indeed happy, my gracious lady?" said I to her, one evening, when I at last sat alone with her in her box at the opera.

"What do you call happy?" replied she.

I took her hand, pressed it affectionately, and said, "I call that happiness which you once gave my heart. Are you happy?"

"Do you doubt it, Mr. President?"

"Then I am happy, if you speak truly."

"Speak truly? So, my little President, are you still the same old enthusiast? It befits you very well. But do not forget

that an opera box is not a confessional. To tell you what you want to hear, we must be by ourselves. Visit me to-morrow morning, at breakfast."

I pressed her hand in gratitude. After the opera, we went together to the house of a friend of Augustina, a lady of the court, to join a supper party.

The next morning I was at her house at eight o'clock. The gracious lady was still asleep. At ten I was admitted. She was in a morning dress, but only the more lovely for that. Now came the confession, as she called it. I learned that when one has passed the sentimental season of girlhood, she must seek her happiness in solid things. She was very well contented with her husband, because he was reasonable enough to leave her undisturbed to her own occupations. The old-fashioned ideas which we have in our childish years, vanish when our understanding comes. To be sure, she could not deny that she had not by any means loved her husband as she had loved me; and she added, with a roguish smile, "old love does not rust. I like you still very well, but believe me, I had rather have you for a lover than a husband."

I had much to say in contradiction to this, but she answered it all with laughter. Meantime her woman came and announced that breakfast was ready. She took my arm, and we went into the well-known garden.

Ah, the dear garden, I no longer recognized it. The old flower-beds were gone; instead of them there were clumps of foreign shrubs and trees arranged after the so-called English taste, between green grass plats, single paths wound about them. The vine-bower was changed into a close Chinese temple, shaded by the two acacias. We entered it. It was the prettiest boudoir in the world. Instead of the green wooden bench, a well-stuffed mahogany sofa offered us a seat before a japan table, on which was placed coffee, chocolate, and sweetmeats.

"Oh, the beautiful holy vine bower, our church, our altar, our childish blessedness, oh, where is it all?" sighed I, and gave a glance to Augustina, filled with sad reproach.

"Does happiness, then, depend upon the vine bower?" said she, smiling. "I suppose for the same reason, I am not half so dear to you as I was ten years ago, because I no longer wear the same dress."

"But, Augustina—yes, I must call you so once more, and this place gives me the right—have not certain memorials of those divine moments always remained with you? For example, see here your gold ring, which ten years since you placed upon my finger. I have constantly worn it since as a holy treasure."

"And I, to honor you, also, at least at breakfast to-day, have the well-known pewter ring," said Augustina, and she held her hand before my face. "You see it has turned black, and yet I place it in my jewel case, a jewel among jewels."

As I looked at the ring, a bitter feeling came over me. I took her beautiful hand, which the ring made more beautiful, and impressed upon it a kiss of gratitude. Augustina withdrew her hand and said:

"Gustavus, you are still the same impatient enthusiast; it is not well for you to be near me. With you I might, perhaps, have been happier."

After we had breakfasted, we left the Chinese temple, while she held up her finger with a threatening air and said:

"Ah, Mr. President, it is not well to confess to you."

She then resumed her usual sportive manner of conversing, and reminded me of the hour when I should meet her at a ball in the evening.

Though I remained fourteen days longer in the city, I had no farther opportunity to see Augustina alone, perhaps because I avoided any. Notwithstanding, from the moment I left the Chinese temple, I felt the last spark of love extinguished in my breast. I could not conceal from myself that there might be danger in our meeting in this way. The time of my departure came. Oh, how different the parting from that of ten years ago! We separated with drums and trumpets at a ridotto, which I left early because I was to set out on my journey the next day. We had waltzed with each other, and said many pretty things. She accompanied me to the door, and called after me an *adieu mon ami*, while she was reaching her hand to another partner in the dance.

I was glad at heart to fly from the wearisome bustle of the great world, and belong again to myself. I mused at my ease over what was to be my future life, as I traveled through fields

and forests, through cities and villages. I mused upon the future—the past with Augustina had been painful to me. Oh, how had time changed everything! My journey—I was four days in reaching my home—was somewhat tedious, for it was without any adventure. The last day I met with one of a very pleasing kind.

My servant stopped in the morning, in a village, before an inn, to feed his horses. I went into the house, and heard the sound of quarreling. The host and a half-drunken hired coachman, whose carriage was before the door, were disputing. A young, well-dressed lady, in a riding habit, sat weeping on a seat near the table. The difficulty had arisen because the driver would not carry the lady to the place where she maintained he had agreed to take her, but insisted upon going to a little town away from the principal road, where he had other business. He declared that he had, in the first bargain, agreed to carry her to this place. The host had taken the part of the young, timid beauty. On hearing she was the daughter of the minister of a village an hour's ride from my home, and but little out of my way there, I soon set the matter right. The lady, after some hesitation, (I told her where I was going and who I was,) yielded to my request, and became my companion.

On the way there was much conversation. She had a sweet soft voice, the purest, most angelic innocence in all her looks. In my whole life no ideal pictured beauty had I ever seen with such loving, kind, and trusting eyes. I learnt she was called Adela. Her brother, two weeks before, had carried her to a small town where she had been visiting at the Burgomaster's, her father's brother. A misunderstanding had doubtless arisen in giving the directions to the stage-coachman, to which I was indebted for a very pleasant day. Adela with all her good humor appeared to have much natural wit. She was, however, rather too timid. When I reached her father's village, and I gave her to him, a stout, active old man, with what ecstacy did she throw her arms about his neck. I almost wished myself her father. Then appeared for the first time her natural and true manner. I was not able to stay long, notwithstanding the worthy pastor besought me to do so. I promised, however, to renew my visit; which, however, I did not very soon. I forgot it between business and amusement.

At a ball, about half a year after, I saw among the dancers another lady—for in the thirty-first year of an unmarried man, ladies become of the greatest importance, one trembles more and more at the number of years---I saw, as I remarked, a dancer that might be called incontestably the queen of all the beauties present. The young men fluttered like butterflies about her. It warmed my heart, if the eyes of the pretty Sylphide sometimes turned toward me; and to my astonishment that happened often. But at last it seemed to me as if I had seen this lovely figure in some company before, perhaps in the city, at Augustina's. I asked my neighbor who she was. Heavens! it was Adela! very different, certainly, in her ball dress from herself in her riding veil. As she went to rest after the last dance, I, a butterfly of thirty-one, approached the young lady, and she was so kind as to recognize her traveling companion. We danced. I inquired after the health of her father, regretted that business had prevented me from visiting him---an exaggeration, perhaps, but before such an angel one must wash himself clean. I promised myself soon the pleasure of a visit, with a pleasant freedom. She assured me a visit from me would give her father great pleasure.

The ball caused a great revolution in me. The President of the criminal Court became again a poet. I could not sleep for the whole night long; I saw nothing but celestial glances, dancing seraphim, and Adela floating between them. I wondered that so lovely, so amiable, so bewitching a maiden had not yet found a husband, Her father, they say, is as worthy as she is beautiful: but, alas, he has not much wealth! Oh, the fools! After a few days I went to visit the minister---repeated the visit from week to week. Soon I was considered as a friend of the family; Adela would even reproach me if I staid away beyond the usual day, and once the tears came into her eyes when I pretended that she would prefer I should not come so often. We quarreled sometimes for the sake of making up again, and once in the course of the reconciliation I gave her a kiss, which did not renew the quarrel. She was silent and her cheeks glowed with the deepest red. In short I loved and was beloved. The worthy father shrugged his shoulders and said: "You have no treasure with her but love, virtue, and economy; but he who knows how to value these, has more than a ton of gold."

With the first flowers of spring, I wove the bridal wreath for my Adela. Her father himself blessed our union before the altar of his village church. And now by the side of my noble little wife, I was the happiest of the happy.

In time we saw ourselves surrounded by blooming children---- angels of love----who united us more tenderly to each other. Adela became more and more lovely every day; a young mother is certainly more lovely than the most beautiful girl. The pure soul of Adela elevated my own ideas to a point they had never reached before. Man is never entirely happy, until he has the courage to be virtuous. Before my marriage, I had only thought of saving and amassing wealth; but when some years of wedded life had passed, Adela's excellent management had made me feel that if I were to lose all I was worth, I could never be unhappy while Adela and my children were left to me.

I now found that my departed father was entirely right in what he said when dissuading me from my pursuit of Augustina, in regard to the relative age of a husband and wife. For, when I had reached my fortieth year, and Adela her thirtieth, and we had children of six and eight years old, frolicking about us, Adela was still a handsome woman, who might have made conquests. Augustina, on the contrary, had arrived at a matronly age.

I seldom heard from the latter. We ourselves never wrote to each other. I heard sometimes from strangers, that she was somewhat faded, but that she was surrounded by a coterie of young men, particularly poets and artists, to whom her open table was very agreeable. Then I learned that her husband was dead, and the poets who formed her court, were middle-aged enthusiasts, and mystics, protestant catholics, and that Augustina herself was much given to romancing, and some of her poetical effusions had graced the last Almanac of the Muses. At the same time in which I received a new order from the Minister to visit the court, I also had a letter from Augustina, consulting me on a lawsuit in which she had become involved with some of the relatives of her late husband, and requesting my advice and presence in the affair. I was glad that my approaching visit to the city gave me an opportunity to comply with her request.

I was forty, Augustina the same. She could not be so dan-

gerous to me as she was ten years before. This time I went the second day after my arrival in the city, without any heart-beating, to her house. I had sent before to know what time she would receive me, because I had been told she was seldom alone, being generally surrounded by fashionable poets, listening to or reading romantic jingle, talking religious mysticism, or at the card table with ancient ladies and gentlemen---for play had become her passion. Her former friends, male and female, whom I had seen about ten years before, had fallen off from her, for they were no longer sufficient for her. She was known throughout the city for her venomous tongue, was at enmity with everybody, and if one wished to know the city news, Madame Von Winter was the person to visit. This I had heard from two of the former friends of Augustina, whom ten years before I used to meet at her house. Hum---thought I---but these good friends are also ten years older, and perhaps have themselves some disposition to slander, or, as they call it in the city, scandal.

It was a summer evening, and as I entered Augustina's house, the servant told me her lady was with company in the garden. I went;---ah! the well-known garden of my childhood! For the sake of affording the subject for a little joke with Augustina, I wore her gold ring which she had, twenty years before, given me in exchange for the pewter one. Now the garden and the ring, the Chinese temple before me, I could not remain entirely unmoved. "Is your lady alone?" I said to the servant on the way.

"No, she has company, only a few persons."

I entered the temple. There sat at two tables, two parties, engaged so deeply in playing cards, that they hardly saw me. I recognized Augustina. Oh! all powerful Time! how changed! No, there was no danger now. I reflected with delight on my Adela.

Augustina was so engrossed in play, that she only saluted me, and begged me to excuse her a moment, until she could finish the game. When this was over, she arose, overpowered me with civil speeches and questions, ordered refreshments for me and offered me cards. I declined this, as I did not understand the game.

"In heaven's name," said she, "then how do you kill time, if you do not play cards? it seems unaccountable in a man of your spirit."

She resumed her play; the game was faro. The banker had great luck; all the money of the players soon lay before him. Every passion here shone out in the burning cheeks, the piercing eyes, the compressed lips. The banker was radiant with pleasure.

"I have stripped you all quickly," said he. "We were speaking just now, of my very costly diamond," and he displayed a ring on his finger. "I will stake it in a lottery against all the rings in the company."

Eagerly and with longing eyes they all viewed the diamond. They accepted the proposal. Madam Von Winter said:

"Rings trouble me at cards; I have none on." But she looked at me, "apropos, my friend, you are very kind, and will lend yours for the moment."

Surprised at the request, I drew off Augustina's ring, and reached it to her. "You see, my lady, it is yours; you may remember it."

She looked hastily at it it, and saying, "So much the better," threw it into the pool with the rest, and fixed her eyes upon the diamond. But the rings were all lost. The banker won. Even the holy ring of our first love was gone, and on the very spot where in tears I had received it. Oh, all powerful Time, how dost thou overturn everything!

We went to supper. The guests were in good humor; Augustina forced herself to appear gay, which gave to her features a disagreeable contortion. The wine was applied to, to raise the tone of conversation; it became more gay, but not more wise. The news of the city was discussed; their acquaintances and the secret histories of them passed in review. The conversation did not lack wit so much as charity, and to my great grief, Augustina was the most full in wicked remarks. She did not hesitate, sometimes, to bear hard upon her own guests. Ah, could I have thought the adored, angelic being of fourteen would have reached this point? I felt weary and disgusted; and when, after supper, the cards were resumed, I took my leave.

It distressed me to find myself in the city, or rather to have seen Augustina so changed. I visited her once or twice in reference to the progress of her lawsuit, but I did not find her more agreeable than at first. In spite of the wrinkles in her

face, she was not willing to be thought old. She freely applied rouge. I acted as if I did not perceive it. She now and then appeared willing to talk sentimentally of our former tender relation to each other, but it was disgusting to me. When I once let fall a word of her being forty years old, she looked at me with astonishment.

"I believe you are dreaming, Mr. President," said she, "your memory fails before its time. When we were first acquainted, you were ten and I five years old. I was still playing with my dolls, I remember it perfectly. A girl of ten years thinks no longer of her dolls, but on more serious matters. Therefore I am now five and thirty; and, between ourselves, it is not impossible that I should marry again. A very excellent man, one of our first poets, has been long seeking for my hand. All the poems to the Madonna, to the saints—all his holy legends, breathe the sweet fire of pure affection for me."

I gave my good wishes to the success of "the sweet fire of pure affection," and was glad to leave the neighborhood of the court, and return again to my Adela and her children.

One does not realize he is old until he sees the ravages of time in the well-known faces of his youthful friends. I returned from the city older than I went there. But as I embraced again my true and faithful Adela, and my children clamoring about me, I unpacked first this thing and then that, which I had brought as presents from the city; then I grew young again.

"In the course of time, many go before us into the better and enduring, and higher world of spirits, and our hearts bleed for them. But even these separations make life and the world more important to us; they join the Here and There more firmly in our minds, and carry something more spiritual, more exalted, in our thoughts, wishes and actions. The child is well pleased with a flower, a colored stone, a narrow play-ground, and grieves himself little about the pursuits of grown-up men. The young man and the young maiden press out into the broad world and the free air. The nursery becomes too narrow for them. They would have something more, they win, they lose, they strive, they never are satisfied. They would gain all the good of the earth; at last even this is not enough. With years, life grows

broader, and our views of life. To the child, the flower and the colored stone become too little; to the man and woman the enjoyment of all honor, all wealth, indifferent; the earth has too little for the spirit—it stretches out its arms into the universe—it demands and it receives eternity."

These were the words which the respected father of Adela said to us, on his death-bed. We wept, as we stood over the departed, but we loved him with a still more earnest, holy love, which sanctified ourselves. Adela and I lived a higher life, since there was no barrier between us and eternity, and we had something to love there as here.

The purest of all joys comes to us from our children. I accompanied my eldest son to the University; and it was the most agreeable surprise to Adela and myself, when I received, on my fiftieth birth-day, the royal appointment to the easy and honorable office which I now hold. This office made it necessary for me to live in the city; and from there to the University, where my son was pursuing his studies, was only a moderate day's ride. We were together as often as we wished.

Adela, indeed, left with regret her native city; but of the court residence she had heard often, and it had a charm for her maternal heart, in its proximity to her first-born son. She was in her fortieth year—no longer the ideal beauty which I thought her, when, at our first meeting, I saw her beside me in the carriage; but her features had acquired more exalted charms, her form had added dignity to grace. The heart of Adela had retained its youth. I loved her with the first love. Her lovely face, distorted by no passion in her youth, needed no false coloring to make it charming.

She knew my early relations with Augustina, and when we came to the city, she was very curious to become acquainted with my first love.

Three or four months passed away before I visited Madam Von Winter, for I felt little inclination to do so. We were told she no longer received company, that she lived extremely retired, and had become in her later years as avaricious as she had before been extravagant. This change of feeling might be considered as a consequence of her passion for gaming, to which she gave herself up, when she was no longer young enough for

gallantry. She was most frequently found at mass, for, some years before, excited by the romantic poets of the fashionable school, she had thrown herself into the bosom of the only true church, and had become a catholic.

When I visited her now for the first time, I was conducted again into the garden. As I passed through the house, I had seen pictures of the saints hanging on the dusty walls. The garden was like a wilderness, and thorns grew where Augustina and I once enjoyed the marriage feast. The acacias had been cut down, out of economy, to make firewood. The Chinese temple had lost all its outward ornaments, and was covered with honest Dutch tiles; little pointed gothic windows of colored glass, like the church windows of the times of romance, and a cross on the top of the roof, made the little house resemble a chapel.

And so it was. As I entered, I saw an altar, a crucifix, and an eternal lamp. Madame Winter, fifty years old, clad in a very simple matronly dress, just risen from her devotions, came to meet me, her rosary in her hand, and the murmur of prayer on her lips.

I stood still before her. She knew me and seemed pleased. I could not conquer my feelings, but without moving I took her hand, and with moistened eyes pointed to the chapel. "Ah, Augustina," cried I, "when the light vine-bower stood here, when we in happy childhood exchanged our pewter rings—when, ten years after, lover and beloved, we gave and received the first kiss of our innocent love, and vowed before heaven—"

"I beseech you think no more of such vain children's play," interrupted she.

"Ah, Augustina, it was not well to change the simple vine-bower into the splendid boudoir; still worse that I should see the golden ring of love thrown away at the faro-table; and now a chapel!"

"Sir," said Madam Winter, "we are cured at last of the intoxication of the world and its vain pleasures. You wound my heart by such recollections. If your salvation is dear to you, follow my example, learn to forsake a false world, and call upon the saints in heaven for their intercession."

"When I returned home, I said to Adela: "No, dearest, we will not go to see her. I no longer know her."

THE SLANDERER.

"The ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow,
The loftier, purer beings of their kind."

THERE is a monitor within every human breast, that teaches our just relation to each other. Though it be drowned at times by the governing propensity to calumniate and vilify, it nevertheless had its being there, and in the sober and reflective moments asserts its moral, and calms the raging, riotous passions within. Man's inhumanity to man, is perhaps the most mysterious element of our natural perverseness. Being all alike prone to deviate from the right even when zealously aiming at moral rectitude, it is strange, surpassingly strange, that we are often most deficient in the most essential trait of character—Charity; but such is the fact.

When we say that our own experimental knowledge of the weakness of our nature and its liability to error when best guarded, should teach us to deal charitably with our less fortunate fellows, the sentiment will find a ready response in every rational mind. But how sadly, deplorably deficient in all the nobler impulses of our nature, must they be, who, prompted by malice, or gored by envy, stab at the fair name of the innocent, and delight in poring over the mangled reputations of those whose only crime is that they have been marked as victims by the scandals of the community. How lamentably at variance with all that should characterise weak, sinful, fallen man. How boldly, unblushingly confronting all the heavenly precepts given us to redeem our fatal apostacy! How insolently defying all motives of right; how grossly perverting a nature steeped in sin and perverseness since it had a being! But, strange as it

may seem, there's not a community can boast of exemption from the slanderer.

If there is one crime in the catalogue of human crimes that is wholly without excuse, it is slander. The impetuosity of youth and the ravages of years, alike refuse to plead in extenuation of this blistering stain upon the human character. Even the deliberate murderer has a plausible motive; the thief is lured by the hope of ill-gotten gain, and almost every species of human depravity as manifested in unkind actions to our fellows, offer its reward; but the slanderer, unbidden by necessity, and unrequited save by the keen remorse of a guilty conscience, rushes blindly, madly along in the work of human degradation. There is no character pure enough, there is none degraded enough, to escape the withered blast of slander. There are no virtues can elevate the innocent above its pestilential breath; there are no vices yet learned that can sink their votaries beneath its groveling wanderings—but all, all from the extremes of virtue to the extremes of vice, are embraced in its theatre of operations.

"Evil for evil," is a ready dictate of our perverted nature. It seems to be an inherent principle implanted within us, that grows with our growth, and ripens with our years, unless subdued by the influence of a proper education. It accords with the impulse of our untutored passions, and pleads its right to supremacy, with a boldness and perseverance that but too often prevail. But the human breast in which rankles the elements of slander, and from which its polluted and polluting breath emits, is a stranger even to that poor charity that withholds evil until injuries call to be avenged. It glories not unless glutted with the anguish of its victims, or crimsoned by the blood of the reputations it has plunged into unmerited obloquy and shame.

An injury is the most severely felt, when it is received from a person we love. The dagger of Brutus gave the deepest wound to the feelings and to the heart of Cæsar. The sight of Brutus unnerved the arm of the Emperor; and "thou, too, Brutus," were the last words that faltered on his tongue.

THE BIRD MESSENGERS.

The following lines were suggested by a tradition of the Seneca Indians, who are said to have had a practice of bringing birds to the grave of their dear departed friends, and kissing them many times, release them to fly away, believing that they will not stop till they come to the spirit-home of the loved and lost.

I.

One fondly loved and dearly cherished,
Death has removed; she early perished
And passed into the sky of spirit life,—
There, far from sight of outward vision,
She dwells in light, on fields elysian,
Beyond the touch of pain—above all strife.

II.

So pure her bliss, so sweet her joy,
Return to this dull world's annoy,
Would fill her free and happy soul with pain;
Stay, angel one, in holy heaven!—
When life is done, it may be given
To us to rise and dwell with thee again.

III.

We will not call thy spirit back,
But pray that all may choose the track
That thou in humble meekness ever trod,
That rises still, through faith and love,
Above all ill—all sin above—
And leadeth homeward to our Father, God.

IV.

Yet will we send love-freighted birds
With thoughts unpenned, nor shaped to words;
Dear birds, half smothered with affection's kisses;
And bid them fly, on tireless wing,
Far up the sky, and sweetly sing,
As unto her they bear our love's caresses.

V.

'They shall not rest, nor fold the wing,
Till to that blest, dear one, they sing,
In the "Great Spirit's," home of endless life;
And to her bear the love we keep
For all who dare the untried deep
Of that eternal state with *spirit-mystery* rife.

VI.

Then may we soon follow their way,
And in the noon of God-lit day
Forever find a sweet and bird-like rest;
Each power awake, each sin-pulse still,
Forever take the glad soul's fill
Of joy unearthly with the ever blest.

WEAMANSET.

TO AUGUSTA.

My gentle friend, I love thee well,
Far more than idle words can tell;
And I will love thee ever, too,
With feelings that are deep and true.

'Tis true, I have not known thee long,
Yet cords of love have bound me strong—
'Tis sweet to love one's dearest friend,
And feel 'twill last till life shall end.

And if thy friendship, too, shall last,
Though time and years roll slowly past;
One simple boon I'll ask of thee—
That thou wilt sometimes think of me.

CRUELTY, *vs.* KINDNESS;

OR, THE KEY FOUND.

BY THE LATE JOHN INMAN.

VISITING one of the state prisons, a few years since, in company with the governor or superintendent, I was much interested by his remarks upon several of the convicts, their manifestations of character, and the effect upon them of the discipline to which they were subjected. Some were cheerful at labor, and appeared to find in it a relief from painful thought; others submitted to it patiently, but yet with evidence that it was irksome to their feelings or their habits—it was endured only, not welcomed. Others again were always reluctant, sometimes refractory at their toil; their faces wore a sullen expression, and they contrived a thousand expedients to retard as much as possible the progress of their work, yet without exposing themselves to punishment by actual neglect or evidently wilful perversion of duty. The conversation of the governor, suggested by these varieties of conduct and disposition, had an intrinsic interest, resulting from the clearness and sagacity of his views in relation to the varying elements with which he had to deal. I soon discovered that he was a quick and shrewd observer of men's minds; naturally endowed with a penetrating glance at the inward, sharpened and perfected by long practice, until it afforded him a knowledge that seemed almost intuitive. I perceived, too, by the demeanor of the convicts in his presence, that he exercised over them that quiet authority which superior power of intellect always commands. Their manner toward him—their very aspect and movement when he was among them—though indicating neither servile fear, nor that shrinking avoidance which is

generated by habitual harshness and severity—told more plainly than words could do that they knew him as their ruler; as one whose vigilance they could not elude or his authority resist, while yet they had nothing to apprehend from wanton severity or capricious tyranny. He had not been very long in the prison, and report said that his predecessor, though an upright and well-meaning man, had been so lacking in decision and tenacity of purpose, that under his control the institution had become very much disorganized; but, whatever the faults of the previous administration had been, and however injurious they had proved to the moral and physical discipline required in such a condition of society, I needed not the evidence of general commendation to assure me that under its present head the prison was governed and controlled with perhaps as near an approach as is possible to the difficult attainment of the two desired objects in all penal institutions—punishment and reformation—punishment, for the good of the community at large, as a means of deterring others from the commission of crime, and reformation, for the good of the individual criminal.

In the course of our progress through the various wards and workshops, the governor requested me, as we were approaching one large apartment, to take especial notice of the person whom he should call when we had entered, and from whom he should ask an explanation of the processes carried on in that part of the prison. I of course complied; and soon found myself listening to the intelligent remarks of a man apparently thirty or thirty-five years old, well made, of middle height, and strongly marked though far from unhandsome features. His eyes, of a rich, bright hazel, were yet singularly soft and mild in their expression, contrasting remarkably enough with that of his mouth, which betokened an uncommon degree of energy and firmness; the lips, though well formed, closing upon each other with a fixedness than which nothing could more plainly indicate strong will and self-reliance. The character of the face and head generally was good—such as to please both

the physiognomist and the phrenologist, who would respectively pronounce the features and the developments at tractive.

What struck me particularly, however, were the appearances of personal attachment to the governor that rather escaped from him occasionally than were exhibited. They were perceptible in the tone of his voice, in his look of affectionate respect, in the air of delighted but deferential interest with which he listened when the governor addressed him; perhaps more than all, in the eager alacrity with which he hastened to afford any explanation requested by the latter on my behalf; for the room in which we were, was occupied by machines of various kinds, employed in the formation or preparation of different fabrics; and from the tenor of the questions addressed to him, and of his answers, I judged that the man of whom I speak was to some extent charged with their management or superintendence. At all events, he appeared to understand them thoroughly, and his explanations of their nature, their construction, and performances, were singularly intelligent and satisfactory, adding much to the interest with which I had been inspired by his appearance and manner.

It may be supposed that after we had left him and were on our way to another part of the prison, I inquired with some eagerness whether there was anything peculiar or remarkable in his history; and the answer I received was substantially as follows:—

"That man, when I first took charge of the prison, was the veriest black sheep of the whole flock. His sentence was fourteen years, of which three had elapsed; and my predecessor, when he turned the prisoners over to me, assured me that he had less trouble with all the others than with him; that he was incorrigible and utterly unmanageable. The utmost severity of punishment had been inflicted on him to no purpose; neither hunger, nor stripes, nor the shower, nor solitary confinement, nor kindness, nor expostulation, had any effect upon his indomitable temper. His sentence was for an aggravated and wanton assault,

with intent to kill, which he barely failed to accomplish; and this was but the last of several, in the perpetration of which he had exhibited a ferocity, a recklessness, and desperate courage, that made his name actually a terror to the police as well as to the frequenters of the low haunts where he was generally to be found. The same violent and indomitable spirit he had exhibited ever since his arrival at the prison. Coercion seemed only to harden him, and gentle means were but wasted on his obduracy. Work he would not, except at intervals when he was in the humor. His fellow-prisoners stood in awe of him, and even the keepers were reluctant to meddle with him, three of them having at different times sustained severe personal injury at his hands in attempts to subdue his refractory spirit. In short, according to the account of my predecessor, Harding—for that is his name—was more like a wild beast than a human being, and, like a wild beast, ought to be shut up in a cage where he could do no mischief; to use the expression made use of to me, he was untameable as a hyena, and deserved no better than a hyena's treatment.

"I do not mean to compliment my own sagacity, but I will say that I could not help doubting the entire accuracy of all this. I had had plentiful experience of refractory convicts in other prisons—had had occasion to deal with depraved and brutal men in almost every conceivable variety of wickedness—and I had never yet found one for whom there were not *some* available means of correction and reformation, if we could but find them out.

"This man, I felt confident, had a heart—a human heart, with true sympathies and right emotions—but it was locked up, and nobody had been able to discover the key that should lay it open. Perhaps, in the course of his short but violent and stormy life—for he was then but a little beyond the age of legal manhood—no one had fallen in his way who would have been willing to apply the key, had it been in his possession. I could easily conceive that a childhood and youth of neglect and hardship, without sympathy, without the softening influence of care or kindness, without

joys or pleasures except the most sensual and base, might have been the training for this ferocious manhood of brutal and desperate ferocity. You have seen Harding, and can understand me when I say, that his features seemed even then to indicate the existence of better elements within than were believed to form his character. I felt assured, that with a countenance so befitting a man, was not associated the nature of a beast; and I resolved to spare no pains for the education and development of that nature of a man which I believed to exist beneath his outward show of heartlessness and depravity.

"My first step was to watch him carefully, yet in such a way as not to excite in him suspicions of my observance. I noted heedfully his actions, his manner, his countenance—at work and at meals, in the chapel, and when allowed to exercise in the prison yard; in every situation which brought him to view, I studied his appearance and bearing with unremitting vigilance. Whether it was that report of my success in governing other prisons had reached him and produced some effect of apprehension even on his obdurate disposition, or that he felt the influence of the quiet but energetic regularity which pervaded the prison, I know not; but it so happened that for some weeks he was unusually peaceable and diligent, performing his tasks in the work-shop well and cheerfully, and giving no annoyance to his fellow-prisoners; and the consequence was, that I had no occasion to hold direct communication with him. I was not sorry for this, as it gave me ample time for the watchful observance to which I have alluded; and perhaps all the results I could expect from it had been attained when at length some neglect or violation of duty on his part made it proper for me to notice him personally. I was careful, however, not to engage in conversation with him—to ask no question—for my object was merely, by a few words of admonition, to suggest rather than announce that the treatment he might expect from me was to combine the resolute and undeviating firmness of control with the kindness of sympathizing humanity. I wished him to draw this infer-

ence from my manner of speaking—grave, earnest, indicative not so much of determination to be obeyed as of assurance that to be disobeyed was impossible, but carefully divested of harshness or the least appearance of resentment. This was the lesson I wished him to receive and ponder; and I had reason to believe that my object was accomplished.

"But I will not take up your time by going into the detail of my various experiments upon Harding, and their results. Suffice it to say, that in the course of five or six months I became convinced of the truth of my original impression, that there was something more and better in him than had been supposed; but as yet this conviction was the only good fruit of my endeavors. He was still wilful, intractable, and sometimes fearfully violent. Punishment was still thrown away upon him—and so sure was I that it even aggravated his faults of temper, that I regretted the necessity of inflicting it for the sake of maintaining the general discipline of the prison. I made some important discoveries, however, in relation to the course of early life, which, as I had from the first suspected, had been largely instrumental in the formation of his character. In his furious moods he would often let fall expressions, disjointed indeed, but capable of being put together and wrought into a connexion full of significance. They generally took the form of maledictions and reproaches upon society—upon mankind at large—for cruelty and injustice of which he had been the victim; and from them, as reported to me by the keepers, I gathered that his father, an Englishman, had been transported for a crime of which, after his death at Van Dieman's Land, he had been ascertained to be innocent; that his mother, coming to America, had died in prison, of a jail fever, while detained as a witness merely; and that himself, thus left an orphan when little more than a child, had struggled on to manhood through penury, and suffering, and evil companionship, and temptations of the coarsest and most debasing kind, such as are but too much incident to the career of indigent and neglected orphanhood in the squalid haunts of large cities.

"I ascertained, moreover, by inquiries of the police in the city where his life had been passed, that no crime had ever been alleged against him except those acts of violence which at last had brought him to the prison. He had figured repeatedly in the annals of the criminal department as a rowdy, a ruffian, a leader in riots and aggravated breaches of the peace—but never as a thief, a shop-lifter, a burglar, or in any other grade of felonious rascality. This was encouraging; and still more so were accounts that reached me of several instances in which Harding had been known to exhibit a sort of rude and reckless generosity, not out of keeping with the darker features of his character. I felt more and more assured that there must be a way of reclaiming him; but I was still forced to acknowledge that as yet I had made little or no substantial progress toward the discovery of that way.

"At length, however, a fortunate accident befriended me. I had conceived the idea, and was strongly impressed with its truth, that if Harding could be made to feel himself useful, a great step would be gained. My theory was, that want of self-respect—the failing of a generous nature, perverted by circumstances—was the root of his depravity; and that if he could be induced to believe that there was good in him, capable of being called into action profitable to his fellow-men, this belief might without much difficulty be nurtured so as to bring forth abundant fruit.

"It happened, one day, that he was called in to assist, with others, under the direction of the engineer, in putting together a new piece of machinery; that is, he and the other convicts, three or four of them, were required to lift and place in certain positions various parts of the engine, while the constructor adjusted them and applied the fastenings. I observed that Harding—who had been for some days in a remarkably good humor—bestowed much attention upon the putting together of the machinery, and seemed to be interested in its construction and object, as one who understood them. While the others merely did what was required of them, with careless indifference, his eyes closely

followed the movement of the engineer; and I noticed that when the latter two or three times made a trial movement of a principal wheel, Harding quickly turned his attention to another part of the machine, where the effect was to be looked for; showing that he comprehended the principle of its action.

"My plan was quickly formed; and circumstances took just the turn most favorable to its application. There was something wrong in the engine; something had been omitted or misplaced in its construction, and it did not work to the satisfaction of the engineer. Repeated trials were made to remedy the defect, whatever it was, but still the same check occurred when the wheels were put in motion. You may suppose that I watched Harding more vigilantly than I did the machine, and I was delighted at perceiving that he seemed to be as deeply interested in the matter as the professional machinist. His eyes followed every movement of the latter, and it was evident from the intent expression of his countenance, that everything but the engine and the difficulty was forgotten. At length there was a flash of the eye—a lighting up of all the features—succeeded in a moment by an earnest and thoughtful gaze at one part of the engine, whence I inferred, and rightly, that Harding had conjectured the cause of the failure, and was seeking to verify his idea. Stepping to his side quietly, and looking for a few moments at the spot on which his attention was fixed, I said, in a kind of abstracted way, and rather as if thinking aloud than addressing myself purposely to him, 'What can be the matter with this thing? Can't you find it out, Harding? I dare say it is some very slight defect, which could be remedied in ten minutes.' If I had spoken in any other way, it is probable that his thoughts would have been recalled to our relative positions; but my remark had so casual and matter-of-course an air—conveyed so perfectly the idea that I was thinking only of the machine, and chimed in so well with his own similar pre-occupation, that he continued to forget the prison, the governor, and his own position as convict; and he proceeded at once to point

out what he supposed to be the cause of the difficulty. He was right; the engineer saw in a moment what was wanted, and, again most fortunately for the success of my effort, acknowledged the fact with a brief but hearty expression of thanks to Harding for the discovery. Sir, *the key was found* to the true and better nature of the man. The gratification he felt at that moment in the consciousness of having rendered a valuable service—aided, no doubt, by some up-rising of self-esteem at his sagacity and success where a skilful mechanician had been baffled—afforded all that I wanted for his regeneration, as I may call it. My course with him henceforth was clear, though requiring much caution and skilful management. I had but to encourage and develop to full action his feeling of self-respect, perhaps now called into existence, but certainly for the first time fostered and rightly guided. By slight occasional allusions to his acuteness, made incidentally and as if merely suggested by some occurrence of the moment, I not only kept alive in his mind the recollection of the pleasant feeling he had experienced, but at length induced him to express a wish for employment in the machine department—for which he had evidently a natural aptitude; and the promptness with with I acceded to his wish, aided by an encouraging, half-jocular remark upon the certainty of his becoming a skilful engineer, put him in precisely the right frame of mind for working out all the good which I had hoped and expected. Henceforth his progress was rapid and scarcely interrupted. You have seen him the foreman of the machine department, in which he has introduced several very ingenious and valuable improvements; you have seen him grateful, gentle, assiduous, and self-respecting; and I have only to add, that when he receives the pardon which I have solicited for him, though society will gain a useful member, I shall lose my most excellent and esteemed assistant."

Such was the story related to me by the humane and judicious governor of a state prison—a man who had sagacity to perceive and a heart to feel that even in the most perverted nature there might be a germ of good still subsist-

ing, which needed only gentle and wise culture to quicken and expand and ultimately bring forth golden fruit. I am not of those who believe that evil is the constituent of man's nature; that its tendencies are all downward, its impulses all demoralizing, its elements all corrupt. On the contrary, it is my faith, that on the whole, good largely predominates; that the majority of men are chiefly susceptible of generous and kindly emotions; and that there is no man—never has been a man, so utterly depraved as to be incapable of rescue from the dominion of sin, and its invariable companion, sorrow. The veriest wretch who squanders life and intellect in the continual indulgence of his basest appetite—the murderer, whose hands are red with the blood of many victims—the most hardened and daring violator of every law, divine or human—if he has within him one spark of affection, one pure feeling, aye, or even one perception, however feeble, of his own guilt and degradation—is not wholly depraved, not wholly destitute of good. There yet lingers around his iron and gloomy heart some ray of the divine effulgence by which the most exalted spirits are illuminated; and faint and glimmering though it be, there are moments when it may be seen struggling out from among the darkness by which it is encompassed, even as the bright sunbeams will at times burst through the gathered clouds of a stormy day in winter.

Is it to be believed that a human being exists, in the possession of his faculties, whose bosom never swelled with indignation at the sight of injustice or tyranny? Who never paid willing homage at the shrine of intellectual or moral greatness? I say, then, those emotions were the working of the better part within; and so is every consciousness of joy that is felt after the performance of a good action, every satisfaction derived from the resistance of temptation, every gush of love that pours out, warm and glowing from the heart, toward a fellow-being. Can a human creature be imagined so destitute of humanity as to be capable of looking upon the gladsome features of a child, sporting and gamboling in its joyous innocence, without an impulse to

bless it—or of beholding the sorrow of a child's young heart, without desiring to wipe away the tears in sympathy and love? In that loving sympathy with joy or grief, the better portion of our nature is displayed; and were it seen even in the greatest of offenders, we might be sure that amid the blackness of the soul within there were yet some sparkles of the ray divine, from which hope might anticipate, at some happy and appointed time, expansion to the radiance of full and perfect day.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming!
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping.
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing,
Scenes of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we then with Nature's voice,
Welcome, Spring!—rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming: come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well-remembered wild wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood;
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-girdled river;
Let our youth of feeling out,
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome, Spring!—rejoice! rejoice!

LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

[The following lines were suggested by an anecdote said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship-boy who was about to fall from the rigging, and was only saved by the mate's characteristic exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!"]

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe.
Should betray thee, when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—(the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom)—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And, oh! when death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

BEAUTY COMETH FROM DARKNESS

A FABLE.

BY C. D. STUART.

A FAIR, white lily, sat upon its throne in a summer bower. When the morning came, in her golden chariot, the lily saluted her brightness with the divinest odors. The lily was beautiful to behold—it seemed the spirit of a saintly meekness and purity. The proud and the humble of earth, looked upon it with equal delight, and to all it wore a tender blush, suffused with rarest fragrance. It was called the type of innocence, virtue, and humility. It was a blossom of light. But, in the heart of this fair, white lily, was a seed of pride. The homage paid to its beauty made it vain among the flowers. It tossed its head, with scorn, above the gentle daisies and violets, and said to the red-lipped, virgin rose, "I am more beautiful than thou." The soft, shining dew, crept into its heart, at night, thinking it sweet to sleep and dream on such a couch; but the lily cast it rudely aside. "I am of the day," it said, "and will have nought to do with darkness." On the reeds and grass the drops of shaken dew lay quivering, under the lily's scornful glance. In the morning, the sun's rays caught them up to heaven, and they said, "We will not visit the proud lily again." The days were beautiful. The skies, without cloud, poured a fiery glow over the earth. The nights were beautiful. Moon and stars went on their shining courses. But where the lily sat upon its throne, the air was dry and hard. The dew had forsaken the lily. Its lips grew parched, its cheeks shriveled, and it wept, not in sorrow, but for vexation. "My beauty is fading," was its cry. "I am athirst—the day blinds me, and the

sun drinks up my life." Then the lily saw the rose it had disdained, dewy in the morning, and fresh, and beautiful. And the violets and daisies, sleeping in the grass, were lovely as ever. Then the lily saw its punishment, and besought the dew to return. But it was too late. In the darkness, as it gasped for life, the lily saw on rose and violet, soft, shining eyes; eyes of the spirits of the night, which bring the nectar of heaven to the hearts of fainting flowers. They were dew-drops, and it heard the zephyrs singing above them, "Behold these, too, are ministers and messengers of God, without which the flowers cannot live." Then remorse shook the heart of the lily, and, falling upon its throne, it murmured, with the voice of death, "Accursed be the pride which knew not that, often, 'Beauty cometh from darkness!'"

JOY AND SORROW.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

Joy kneels at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run;
When night is on her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes, while Joy doth sleep;
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

Joy loves to cull the summer flower,
And wreath it round his happy brow;
And when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossoms low—
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest—
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her wither'd breast.

Mothers and Daughters of the Bible.

BATHSHEBA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Long and dreadful have been the wars of Palestine. On the one side, there is the youthful nation of Israel to contend for its birthright in the land sworn to them by the God of heaven from the days of Noah. Upon the other side, we have a multitude of petty nations to contend for their firesides and altars against the invaders of the land where their fathers have lived and died since the division of the earth among the sons of Noah. Both contend for their very existence, through centuries of battles and sieges that have thrown an eclipse over the wars of the cotemporary nations about Ilium or Thebes. Nor should those days have been judged unworthy of an epic more lofty than those that celebrate the wrath of Achilles or the sufferings of Ænæas, but that the spirit of the Hebrew bards was averse to dwelling upon battles and wounds and heroes; and all that are most capable among Christians, prefer other themes for song.

The streams of Jordan part before the sons of Israel; and next, the walls of Jericho ruin upon the dusty plain. The hosts of Midian flee before a blast of horns by night, and leave Jerubbaal lord of the battle-field through the cowardice of his foes. The stars grow red with wrath above the doomed hosts of Sisera—and, amid a night of clouds unseen of men, the Almighty shakes his blackening thunders. The hordes of Ammon flee before the phalanx of Jephthah, and obscene Chemosh shames his worshippers overthrown in

battle. The invincible Danite with his single arm drives before him the chosen heroes of Philistine armies, and earns his meed of immortal glory by delivering his betrayers from the dread of their tyrants. With feats of arms the whole land resounds, and Saul with his chosen heroes makes long amends for the partial enslavement of Israel among barbarian foes.

At length the predestined hour approaches when the young son of Jesse shall begin to grow famous in battle. The city gates pour forth their multitudes in arms, as when winds above the sea pile clouds on clouds, and pour down storms of wreathed hail; or as when millions of migratory fowl forsake their haunts by the shores of the northern sea, and drive before the autumnal year to far-off lands. From Gaza's watery bounds, by Besor's stream—from Ascalon, or Accaron, or Ashdod, the house of Dagon—and from the giant towers of Gath, the Philistine youth crowd eagerly to join the standard of their lords, and signalize their bravery in war; forgetful all how costly a victory brought them the insupportable ark of the Almighty's covenant, when Hophni and Phinehas fell at the head of their heroes in Ebenezer.

The sons of Israel, also, at the call of their king, come trooping by myriads from Paneas and the snowy ridges of Hermon or Lebanon rough with cedars and rocks of ice—from the wild glades of the south by Beersheba and the Asphaltic lake—from Gilead and the borders of Moab or Ammon, or from the sea shore; and to the sound of the trumpet respond hosannas as the voice of the sea.

On opposing hills the foes spread their phalanx with mooned wings, and pitch their covered camps. Long time delaying to strike, they stand surveying each the other with hostile eyes—and Goliath each day presents his mighty stature. At length the son of Jesse, in his ruddy youth, advances, and, with a sling and a stone, fells the blasphemer to the earth at a blow. The spouting blood pours forth to stain all his armor, erewhile so bright when he stood towering before the hosts in brass and steel and burnished gold, and from his nodding plume, as from a comet flaming in the sky

of the north, scattered terror and flight among his foes. The giant falls—yet he stands again, and, with lifted arm, shakes his terrible lance at large. His sightless orbs suffused, flash fire mingled with blood. Again he falls to the earth; but, reluctant to die, attempts once more to stand, and, half raised on his bended knees, he invokes his Gods with a curse, and calls his armed heroes to avenge his disgrace upon the circumcised crew. Again he sinks upon the earth, and with deep groans yields up his fierce and bloody soul to the angels to death.

The ruddy youth stands upon his dead body, and, drawing from the scabbard his keenly flashing sabre, with a blow cuts off his head, and bears it to the king. The multitude, with joy and shouts, gaze on the grim features scarcely less terrible even in death than those of Geryon or Cacus. The Most High approving, gives his signal of thunder in a clear sky, and the uncircumcised nations turn their backs to flee from the hostile plain, where their champion lies headless and despoiled of all his armor—a prey to jackals. But, vainly will they flee, for the anointed armies sing "Hosanna to the Highest!" and hang like a tempest upon the retreating foe with terror and infinite slaughter. The fields redden and the rivers choke with multitudes of slain, while they roll bloody to the sea with the gore of heroes. The infernal seats are stirred, and all their kings rise up to meet the pale and sighing ghosts fallen by doom of battle.

Then returning from conquest, they come to their native cities, where Peace now shall long wave her olive branch; and the young-eyed damsels of their tribes come forth to meet them, singing, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands!" At the head of her companions, the youthful Bathsheba leads the dance, and holds in her fair hands garlands of fragrant flowers, wherewith they strew the path of the heroes, and crown the brows of the brave with victorious boughs. Unrivalled in beauty and grace, the daughter of Eliam is crowned with flowers by her maids as they dance and sing, "Blest be the mother of the hero, and blest be his father; blest be his sister that shall be

spouse to the kingdom's heir; and blest be the maiden in her royal harem that shall call him her lord!" The queenly daughter of Saul joins in the giddy dance before her father and his heroes, and counts herself happiest among women, that she may now become the spouse of the youthful shepherd that has come to excel the giants of the earth in feats of arms.

Alas, that so fair a morning cannot be without clouds! that such unquestioned joy should not for once be left unmingled with sorrow! The malignant spirit of Saul is roused to hate the deliverer of his empire, and he is driven into exile, with a price set upon his head, although he is the king's son-in-law, and anointed by Divine command as the future king of Israel, that there may be at least one king on the earth that can himself excel in statesmanship and feats of arms, and live without jealousy of such as rival him in either. Saul proves himself unfit to reign, by his hatred of the loftiest virtue; while David shall show all kings unworthy of comparison with him, for his magnanimity in sparing his deadliest foe, and treating with distinguished regard the poor remains of his family after he has fallen upon his own sword in the rout of his army.

Years pass, and the ruddy swain, whose harp has proved too charming for one of hell's blackest spirits, as his arm has been shown too strong for the mightiest among the sons of Anak, sits in an uncontested throne, surrounded by his millions of heroes, and too powerful for the mightiest tyrannies of the earth. The exile of Ramah, and Nob, and Gath, and Keilah, and En-gaddi, and Hachilah, and Maon, and Ziglag, is now the king of Israel and the head of a dynasty that shall rule all lands and all ages from the throne of God. Yet is David a man of sorrowful spirit, and his noblest triumphs cost him woe. He is afflicted beyond measure at the death of Saul, his mortal foe, and breaks his mighty heart at the assassination of that foe's worthless son, after he has wept behind the funeral of the mighty son of Neri. The strongholds of the mountain fortress of Sion yield to his arms, and he makes Jerusalem the seat of his empire.

The Tyrians become his allies, and send him trees of cedar from Lebanon, to rear him a palace worthy of his state, under the direction of their noblest architects. Then he resolves to rear a magnificent temple to Jehovah that shall be the glory of his reign and the wonder of the world; but this is denied him, and referred to a son not yet born. The Philistines and Moabites, and the men of Rehob and Damascus, the sons of Edom and Amalek, with the Ammonites, everywhere fall before his arms, and leave him master of all the regions sworn to the sons of Israel, from the river of Egypt to the fountains of upper Lebanon, and from the sea to the river of Babylon.

Alas! that prosperity should be able to take in its deceitful snare such as the storms of adverse fortune cannot bend! While his invincible general (red with the blood of Abner, but reprieved till he can be better spared,) is besieging Rabbah, and reducing the myrmidons of impudent Hanun to the last straits, the son of Jesse becomes ensnared with the fair looks of Eliam's daughter, now the spouse of the brave Uriah, and joins murder to adultery, that she may add her charms to his harem, already overstocked, and encumbered with a multitude of wives and concubines, with their lawless brood of sons and daughters ready to raise seditions against their father while he lives, and to murder each the other, without remorse, when he is dead. Such is the fortune of exalted state. The children of the poor dread the loss of their father; and his single wife, humble and laborious and unknown to the world, will watch the stars out by the side of his couch of pain, and weep inconsolable at his grave. But the sons and daughters of the rich desire his death, that without hindrance they may first contend like wolves for the remains of his estate, and then spend his dearly-earned wealth in riotous living; nor will his widow long weep after the weary pageantry of his funeral is over, and the tomb has shut upon his mortal corse her gloomy doors.

Thus he that never wronged a rival, and never envied one of his most renowned heroes his well-earned fame—he who wept when his bitterest foes perished, and vexed his

soul for the distress of the most ungrateful wretches that ever dishonored the human form—is found, when left to himself, what the best man now living would be in like circumstances, a miserable criminal, too frail to resist the most ordinary temptation, and too callous to regret the wrongs he has inflicted upon his most faithful servants and the world, or the insults wherewith he has offended the injured majesty of Heaven.

The widow's tears are few and brief, and she hastens to lay aside her weeds for the robes of the favorite sultana, to blaze in diamonds and gold and gems, and exercise capricious tyranny in the harem of the mightiest monarch in the world. But, short and partial shall prove her triumph—the triumph of beauty and pride. The alliance begun in adultery and consummated by murder, is odious to men and cursed of God. The slighted wives of her lord and their children will abhor her intrusion, and rejoice in whatever calamity may befal her or whatever sons and daughters may call her mother. The insulted angels of her nuptial chamber have gone away, shamed and covered with blushes, to accuse her before Heaven's Chancery, that writes its decrees in tables of brass, and not in rose-leaves; but they shall soon return, with commission to call her sin to remembrance, by slaying her first-born. Bathsheba, however, thinks little of the woes that await her, and what more may befall her sons long after she is dead, through her fault; but gives herself up to the intoxications of her new splendors, and deems a court the happiest place this side of heaven—a court where all faces wear forced smiles, and all words are chosen to flatter the great, while they are envied and waylaid with poisons and poniards in every path where they may walk, whether in public or in their most secret retirements, by night or by day. What to her is the evident murder of her husband? what are the secret execrations of all mothers, and the real contempt of every father in Israel? She sits a queen, and her spouse is the hero whose deeds she sung long ago among the damsels of her train, when he bore in his hand the head of the giant, the terror and scourge of the most powerful

princes of Asia. O! with what sharpness and desire has she envied the women that have filled his harem even when he was in exile and danger! With what exultation has she come to be their superior now that he sits upon an insuperable throne, and all his enemies have come to lick the dust of his feet!

But, if neither Bathsheba nor her kingly paramour will look into the consequences of their actions, there is One that sees far down the path of future ages, and notes all the crimes and calamities of her race. A bald and stern old minstrel is at hand, that can make the running brooks delay to the sound of his harmonious strings, and the kid will leave her uncropped twigs to listen, when he trills his sublime madrigal, and sings of the stars and the winds and the sun's unwearied course, the glory of kings, and the judgments of Heaven against the godless, that disdain to live according to just and equitable laws, or the glorious meeds that await the just in the resurrection world. Ever welcome and honored as a sacred character at the courts of kings and the palaces of the great, either in Palestine or in other lands, he goes and comes at his will, and is everywhere alike at home. Such were the bards of ancient times, before prophecy became mercenary, and gold could ennoble things by nature mean and low—when a mule had not become the "illustrious foal of steeds whose feet are winds," and when a man was better in prison and chains than a horse contending for the prize of swiftness and strength at Olympic games. Often has he sung before the king of Israel, who acknowledges there is at least one prophet that can warble extemporaneous hymns to rival his own.

There is a sound of revelry by night in the house of the forest of Lebanon, and the beauty and bravery of Israel are gathered in the presence of their lord, to congratulate him upon the birth of a son that they name the future heir to his throne. Softly, as from a sky, a thousand lamps are shining from urns of alabaster or shaded hyaline, from cups of amethyst and orbs of chrysolite or carbuncle. Music is there with her voluptuous swell, from harps and charming

pipes, and every instrument of breath or fret of golden wires. The dance whirls of innumerable feet in maze upon maze, like the whirl of stars about the pale-eyed moon in a summer's night; and the voice of song ascends pure and sweet, like a stream of rich distilled perfumes from beds of roses and islands of cinnamon in the sea of Araby the blest. The wine-cup too is there, and the jocund laugh, and the lively jest, where wit and music, mirth and delicious cates, are mingled in a sea of delight, till the stars fade and the grey dawn begins to streak the east with first rays of approaching morn. Pale as the Damascene rose, and beautiful as the large-eyed Houris, sits the newly-wedded bride and mother upon an equal throne at the right hand of her lord, and receives the courtly homage of a thousand lords with their princely dames. With late night comes the venerable seer, unbidden but ever welcome, into the crowded hall. At his presence the sounds of revelry are hushed—for great is the love and the veneration of Nathan among all that throng the court of Sion, and he has been always old in the memory of grey-haired men, always beloved alike by the young and the aged for his gentle spirit and divine songs.

With prelusive touch he runs his skilful fingers over the chords of his seven-stringed lyre; then sings of battles and miracles in "parables and dark sayings of old;" the punishments of Egypt, the passage of the sea, the march through the desert, with clouds of fire, and manna, and miraculous waters flowing from burning rocks, and all the way whereby the Most High led their fathers until the day when he chose the son of Jesse, and brought him forth from following the pasturage of flocks to be the shepherd of Israel, that he might "feed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guide them by the skilfulness of his hands."

The song changes to a solemn and troubled air, as some grand heroic symphony, when Beethoven plays, gives place to a funereal march and the sight of a newly-made grave. He sings of a lowly thatched cottage under the shade of an ancient olive, in a lonely field by the side of a forest far from cities and the crowded ways of public resort. A purling

brook runs by from its crystal spring, and winds among slender grass through the distant vales. The chaste wife, brown with toil beneath the hot sun, prepares a frugal meal of bread and flesh and savory herbs for her husband, against his return from the field at noon, when his playful children come about him with mirth and laughter, and climb his knees or hang upon his lips. A pet lamb is his earthly all; that follows him wherever he goes, or runs with joy to meet him at his return to his humble home. She has grown up with his children; she eats of his own food and drinks from his own cup; and when he lies down to sleep on his pallet of straw, she comes to nestle in his bosom like a daughter, and sleeps in his arms like an affectionate child.

Alas! oppression finds its way to that peaceful retreat! A certain rich man sits first in the gate of judgment and highest in the synagogue of worship, pays ample tithes of abundant flocks and herds and fruits of his spacious fields, and thrice yearly comes to the Tabernacle of Sion with choice offerings for the altar, and, standing before the whole multitude, returns thanks to God that he is not like other men—extortioners, unjust, unholy, or profane. But, when a stranger comes to ask his hospitality for a night, he will take nothing of his own abundance for his entertainment, and the poor man's lamb is haled away by force, to be served up in a banquet to the wayfarer, without pity and without recompense; and it is well if the sorrowing cottager escapes without blows and wounds to the hazarding of his life.

The experienced old minstrel notes with what passions his song affects his auditory, and perceives how many eyes grow moist and how many bosoms swell with uncontrolled pity as his strain proceeds. The king, more than all others, shows with what interest he regards the narrative, (for he conceals more ill than others what emotions rise in his manly soul,) and how he sets himself to ward off the application that he suspects to lie at the bottom of this plaintive allegory—exclaiming, with ready and half-feigned anger, that he would have to prove his own exemption from a like charge: "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall

surely die; and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing and because he showed no pity!"

But, the covering is too flimsy to delude the most superficial, and his beautiful Bathsheba can scarcely refrain from sinking into a swoon under the terrible qualms that begin to come over her spirit like avenging ghosts; and she finds that sin, though it may be sweet to a depraved taste in its commission, yet in the end will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." The prophet, now that he has drawn from the royal offender his own sentence, drops the allegory, and continues the sad improvisation in plain words,—"*Thou* art the man! Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul; and I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things. Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife. Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbor, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun: for thou didst it secretly; but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun.'"

The monarch is struck dumb and not angry at this terrible rebuke. He can only exclaim, "I have sinned against the Lord." But the Gospel is preached not to torment men before their time, nor to reproach them for their misdeeds, but to declare sin forgiven to all that receive it in its freeness; leaving the incorrigible and perverse to rue their contempt in another world, when they will revile themselves far beyond the worst that man or angel can do in the dialect of men. God has sent his prophet to move the king to

repentance—and when this is effected, he has only to say, "Jehovah hath also put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." David now commands his "Miserere" to be sung—and it will be sung till the end of time. He is forgiven, and he may sing also, "Blessed is the man whose sin is covered." But though this be so, there may be direful consequences to be rued by the offender during the present life; and David must not hope entirely to escape. The prophet therefore proceeds and adds, "Howbeit because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of Jehovah to blaspheme, the child also that is born to thee shall surely die." The offspring of his crime cannot become his heir, but must be removed. "Ah! vainly may the too fond father now fast and pray, and afflict his soul with weeping; for the decree cannot change. His child is taken away from the evil to come, and is in peace among the countless multitudes of his equals that God has loved and removed out of this dangerous life, to make them heirs of infinite grace; saved from the penal consequences of their fathers' offences, and reserved to the joys of the beatific vision. Hence the afflicted father consoles himself in his loss, because the time is not far when he shall find him again in the spirit-world, and nothing shall separate them to all eternity. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Now too may the penitent queen receive comfort and forgiveness, and become the mother to her Solomon—that paragon of wisdom and of weakness that the world still admire and despise beyond aught else that ever was great in the midst of enormous errors. Now also shall Bathsheba learn what dangers and what miseries attend the state of royalty, and what those terrible words import when it is said, "The sword shall never depart from thine house." The soul sickens at the recital of what follows. Tamar the beautiful is outraged, violated, and openly disgraced, by her half-brother, whose death soon pays the forfeit of his crimes. Absalom, resolved to be beforehand with the young heir, and set up the superior claims of the son of a princess and grandson of a king against the pretences of this plebeian stock,

raises a rebellion against his father, and draws all Israel after him in a war of parricide.

Ah! now may Bathsheba rue her dangerous elevation, when she must seek safety for her infant son in flight and exile, whose end no mortal sagacity can foresee! The king will not risk the defences of the city against superior numbers, nor peril the lives of its inhabitants by remaining within the walls he has reared for himself. With a handful of faithful retainers he leaves his palace and all his wealth for a home in the desert. Down the steep descent of Sion they move with hasty steps; cross over the stream of gulfy Kedron; and sweep, as they ascend with bare feet, the steeps of Olivet by Gethsemane. Upon the shaded summit stands an altar, and they rest until they offer there a bullock whole in the flames. Thence they hold on their painful way, and come to Bahurim, where a fanatic of Saul's descent shows his magnanimity by cursing the royal exile—who will not stop to behold his insolence punished with stripes or a just death. In haste they pass over Jordan while it is' night, and they hear deep call to deep at the noise of his cataracts; then they hasten to find refuge in "the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites, and the hill-fortress of Mizar."

Now indeed may a sword enter into their souls when they hear the curses of their foes and the reproaches of fools; but the king is also a prophet, and sings, "Whence art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I will ever praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." Ahitophel, his old and tried counsellor, devises ruin against him; but the young Oriental is so taken up with the magnificence of the Archite's project, that he waits to gather all Israel together, for the sake of crushing the handful of heroes and veterans still remaining faithful about their lawful king, and thus gives him time to rally his exhausted forces for battle where skill and bravery may outdo mere force and numbers. Ahitophel is wise to hang himself, for he knows all is lost before the war is fairly begun.

Myriads upon myriads come pouring in from all the land,

and Absalom soon finds himself at the head of armies outnumbering those that fell before Gibeon when "the sun and moon stood still in their habitation," and could not set from the sight of slaughter for the space of a whole day. They gather in the forest of Ephraim, and draw up their unwieldy phalanx in order of battle, showing their files immense in depth, and spread from sky to sky, bristling of arms that cowards only fear; while nigh at hand the royal forces form in triple phalanx and spread over the plain, few in number but skilful in war, and courageous as lions. Not long they stand and gaze, but with outrageous noise and shouts that rend heaven's concave, come to battle, where no quarter is asked or given. Earth trembles beneath their tread. As a storm of whirlwinds and mingled thunder rages to uproot the mountain oaks and rend both rocks and hills—as flames of fire that roll over city and tower and forest—or as a thousand waves that foam upon the shore, to pass their sandy barrier and lay waste the land of some sea-girt isle—so loud, so vast, so threatening the hosts of the rebel prince come to battle with the armory of David, that stand immutable as rocks or the everlasting hills. Myriads of swords clash upon the bossy shields, and over their heads a storm of winged arrows darkens the sun, that either host contends beneath a hazardous shade. A thousand chariots of hooks, with a sound like the sea, roll upon their dreadful axles. Ten thousand war-steeds neigh defiance to the trumpet, and trample whole squadrons upon the dusty plain. Blood flows in rivers, and the carcasses of men and steeds mingle with the wrecks of chariots and shivered arms strewed over the fields.

At length the regicidal crew, wearied with slaughter, turn their backs cowardly to flight. Now rise tumults and horrors and panic fears, and utter confusion among them, and the sword of every man is against his fellow. Over heaps of shields and helms and helmed heads, over horses and chariots piled in disarray, their pale and doomed hosts roll in vain. Their arrows fall from their hands with their bows and spears, and their shields are thrown away. With

clamors and curses and mutual wounds, they climb over heaps of slain, and wade through seas of blood.

The sun is ready to sink below the sea, hastening to escape the sight of blood; and the moist-eyed moon looks forth from the east, half-robed in clouds, and pale as if with approaching death. But no less terrible upon the broken rear of their foes the faithful armies hang, and their shouts of insult and victory rend the sky. At length they cease with the approach of night, and leave large space between their phalanx and the fainting bands of the fugitives. The Most High bares his red arm from heaven, and hurls down amain his thunders and blasting hail in a whirlwind that uproots the ancient oaks, and prostrates with a crash whole forests at once upon the foe. In hosts they perish, and encumber hill and plain with their multitudes, now left to be torn by wild beasts and all birds of rapine. The rivers swell and choke with their dead bodies, that scarcely they find their way to pass into the sea, and Jordan rolls above his tallest banks with blood and water, or foams gory down his thousand cataracts to redden the Asphaltic pool with heaps of slaughter upon his dangerous shores.

The miserable parricide is caught by his dainty hair in the boughs of a spreading oak, and hangs like another Judas suspended betwixt the heavens and the earth, ready to be slain by any one that shall find him; nor shall it be long ere Zeruiah's son shall transfix the traitor through his impious heart.

But, the troubles of David's house are not ended. Scarcely has he returned to Sion and restored his contested throne in its ancient place, when a sedition arises concerning the peace, and another civil war rages through the land; but it is soon quelled in the death of its leader at Abel. Three years of famine come over the nation for the murder of the men of Gibeon by Saul, and seven of his sons must bleed under the hands of the executioner before it can cease. The Philistine impudence raises new wars fatal to the remnant of the giants, and well nigh fatal to Jesse's son. Then follows the census of the tribes—for which seventy thousand of the sons

of Israel must perish beneath the blows of a destroying angel. Alas! poor Bathsheba, shall there be no end? Hard is her lot, that, like another Helen, by her fatal charms, has involved the nation in a labyrinth of woes. Scarce has the smoke of fed beasts dispersed from the altar in Moriah, before another sedition arises in her own family, and the son of Haggith lifts up a standard against her Solomon. The high-priest and many of the great lords, whom the intrigues of Absalom could not move, are in the plot, and nothing remains but the executioner's block and the gibbet for herself and her son, with all his adherents.

But this storm shall blow over also, and carry with it the confederates of the usurper. Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, with the men of war, anoint Solomon king; and long-afflicted Bathsheba finds in her latter days the quiet that she has sought in vain since she relinquished the retirement of her private mansion to be the star of the royal harem. She lives to behold her son the most magnificent and glorious monarch that ever sat upon a throne; and at last, full of years and of honors, lays down her beautiful form to rest in the quiet of the grave.

Ah! who shall relate what kings shall rise and fall, what virtues or what crimes shall mark their lives, and what glory or infamy awaits them in the opinion of mankind, as they live their brief day, and each come in turn to lie down and sleep by her side as the mother of all? Her son shall turn idolist and her grandson prove a fool—under whose stupid misrule Jeroboam shall draw away ten tribes from the house of David, and set up their golden calves in Bethel and in Dan, until the Assyrians lead them away to a returnless captivity beyond Euphrates. The terrible Sesonchis shall come also to avenge the wrong of his sister, the imperial daughter of Pharaoh, against the son of Naamah, the Ammonitish devotee to absurd Chemosh, and plunder the treasures of Sion and the Temple, for the honor of the brutish Gods by the Nile. Few indeed shall be the heirs of her line hat will fear God, though they shall know when Elias

ascends the heavens in a whirlwind, and a lawless match with the daughter of Jezebel shall make the streets of Jerusalem run with blood through centuries of tyranny. But none of these things move the daughter of Eliam. Herself repentant and forgiven, and filled with joy of the beatific vision, she sits innocent of their wrongs, and congratulates the race that shall live when Messiah comes to quiet the earth in the last days.

TRUE STANDARD OF MORALITY.

A MAN'S moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his defeats alone, but also by his victories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to his aid more principle, overcome more evil, before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do. It would be as unnatural, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic, and passionless being to be vehement, wild, and headlong, as for the fiery and tempestuous man to be quiet and emotionless.

Victory is nothing: it depends upon the *nature* of the conflict and the *odds overcome.* Greater generalship, cooler bravery, and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat, than in a hundred victories.

"It was the same story; it all came from Mrs. Lindsey," answered her friend. "She told Mrs. Allan, who told Mrs. Johnson, who told Mrs. White, who told Mrs. Davis, and she told me."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Wells, with an astonished expression of countenance peculiar to herself; "indeed!"

What a racing and chasing was there that live-long afternoon about "that affair" of Mr. Frank Williams! What a commotion in eight or ten feminine hearts (married ones, too!) of which he was unwittingly the cause! Purple, brown, and stone-colored cloaks were dodging each other in all directions; and, after explanations and re-explanations by scores, everybody shook their hands free of the matter, voting that Mrs. Lindsey was the guilty person, on whom retribution should fall. She (unfortunate woman!) was sitting quietly at home in pleasing ignorance of all this commotion, when Mrs. Vernon, with a peculiarly pursed-up expression of countenance, came in. Never since the memory of man, or woman either, had her friend and neighbor looked so awfully solemn and rigidly severe. Mrs. Lindsey had not heart or voice enough to bid her "good evening;" she merely motioned her to a seat, and, gazing steadfastly at her, waited for her to begin.

"I am surprised, Mrs. Lindsey," at length said the lady, "at your attacking me with making public that story about Mr. Williams, when you have informed everybody else of it as well as myself." Still, Mrs. Lindsey said nothing; she merely *looked* for a further explanation.

"You told Mrs. Allan," said her companion, in reply to the look, "and she told Mrs. Johnson, and——"

"I told Mrs. Allan?" gasped Mrs. Lindsey, at length; "I never told any one but you."

"What! not one Sunday, coming from church?"

A sudden light glanced upon poor Mrs. Lindsey.

"But I did not *tell* her anything," answered she; "I merely *hinted* at something."

"Well, that is the amount of it," said her friend; "it is a hint at something with all of us, and none of us know

what it means; and I, for my part, am inclined to think the whole affair is but a child's nonsense, magnified by a very timid, nervous woman."

And with this neighborly speech upon her lips, Mrs. Vernon departed. This was by no means the last of Mrs. Lindsey's troubles that evening, for her lord and master came home at nine o'clock, in a towering passion about the same matter. It appeared that on being interrogated by Mr. Frank Williams as to the cause and occasion of the offence he appeared to have given people in general, his friend, Mr. Maxwell, had told him honestly that it was something which came through Mrs. Lindsey, which she had heard, she believed, from her husband; and what the "something" was, she nor nobody else knew. Convinced that there was some mistake—for Mr. Williams was not apt to suspect his friends, and Mr. Lindsey he knew was his friend—he hastened to that gentleman, and asked an explanation. For a moment Mr. Lindsey was bewildered; he was as ignorant as Williams himself; but a thought of Maggie and his wife's suspicions on that evening flashed across him.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I am distressed to death that this has happened. I understand perfectly what it is; all nonsense—silly women, silly women."

And he raced home, leaving his auditor, if possible, more astonished than he had found him. Mr. Lindsey was really furious, and his meditations on the way home as to all Williams had suffered in consequence of his wife's gossip, did not serve to calm his feelings.

"And so, my dear," said he, as he dashed into the room, "you've been making a pretty dish for yourself!"

Mrs. Lindsey heard in silence, while her spouse walked up and down the room, wondering how women came to be such fools, and his wife such a particular one, wishing their tongues were in the charge of a personage not to be named "to ears polite," and concluded by striding up to his terrified helpmate, and asking her "what he was to say to Mr. Williams, for all her confounded nonsense?"

"But he has done something dreadful—you know he has," she sobbed, at length, by way of palliation.

"What do you mean?" said her husband, sternly.

"You told Mr. Day yourself," she continued, in an agony of tears.

"Yes, I told him," replied her husband, "that Mr. Bennett's silly daughter chose to fall in love with Williams, and, as her flame evidently was not returned, her father was very glad of an opportunity of getting him out of the way, before the girl made a fool of herself. This was confided to me as a secret, which was the reason I did not tell you at the time, for I know very well what a secret is in the hands of a woman; the whole race—even my little Maggie—can keep nothing to herself."

In spite of this taunting speech, his tone softened, and Mrs. Lindsey gained courage.

"I am very sorry, my dear," said she, "that I have made so much mischief, but there is no use groaning over it now. I'll endeavor to mend it as far as possible. I'll tell everybody that it was a mistake of mine, and take the blame on my own unfortunate shoulders; besides saying everything necessary and appropriate to Mr. Williams himself."

A week from that night did Mrs. Lindsey make as many graceful and apologetic remarks as she could well muster to Mr. Frank Williams, and little Maggie showered down kisses and tears innumerable on his cheeks. He went from there to a party, where all the young ladies in town lavished on him their brightest smiles and most particular attentions; not omitting even Miss Gertrude Vernon, whose lovely blue eyes followed him with such a bewitching and bewildering interest that he could not forbear whispering—

"You'll not refuse to permit me to escort you home?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Williams," she replied, with a blush and a smile.

"Never, never will I repeat anything that I hear again," was Mrs. Lindsey's concluding exclamation that evening—"particularly to that good-for-nothing Mrs. Vernon," she added, mentally.

SONG OF SPRING-TIME.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WHERE dost thou loiter, Spring,
While it behoveth
Thee to cease wandering
Where'er thou roveth,
And to my lady bring
The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies,
Like her cheek, blushing;
Come with thy dewy eyes
Where founts are gushing;
Come where the wild bee hies
When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook
The first blossom keepeth;
Where, in the sheltered nook,
The callow bud sleepeth,
Or, with a timid look,
Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray,
Blithely carolling,
First birds their roundelay
For my lady sing—
But keep, where'er she stray,
True love blossoming.

"LIFE IS SWEET."

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

It was a summer's morning. I was awakened by the rushing of a distant engine, bearing along a tide of men to their busy day in a great city. Cool sea-breezes stole through the pine-tree embowering my dwelling; the aromatic pines breathed out their reedy music; the humming-bird was fluttering over the honeysuckle at my window; the grass glittered with-dew-drops. A maiden was coming from the dairy across the lawn, with a silver mug of new milk in her hand; by the hand she led a child. The young woman was in the full beauty of ripened and perfect womanhood. Her step was elastic and vigorous; moderate labor had developed without impairing her fine person. Her face beamed with intelligent life, conscious power, calm dignity, and sweet temper.

"How sweet is life to this girl!" I thought, "as, respected and respecting, she sustains her place in domestic life, distilling her pure influences into the little creature she holds by the hand!" And how sweet then was life to that child! Her little form was so erect and strong—so firmly knit to outward life—her step so free and joyous—her fair, bright hair, so bright, that it seemed as if a sunbeam came from it: it lay parted on that brow, where an infinite capacity had set its seal. And that spiritual eye—so quickly perceiving—so eagerly exploring! and those sweet, red lips—love, and laughter, and beauty, are there. Now she snatches a tuft of flowers from the grass—now she springs to meet her playmate, the young, frisky dog—and now she is shouting playfully: he has knocked her over, and they are rolling on the turf together!

Before three months passed away, she had lain down the beautiful garments of her mortality: she had entered the gates of immortal life; and those who followed her to its threshold, felt that, to the end, and in the end, her ministry had been most sweet. "Life is sweet" to the young, with their unfathomable hopes, their unlimited imaginings. It is sweeter still with the varied realization. Heaven has provided the ever-changing loveliness and mysterious process of the outward world in the inspirations of art—in the excitement of magnanimous deeds—in the close knitting of affections—in the joys of the mother—the toils and harvest of the father—in the countless blessings of hallowed domestic life.

"Life is sweet" to the seeker of wisdom, and to the lover of science; and all progress, and each discovery, is a joy to them.

"Life is sweet" to the true lovers of their race; and the unknown and unpraised good they do by word, or look, or deed, is joy ineffable.

But not alone to the wise, to the learned, to the young, to the healthful, to the gifted, to the happy, to the vigorous doer of good, is life sweet: for the patient sufferer it has a divine sweetness.

"What," I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, "did you see that best pleased you?"

My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty; and I was not surprised when, after replying, with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say—

"My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as rigid as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not been lain on a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His

feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars! This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from kind, rustic neighbors, bring the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as abounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising of the sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

"I did not know which most to reverence, his patience, or hers—and so I said to them. 'Ah!' said the good man, with a most serene smile, 'life is still sweet to me: how can it but be so with such a wife?'"

And surely life *is* sweet to her, who feels every hour of the day the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

Oh, ye, who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep, and daylight freshness—ye murmurers and complainers, who fret in the harness of life, till it gall you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer, my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup!

FORBEAR THAT UNKIND WORD

FORBEAR!—breathe not that unkind word,
That trembles on thy thoughtless tongue;
Know'st thou how many a faithful heart
To sudden anger it hath stung?
Hast thou a care save for thyself?
Hast thou a thought of pity born?
Then check thy own rebellious heart—
Plant thou the rose, and stay the thorn.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

Speak kindly to that poor old man—
  Pick up his fallen cane,
And place it gently in his hand,
  That he may walk again.
His bundle, too, replace with care
  Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
  To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
  Will be your triumph then—
A braver deed than annals tell,
  Of some distinguished men.
Yes, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd;
  Dare to be good and kind;
Then let them laugh, as laugh they may,
  Pass on, but never mind.

Pass on; but think once more of him,
  The wreck that you have seen,
How once a happy child like you
  He sported on the green;
A cloudless sky above his head,
  The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
  To breathe affection's prayer.

But, ah, the change! He wanders now,
  Forsaken, lone, and sad—
Thrice blessed is the task of those
  Who strive to make him glad.
Speak kindly to that poor old man—
  Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his burdened heart,
  And make him smile again.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

From "Fancies of a Whimsical Man."

Ah, dear! The last leaf of the last rose of that sweet bouquet, that my sweeter little coz gave me, has fallen; and nought remains but a shrivelled and discolored mass, which is only fit to be thrown into the highway, there to be trampled under the hoofs of horses, or ransacked by the snouts of filthy swine!

Well, is it not all right? Poor things, they had their day—their little day of beauty and of fragrance, and they are off. They fulfilled their destiny. They delighted the eye. They regaled the nose. They told their story prettily. They conveyed their sentiment charmingly. They had their moral uses, too, for they helped strengthen that bond of love which should ever bind kindred together. Ah, if we *all* played our parts as faithfully in this world, what a happy one it would be!

But to think that the fair eyes that gazed upon them, the fair hands that gathered them, have got to take the same dreary road! And that I, the whimsical, irritable recipient of them, must do likewise; and that all who are now moving about the earth, be they creeping babes, or romping children, or gliding maidens, or tottering old men, are on the same sad way to dusty death! Oh, is it not frightful to think of the incessant, the infinitely varied dishes, that are thus eternally served up at the ever-spread table of those grim gourmands, those merciless epicures, the worms!

But why take this gloomy view of the subject? *Would* you have it otherwise? Isn't this the best arrangement, after all, for our own happiness? Who would be willing to see out his second century on earth, if he *could*, even,

with all his faculties unimpaired, the comforts of life all secured to him, and an unfailing circle of friends, into the bargain. No man. Long before his time came, he would be eager, anxious, crazy to be off. Why shouldn't he? What should keep him? The only decent excuse for staying, would be a wish to continue his labors of love to his brethren. And when has the man appeared on the planet, so righteous that he could honestly urge such a plea? or the hypocrite, so unblushing, that he would have the face to allege it? And as to the other inducements—the pleasures, pomps, and vanities of life—*one* century is quite enough to sift *them* in, and to feel their unsatisfactory hollowness. The toys of ambition, what are they, after all, but a mere folio edition, as it were, of those of the nursery? Knowledge, to be sure, remains; but its treasures, so far as they are within mortal grasp, would have been secured long ere then; while those others, of which Death keeps the keys, would have been teazing, more and more, each day, our impatient curiosity. Who will deny this? Surely, a hundred years' faithful study would bring all earth's sciences at our feet. As with the languages, so with them; the thorough knowledge of some three or four, would make the subjugation of all the rest, comparative child's play; and thus, our very acquisitions would, long ere our lease had expired, have made us all the more restless, and impatient for our flight.

This is all very well, you say; and a delightful thing it would be, if we could take that same flight, bodily, to some other planet. But as for that horrible *under*-land journey, ugh! there's no getting reconciled to it! This being boxed up, and nailed down, and put away, with the comfortable conviction that the invading worms are sure to overhaul you at last—you, and your kindred; to think that the eyes you have so loved to gaze on, the lips upon whose accents you have hung so fondly, should be thus desecrated, thus brutally devoured; there is no getting over it, or round it. These are the things that make us shudder so, and shiver, that make us hang on so tenaciously to "earth, and earth-born jars!"

You are wrong again, my dear boy. You have no right to talk or feel thus. What, take the body with us to the other world? Oh, no. We want something a great deal better in every way, and more worthy of the glorious sphere of action that awaits us; a vision more telescopic, hearing more acute; all our faculties more penetrating, and more serviceable. This inefficient, unseemly, unsavory old body, why it would be as much out of place in the new and lofty scenes in which we are to appear, as Cinderella's old kitchen dress would have been at the ball. No, no. Depend upon it, the present arrangements are altogether the wisest and the kindest for us, and the sooner we are reconciled to them the better.

It is this very perishableness, indeed, that gives half their zest to the joys of earth. The wife of one's bosom, the children that frolic about one's fireside, could we love them as we do, but for the fear and dread that are forever mingling with that love; the ever-present sense of the frail nature of the tie that holds us together, that any moment, any paltry casualty, may snap asunder? Were it otherwise, where would all these happy couples, these fond parents, these good children be, at the end of a little twelvemonth? Alas, for poor human nature, who does not feel that love would be a sad loser, by any change of dispensation? Were an angel to appear to-morrow, and announce, by authority from Heaven, that for the next five years there should be no separations whatever in the existing families of earth, what would be the result? Unwise and wicked as such conduct would be, yet dare any candid man or woman deny that we should have a hundred-fold greater amount of heart-burnings, jarrings, bickerings, wranglings, than will probably come off under the present arrangements?

Those same flowers, too, that I was so disposed to bewail, and grow sentimental over; suppose they had been of wax, or of feathers—gifts that they were—would they not soon have degenerated into downright impertinences? Would I not have been compelled, in mere self-defense, to have stowed them away in some dark corner or other? To be sure,

there might have been other reasons for such a course. There is an intrinsic atrocity about all wax-work. There is no living with it, either in the shape of flower, fruit, or hero. It makes me shudder, even now, to think of a waxen libel on Zachary Taylor, that I saw in a menagerie yesterday! Pretty notions of art, and of patriotism, must the wretch have had who perpetrated it! Were I its proprietor, it should see the bottom of our noble bay before sunset. I dare say, the very sturgeons themselves would put to sea in their fright! That hideous Witch of Endor, too, in the Museum! How many sleepless nights did that infamous hag of wax cost me, when a child! Out upon it, in all its manifestations! It is only fit to be banged about in dolls by naughty girls.

But had this love-token, this pretty mingling of buds and roses, been an imitation of *any* kind, the result would have been the same. The eye would soon have wearied of them. The fraud would have been resented, and the miserable pretenders would have been brushed aside in disgust. But the sweet, fugitive, perishing originals, be they flowers, or their fair gatherers, they know too well, alas, the way to these same wayward hearts of ours!

The very Constitution of our country—could we love it, could we fight for it, but for the continually recurring feeling of its frail, perishing nature? What man would raise a finger in its defense, did he not know, ay, and take comfort in the knowledge, that it must be overtaken, at last, by decay and dissolution? *Esto perpetua* is a mere rhetorical embellishment, not the language of the heart. Let it have a thousand years, if you will, of wise and beneficent action, but let it not fondly seek to escape those elements of corruption and of death, that must and will inhere in all human things.

That miniature cobweb, hung with dew-drops, that looked so beautifully as it lay spread out upon the boxen border, in the garden, this morning, with its strings of fairy pearls and diamonds; where would its beauty have been, had it remained there all day? Was it not the very feeling

that the first warm glance of the sun would melt it into air, that gave it half its lustre?

And so with all *other* things under that sun, be they passions or the objects of them. Eternal love, unfading joy, unalterable constancy! These phrases sound charmingly, do they not, from the lips of Romeo and Juliet; but suppose these same devoted lovers had been spared to a good old age—had kept company together for half a century or so—how would matters have probably stood with them then? With those ardent Italian temperaments of theirs—with that liquid language, too, which affords such amazing facilities for scolding and objurgation, as well as for love-prattle—with those unpleasant reminiscences of hereditary feuds, that willy nilly *would* come up occasionally to annoy them; *can* there be any doubt, that, had they lived, they would have had their full proportion of family jars? Oh, it was far better for all parties that things turned out just as they did, for the lovers, poet, readers. To be sure, Juliet was cheated out of a baker's dozen or so, of little Montagues, and the name of Romeo is not to be found in the pages of the Verona Directory of that period; but, oh, will it not live in endless glory on the unfading page of Shakspeare?

The more one dwells upon it, the more anomalous, the more monstrous does this idea of running away from death appear. Who, indeed, would give up the glorious privilege of dying? Who would consent to remain here, a perpetual prisoner in this insignificant corner of the universe? What would you think of a man who should wilfully persist in locking himself up all his days in Berghen or Communipaw, without paying a solitary visit, nay, without casting a single glance across the bay at this great metropolis of ours? It is, indeed, difficult to conceive of a being so unenterprising. But, to take a case a little more within the compass of probability—what sort of respect could you have for the individual, who, having means and leisure, and a lurking desire withal, to visit the Old World, should yet allow himself to be cheated out of the privilege by the paltry dread of seasickness? And are *we* not just as pusillanimous, whom

the miserable fear of death makes hug our chains, and cling to earth as we do, and ignobly turn our backs upon the "all hail, hereafter?"

No, no. Defraud me not of my mortality. Let me go through the regular course prescribed for man. Let me welcome, as they come, the grey hairs and the advancing years. Let my eyes grow dim, and my knees fail me. Let me totter, and fall, at last, and go down to my grave. Let my flesh become a banquet for worms, and my bones subside into the dust from which they sprang. Let me play out the play, epilogue and all, to the very letter. Let me not be cheated out of any of the genuine, legitimate experiences of life.

Or, if Death come somewhat *out* of season—if he anticipate his mission by a few years—if he surprise me in the noontide of life, in the midst of all its busy plans, and high hopes, and warm affections,—still let me not wilfully misinterpret and pervert the spirit of that mission. Why treat the gracious messenger as if he were some paltry bailiff? Why dress him up in grotesque terrors? Why, why make a scarecrow, bugbear, enemy of him, whom God designed as, at once, our teacher, guide, and friend?

UNDYING LOVE.

I HAVE stood upon the mountain's brow,
And lingered in the vale,
And heard the balmy zephyr's sigh,
And roarings of the gale;
Yet still one image filled my mind,
And blends with all I see;
And truth compels that heart to say,
That image is of thee.

And in my heart's remotest cell,
Despite of grief or care,
Though sorrow's storms against me beat,
Affection will be there!
Or, if in utter sorrow bowed,
By fate's unkind decree,
I, in a fond and hopeful faith,
Shall ever think on thee.

TO MAY.

Come, gentle May!
Come with thy robe of flowers,
Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;
Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May!
For, at the bidding of thy magic wand,
Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,
In all their green and glorious array
They spring, as spring the Persian maids, to hail
Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!
Come with thy train, that high
On some fresh branch pour out their melody;
Or, carolling thy praise the live-long day,
Sit perched in some lone glen, on echo calling,
'Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May!
Come with thy laughing beam,
What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,
Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,
Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower
Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, holy May!
When sunk behind the cold and western hill,
His light hath ceased to play on leaf and rill,
And twilight's footsteps hasten his decay;
Come with thy musings, and my heart shall be
Like a pure temple, consecrate to thee.

Come, beautiful May!
Like youth and loveliness,
Like her I love; oh, come in thy full dress—
The drapery of dark winter cast away
To the bright eye and the glad heart appear,
Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year!

Yet, lovely May!
Teach her whose eye shall rest upon this rhyme,
To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,
The heartless pomp that beckons to betray,
And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year,
Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May!
Let thy fond votary see,
As fade thy beauties, all the vanity
Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though decay
In his short winter, bury beauty's frame,
In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway—
Another spring shall bloom eternal and the same.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew:
She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save playing;
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Dreams not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more!

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time; he sees but one sweet form—
One young, fair face, from bower of jessamine flowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more!

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low;
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go.
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door
Silent and dark—and he returns no more!

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A DRAMA, IN FOUR PARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART I.—INFANCY.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

He comes, the beautiful stranger,
From life's soft rosy cave,
To a contest full of danger,
That ends but with the grave.
Joys and hopes shall invite him,
That smile but to betray;
Griefs and woes shall affright him
Along his dubious way.
God and good angels shall shield him
From perils else too strong,
That danger and sorrow may yield him
A never-ending song.
Strew ye the way with roses and every sweetest bloom,
For short shall prove his passage from the cradle to the tomb.

The seal of heaven is on his brow,
And sprinkled waters—emblem of pure life above—
Have touched his forehead now;
So shall he joy forever in the realms of peace and love.
But first must be past
The sharp temptations of this earthly life,
Till Death's iron gates at last
Receive him victor in the dubious strife.
Then strew the way with roses and every sweetest bloom,
For short shall prove his passage from the cradle to the tomb.

Fiends shall weave snares about him,
And the false world set forth her lures;
Wars and hatreds rage without him,
And fears within, that scarce endures

The mightiest, tho' aided of supernal power;
But vain shall pleasure lure him—in vain shall sorrow lower,
For strong shall be his Helper in each distressful hour.
Then strew the way with roses and every sweetest bloom,
For short shall prove his passage from the cradle to the tomb.

PART II.--YOUTH.

SOLO.

O what ecstacy! what joy!
Spirits of earth, and spirits of air,
Revel in bliss without alloy;
Dance we and sing, dissolved from care.

CHORUS.

Have a care, O precious child!
Earthly bliss—deceitful shows;
Morn may break serene and mild,
But grief may shade it ere it close.

SOLO.

O what bliss is everywhere!
Trees are blossoming, founts are flowing,
Skies are smiling, Spring is blowing,
Fragrance breathes thro' all the air.
Lambs are frolicking, doves are cooing,
Nymphs are smiling, swains are wooing,
Birds are singing o'er field and spray,
Flocks are gamboling, herds are dancing,
Bees are honeying, streams are glancing:
Come to the fields away! away!

CHORUS.

May has flowers, but serpents hide them
Under sweetest blooms of Spring;
Summer has fruits—but woe betide them
Who forget that honey has a sting!
Have a care, O precious child!
And look beyond the things of sense and time;
For truest bliss, where angel virtues mild
Beckon to choose a fairer, happier clime.

SOLO.

Still let me love the sweets of earth,
And gather roses in their prime;
For this becomes our heavenly birth,
To taste all pleasures in their time.

CHORUS.

Beware, lest joying in the things of earth,
The heart grown hard, forget its heavenly birth,
And then—too late—thou rue the days of mirth.

SOLO.

Bring roses and myrtles and every sweet bloom,
For short is our pathway that leads to the tomb.
Leave sad thoughts to greybeards!—Away! friends, away!
Let us joy while we live—for our life's but a day!

CHORUS.

Ah! fond youth, our life shall not end with the tomb,
But springs up beyond, there eternal to bloom;
Nor dies in heaven's pure light or hell's deepest gloom.
This only is life, to rejoice in our time,
And ever remember our soul's native clime.
Earth's fairest delights will but pall on our taste,
And what seem'd an Eden, is found but a waste.
For bliss never failing we look to the skies—
There, child of a short day, to glory arise!

SOLO.

O twine me a wreath of fair posies,
Of violets, and pinks, and red roses:
So bright and so sweet, but so transient and frail,
Let us joy in their light, and their fragrance inhale,
Ere this fair-waking dream of life closes!

SOLO.

Let us haste to the cavy mountains!
Let us drink from the sparkling fountains!
Let us rove o'er hill and field and grove!
Let us drink our fill of joy and love!
Mirth wakes, music swells, hearts are bounding,
Fair eyes laugh, flowers breathe, leaves in sunlight are glancing,
Streams murmur, with songs earth is sounding,
Birds carol, bees hum, trees are dancing.

SOLO.

Come o'er the sea and land,
And dance on the sand,
Ye fairies of my vision true,
The mermaid trills her song for you.
O what ecstacy! O what joy!
Spirits of earth and spirits of air,
Revel in bliss without alloy;
Dance we and sing, dissolved from care!

CHORUS.

O thou Most Holy One,
That heaven hast for thy throne,
Thou that for man hast won
Life from the grave!

Guard thou this precious youth!
Let angels full of ruth
Guide him to paths of truth!
Listen, and save!

Vain is all help of man.
Whose life is but a span;
None but Man's Maker can
Ransom the slave!

Draw him from earth's false charm,
Nor let hell's spirits harm
This child of thy right arm:
Listen, and save!

So will we praise and sing
Thee, Everlasting King,
And costliest tribute bring
To thy blest shrine.

Ancient of endless days,
That dwell'st in sightless blaze,
Hear the low songs we raise,
Saviour divine!

PART III.—MANHOOD.

CHORUS.

Hark! the solemn bell is tolling
O'er the grave of those we love!
Voices from the dead are calling—
"Mortals! seek your rest above!"
Earth affords no bliss unfailing,
Tho' we seek it all our days;
Mirth shall end in tears and wailing:
Heav'n to life our souls can raise.

SOLO.

Why should the thought of death alarm us,
In life's full day and manhood's prime?
Nay, 'gainst all fear young Hope shall arm us,
While cowards die oft before their time.
Let greybeards muse on Acheron's dark waves,
And count the ghosts glide round their several graves.

Hark! hark! 'tis the signal horn!
Uprouse ye, huntsmen, merry and free!
When breaks the first dawning of morn,
To the chase, to the chase away!
Hark! hark! the hollow woods are sounding!
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er stream, o'er lake,
The voice of the huntsman makes Echo awake,
And the wild stag is joyously bounding!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
Our steeds smell the strife from afar,
And the deep-mouthed bay of the rushing hounds
From the thicket's green mazes resounds:
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
To the horn's joyous call loud and clear!

Some love o'er wavy seas to roam;
Some dig for gold in Peruvian mines;
Some call the hot, crowded city their home;
Some lie stretch'd in shade of mantling vines.

CHORUS.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

SOLO.

But the life of a hunter bold, boundless, and free,
And a home in the woods, my brave comrades, for me!

CHORUS.

O the life of a hunter, bold, boundless, and free,
And a home in the woods! jolly comrades are we!

CHORUS OF GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

Ah! what shall guide his wayward feet
To lay hold of the paths of peace?
To shield his soul from hell's deceit,
And bring him joys that never cease?

SOLO.

Heroes and arms my soul inspire!
My frame consumes with martial fire!
Rush on, ye nobly brave,
To glory or the grave!
Raise high the battle cry,
To rend the earth and sky!
Man against man they set in thousand rows,
Each both in rage and valor equal sharing.
Hark! with what sounds of war the legions close
In fight blood red—all peril nobly daring!

CHORUS.

Helms are gleaming,
Banners are streaming,
Plumes are shaking,
Earth is quaking,
Swords are clashing,
Spears are flashing,
Wheels are crashing,
Steeds are neighing,
Clarions are braying,
Drums are rolling, fifes are screaming,
Cannon are booming, bayonets are gleaming,
Shells are bursting, rockets are blazing,
Heroes are shouting, and steeds are crazing
To bear their riders thro' the thickest fight,
While all are wrapt in smoke and gloomy night!
Rush on! rush on! ye nobly brave!
Rush on to glory, or the grave!

CHORUS.

O Father, attend us! on thee we call,
While he stands 'mid the smoke and the cannon's loud boom,
And lightnings are glancing dim thro' the gloom
Thou Ruler of battles, thou Lord of all,
Listen, and save
His life from the jaws of grim Death and the grave!

SOLO.

Far, far in southern mountains,
A thousand crystal fountains
Roll over rocks of gold;
And precious gems are there,
Of colors rich and rare,
And treasured wealth untold;
The diamond and the sapphire starry blue,
The topaz and the chrysolite's pale hue,
The sea-green beryl and the chrysoprase,
The amethyst and hyacinth's purple face,
The chalcedony and jasper's paley sheen,
The sardonyx and emerald's living green.
Away, away to the halls of light,
To mountains with mines and gems bedight!
Away to the lands of eternal spring!
We'll delve, and dig, and laugh, and sing,
And rob old Plutus of half his stores,
Then turn with revel and joy to our native shores.

CHORUS.

Where the gold flames there burns the pestilent sun:
Ah! riches oft are but too costly won!
Short is our life—but wealth, more fleeting still,
Deludes, and leaves us ere we take our fill
Of earthly bliss; then man can only mourn,
'Till last we reach that land whence there is no return.

PART IV.—OLD AGE.

CHORUS.

Hark! the long silence!
Silence and darkness o'er us close,
And from the hollow tomb
(The dim and shadowy home
Of mortals) come the voices of the dead.

Sadness and wailing,
Sorrow and mourning, is the song,
For shapeless tongues of air
With harp and voice prepare
The slow, soft anthem of the sleeping dead.

Pale shades and silence
Solemnly list to the hollow sound;
All dim and gliding ghosts
Thro' all the infernal coasts
Move in just number to the choral swell.

Listen, ye living,
Listen and come, behold your end;
Listen, ye thoughtless ones,
Listen, ye sorrowful,
For all are held beneath the power of death.

Dim ghosts and shadows
Hold now the dear one's lovely form
Dark-eyed Euphemia
Shall smile no more on thee,
But thou shalt go to her amid the hollow ground.

SOLO.

Ah! whither now are fled
The joys and smiles that beckoned from afar?
Childhood and youth are dead,
And manhood's thoughts are dreams more thin than air.

Thro' what vain shadows all
Move the gay tribes of this terrestrial ball!
Wealth, honor, power, and fame,
Each proves a dubious good but real ill:
Fame is an empty name,
And power's a bubble burst before its fill.
And love, too, ah! how frail
Its liveliest joys! How soon its rose grows pale!
Alas! how vain is man,
That frets upon this stage his little hour,
And counts this fleeting span
Eternal age—his frailty, unfailing power!
Short joys and lasting pains
Alone, thro' time, his utmost care obtains.
Farewell, then, earthly joys!
My soul shall find her rest above the skies,
(Far from this pomp and noise,)
In those fair courts where endless pleasures rise:
There her fair mansion stands,
Unfailing—rear'd by God's eternal hands!

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

BY D. THOMPSON.

Thou who lovest the desert wild,
Far from Folly's noisy train,
'Mid thy haunts serene and mild
Let me woo thy gentle reign,
Where the harebell blooms unknown
Thro' her silent summer days;
Where the slim deer stalks alone
O'er his pathless ferny maze.
Sweet will be my morning dreams
'Mid thy forest's shelter'd glade
Bright as ere its opening gleams,
Peaceful as its holiest shade.

ANGELS OF THE PAST.

BY E. G. BARBER.

"Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

A SORROWFUL heart and lonely,
Must have breathed that mournful strain,
But give *me* sweet memories only,
And the bygone hours again;
For sunshine, gentle and golden,
Seems hovering round the past,
And over these memories olden
Its holiest beauty has cast.

Sweet hours of my childhood's gladness!
Bright hours so free from care!
If ever a shade of sadness
Stole over your beauty there,
'Twas but as the clouds of evening,
That gleam in the western skies—
Made beautiful by the sunlight
That just beneath them lies.

Bright hours of the past! ye meet me,
A gentle and solemn band;
Like spirits of old ye greet me
From the bowers of memory's land.
Some stand where light is falling,
And their white wings brightly shine;
And their smiling lips are calling
"Come back!" to this heart of mine.

And some are sorrowful minions,
That stand where sunbeams fade,
And the gleam of their motionless pinions
Has a darker and deeper shade;
For these were hours less cheerful
Than memory loves to recall—
And the glances so mild and tearful,
Too sad on my spirit fall.

But hush! what whisper these angels
With their mystical, solemn speech?
What holy and sweet evangels
Do the bygone moments teach?

"So live, that a spirit immortal
That has trod life's path of years,
May never look back from the portal,
On its farthermost verge, with tears.
But may see the future all glorious,
And the past undimmed by regret—
No deed that the sorrowful spirit
May sigh in its grief, "to forget."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Counts Hadick and Ameady, both belonging to old families of Hungary, were on terms of intimate friendship, which their long and important services had cemented. They resolved to superadd the stronger ties of relationship by uniting their children, who were then of about the same age. Therefore Hadick, the sole heir to his illustrious house, was brought up with young Constance, who, from her childhood, displayed as much beauty as goodness. At the age of fifteen, the feelings of those two young persons were already what they were to be throughout their lives. The estates of the two magnates were in the same neighborhood. Constance, in attending the lessons of her young friend, easily learned all those exercises which develop the graces without detriment to beauty. They had also the same passion for music—a passion natural to the Hungarians. Throughout the country they were extolled as patterns of virtue; already did their parents think of fixing the period of their marriage, when war broke out.

The laws of Hungary, as you are aware, oblige every noble to combat in person in the defense of his native land; and at critical junctures, when the whole nation arises, the magnates with their banners march at the head of their vassals. Count Hadick, with due regard to the honor of his house, wished his son to take a part in the impending operations. Young Constance beheld with courage the preparations for the departure of her friend, whose absence the chances of war might render a very long, and perhaps an eternal one.

The day before the departure the betrothing took place, and it was with the certainty of possessing the hand of Constance that the young count set out, at the head of his vassals, to join the Hungarian army at Pesth. The issue of that war is well known. The Hungarians sustained in it

their reputation of valor. Theodore, for several actions of *eclat*, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa—one of the most honorable military distinctions.

But whilst the youth was winning these laurels, Constance was suffering from a cruel disease. Attacked with the small-pox, she long lingered between life and death. At length she recovered, but the efforts of her physicians could not save her charming face from havoc—it became almost hideous. She was not permitted to see herself in a mirror before her complete convalescence. On beholding herself, she was seized with despair, and, persuaded that Theodore could love her no more, she wished for death. In vain did her father and Count Hadick strive to comfort her: harassed by the dread of being no longer worthy of her *futur*, she rejected all consolation, and was rapidly withering.

She was in this melancholy condition when one morning a servant, who had accompanied Theodore de Hadick to the army, hastily entered the apartment in which she was with her father, and announced that his young master was following him. He was soon heard advancing and crying, "Constance, where art thou?"

On hearing this beloved voice, the poor girl had not courage enough to flee: she covered her face with her hands and her handkerchief, and implored her lover not to look at her. "Her beauty was gone," she said, "and she had now but her heart to offer him." Theodore begged her to look at him, observing that it mattered not whether she were more or less handsome, since he could no longer *see her*. She looked at him—he was *blind*—a shot he had received having destroyed his sight!

They were soon after married—and never, perhaps, did a couple so worthy of being happy, prove more so. The countess conducts her husband everywhere, without quitting him for a single moment. She lavishes on him the most affectionate attentions; and, if you always see her with a veil, it is not because she fears to show her disfigured features, but because she dreads some remarks upon the loss of her beauty which may be overheard by Count Hadick, and sadden a husband whom she adores.

PUT UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May we exhort such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their room, to put one up immediately? we mean in their principal sitting-room; in all their rooms, if possible, but, at all events, in *that* one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they *see something in it*, and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought. Some may allege that they have "no taste for pictures;" but they have a taste for objects to be found in pictures—for trees, for landscapes, for human beauty, for scenes of life; or, if not for all these, yet surely for some one of them; and it is highly useful for the human mind to give itself helps towards taking an interest in things apart from its immediate cares or desires. They serve to refresh us for their better conquest or endurance; to render sorrow unselfish; to remind us that we ourselves, or our own personal wishes, are not the only objects in the world; to instruct and elevate us, and put us in a fairer way of realizing the good opinions which we would all fain entertain of ourselves, and in some measure do; to make us compare notes with other individuals, and with nature at large, and correct our infirmities at their mirror by modesty and reflection; in short, even the admiration of a picture is a kind of religion, or additional tie on our consciences, and *re-binding* of us, (for such is the meaning of the word *religion*,) to the greatness and goodness of nature.

Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffu-

siveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite saint. Here was a favorite vice, far more influential than the favorite saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room—a sunbeam to shine into a corner of his heart—however he may have shut the window against it when heaven was not to look on.

The companionship of anything greater or better than ourselves must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience: and a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents. We may live in the thick of a city, for instance, and can seldom go out and "feed" ourselves—

"With pleasure of the breathing fields;"

but we can put up a picture of the fields before us, and as we get used to it, we shall find it the next thing to seeing the fields at a distance—for every picture is a kind of window, which supplies us with a fine sight; and many a thick, unpierced wall, thus lets us into the studies of the greatest men and the most beautiful scenes of nature. By living with pictures we learn to "read" them—to see into every nook and corner of a landscape, and every feature of the mind; and it is impossible to be in the habit of these perusals, or even of being vaguely conscious of the presence of the good and beautiful, and considering them as belonging to us, or forming a part of our common-places, without being, at the very least, less subject to the disadvantages arising from having no such thoughts at all.

And it is so easy to square the picture to one's aspirations, or professions, or the powers of one's pocket. For, as to resolving to have no picture at all in one's room, unless we could have it costly and finely painted, and finely framed, that would be a mistake so vulgar, that we trust no reader of any decent publication now-a-days could fall into it. The greatest knave or simpleton in the land, provided he is rich, can procure one of the finest paintings in the world to-morrow, and know nothing about it when he has got it; but to feel the beauties of a work of art, or to be capable of being led to feel them, is a gift which often falls to the lot of the poorest; and this is what Raphael or Titian desired in those who looked upon their pictures. All the rest is taking the clothes for the man. Now it so happens that the cheapest engravings, though they cannot come up to the merits of the originals, often contain no mean portion or shadow of them; and when we speak of putting pictures up in a room, we use the word "picture" in the child's sense, meaning any kind of graphic representation—oil, water-color, copper-plate drawing, or wood-cut. And any one of these is worth putting up in your room, provided you have mind enough to get a pleasure from it. Even a frame is not necessary, if you cannot afford it. Better put up a rough, varnished engraving, than none at all; or pin, or stick up, any engraving whatsoever, at the hazard of its growing never so dirty. You will keep it as clean as you can, and for as long a time; and as for the rest, it is better to have a good memorandum before you, and get a fresh one when you are able, than to have none at all, or even to keep it clean in a portfolio. How should you like to keep your own heart in a portfolio, or lock up your friend in another room? We are no friends to portfolios, except where they contain more prints than can be hung up. The more, in that case, the better.

Wisdom.—True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do that which is best worth doing.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.

BY W. K. COLE.

She has locks that are golden, and eyes that are bright,
Yet as calm in their sparkle as gems of the night.
She has lips roundly chisell'd—more luscious each one
Than the rare-ripe that catches its blush from the sun.
She has cheeks on whose soft lily surface are born,
With each passing emotion, the tinges of morn.
Oh, 'twere well worth a kingdom, one love-glance so fond,
When won from the eye of the beautiful blonde.

Yes, the beautiful blonde, in that passionless eye
Has no love-speaking glance, and no amorous sigh;
Yet heaves the soft bosom, she seemeth as cold
In her modest reserve, as the goddess of old.
Fame courts her and riches—yet, turning aside,
She spurns all their proffers with maidenly pride:
Even spirits most sanguine and daring despond
Of winning the heart of the beautiful blonde.

Fame courts her and riches—love-suitors appear;
She is proof to ambition, the sigh, and the tear.
Now Genius, scarce hoping, the argument tries,
With an effort well worthy himself and the prize.
Oh, his are the treasures bequeathed from above—
More precious than riches, aye, even than love—
Tho' the wealth were of Crœsus, the love deep and fond
As that he would claim for the beautiful blonde.

Why falters the beauty? why spreads the rich glow
Where of late all was pale and as cold as the snow?
What magic-like power can Genius thus find?
This the key to the riddle—mind speaketh to mind.
The soul is awakened—love follows esteem—
Love deeper and richer than passion's warm dream;
And Genius exults in the love-glance so fond,
Now won from the eye of the beautiful blonde.

of Faunus or paternal Sylvan through Hesperian groves, "Abraham! Abraham! take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Nothing is more sad in the gloomy and licentious Mythology of the heathen world, than the sight of Gods who delight in the immolation of human beings by hecatombs upon their altars in every land. And now shall the race of Abraham fall into the same snare; and shall he that has passed unharmed through the Baal fires in "Ur of the Chaldees," when the lawless violence of Nimrod exposed the just man to perish for his faith, become an example to all ages, of one highly favored by God, and yet bound by an inexorable and bloody superstition?

Alas! could Sarah find how she might penetrate the veil that for the first time covers the heart of Abraham from all search of his beloved spouse! She knows there is some dreadful calamity impending. His altered visage, the tears frequently starting unbid, the convulsive shudderings that spare not the patriarchal limbs and countenance, the unwonted fervency and strangeness of his invocations when the sacrifice bleeds by the altar, and a thousand other signs of distress, show but too well what he would fain conceal—that a fire consumes his vitals, and some desperate, enormous grief is breaking his noble and true heart. But impenetrable his thoughts are locked up in the secret sanctuary of his own bosom and the counsel of God; nor prying man nor angel can wring from the patriarch the unknown mystery of his faithful soul. Hard indeed is that lot, inexpressible is the sorrow that a devoted wife must not share, and is not permitted by a look or a word to alleviate. But Sarah must not be told the reality. Better far for her is the worst she can imagine; for the truth she will never suspect, nor believe, until her son himself returns, and, burying his sweet head in her maternal bosom, covered again with kisses and encompassed with her fond and inviolable embraces, relates all that has befallen them in their seven days' journey; how

they left the grassy fields of Beersheba, and saw afar off the thyme-covered hills by Hebron, with their zones of unfading forests; the rocky steeps around Tekoah, thinly sprinkled over with oaks and gloomy firs; the chalky ridges by Eshtemoa, grown over with glades of olive and rich pasturage for flocks; the vine-clad vales of Bethlehem, with their gardens of figs and fields of yellow grain, and crystal wells that kings may desire to cool their thirst in battle; the heights of Adullam, cut beneath into inextricable labyrinths—a mountain sanctuary moulded in living stone; the hollow rocks of Makkedah; the gigantic willows that droop their leaves above clear wells by Bethhoglah; the snow-white steeps of Rimmon in the wilderness; and Hai, with her defence of verdant rocks amid fields of olives, figs, and waving grain; the steeps of Gibeon or Bethhoron, and the vales of Bethel or Aialon, where the sun and moon shall stand still at the voice of a man; the cany fields by Jericho, where grows the sweet lotus among palms, and gardens of roses, or fields of balsam and figs, and the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers; until they come to drink the waters of Siloah's fountain, or Kedron flowing softly through the horrid vale afterwards named from Hinnom's son, and climb the dark cliffs of Salem and Moriah, grown over with ancient olives. Then the piled altar, and the wood borne upon his own shoulders, the awful solitude, the fire, the glistening knife, the binding, the cheerful resignation of the victim, the dreadful steadfastness of the father, his hand uplifted to strike with his keenly flashing steel the son of his old age, the parting of the clouds, the sudden flash of lightning, the voice of the Angel-God forbidding the sacrifice of a man, and substituting a lamb caught in a thicket by his horns, as an expiatory victim, whereby the patriarch in a figure received again his son from the dead, and became once more confirmed in his trust as heir to the righteousness that is by faith.

But our secular arrangements must be all broken up; the tenderest relationships are severed like flax in the fire, and families are scattered abroad over the face of the earth

like leaves when the autumnal air has reddened the forests, and the first winds of winter begin to howl through the fruitless branches. Happy, oh! thrice happy are they that close a long and sorely-tried life with a cheerful and trusting exit for the Spirit Land! Sarah, the mother of kings and prophets, and the Son of God their Paramount—Sarah, that all nations shall call blessed forever, and whom millions upon millions regard with eternal veneration as the head of their race and the fountain of their mightiest youth—Sarah, that all the holy women of future times shall glory in naming Mother, and a blessed example to faith under ineffable trials, when they are exposed to racks and wheels, and fires, and dungeons, and the rage of wild beasts in theatres over the globe—Sarah, whose memory shall be more fragrant than a chaplet of roses to the Maccabean mother in her dry pan and to the Marys at the cross; to Blandina in her red-hot iron chair; to Chione and Agape and Prosperia and thousands more, in their torments; to the Vaudois wife, fainting in the arms of her husband as the blood wells from her death wound, or rolling down the snowy Alps to be dashed upon the rocks, with her children, before the bloody spears of her Popish enemies; to the Puritan mother, as she stands with her children to see her husband consume in the flames of Smithfield, or makes her grave by his side upon the frozen coast of New-England; to the female missionary, as she breathes her last sigh to the lips of strangers; and to the Hindoo widow, who hast first learned that she has a separate soul and personal rights, and higher duties than to burn upon the funereal pile of her husband, or fling her helpless, confiding babes into the Ganges to be devoured of sharks and crocodiles—even she, in her green old age, must at last lie down upon the bed of death and yield up her spirit to God who gave it and tried it with a trial more precious than that of perishable gold, and made it worthy of himself.

Pale as the snow, yet beautiful as morning, she lies in robes of white. The busy maids scatter flowers and fragrant perfumes about her bier, and the low, sad dirge is wailed slow

from no mercenary lips as she reposes in eternal silence and peace. The afflicted patriarch is bowed to the earth with grief, and refuses to be comforted for the departed idol of his youth. But the dead must find sepulture; and he rises from the ground, where he has lain prostrate by her side for three days and nights, to go forth once more and stand before the princes of Canaan to purchase a tomb with the weight of marked silver in the land sworn to his race for an eternal inheritance. With princely funereal pomps and the voice of lamentation from a thousand voices at once, the cave of Machpelah is consecrated for a family burying-place, and Sarah reposes where only the last trumpet shall awaken her from sleep, unless the cry of the Son of God from the cross recall to their bodies the parents of mankind, when the cave of Machpelah shall open her gloomy doors, that her sleeping saints may go forth to triumph with their Lord over rebellious principalities and powers at his ascension.

Alas! Nature has her tears even for the blessed saints when they leave us; and though we rejoice in their eternity, we must bewail our own deprivation of their loved society here. Wail then the dead, O father of nations, and ye that stand round the bier of Sarah; for she shall consort with you no more upon the earth. Her voice may come low and sweet with the breath of the south wind; her smile may glance with the light of the Pleiades or the moist-eyed Kids over the new earth of spring, but none shall know whence it comes. Her sweet breath may murmur about the couch of her husband or the son of her old age, and breathe quiet and repose and the assurance of peace into the souls of the loved ones she has left. She may sit by the cradle of the new-born babe and whisper consolation to the mother that bewails the death of her only child. She may visit the king in his power or the captive in his dungeon; she may speak peace to the dying or terror to those who are about to sin; she may dry the bloody sweat from the brow of the martyr on his rack, or warble a charm to soothe his nerves against the tortures of the stake or the dry pan; but she is seen no more among the living, and tears must flow by night and day for her departure out of our sight.

The patriarch may wed again to abate the loneliness of age and sorrow; but no other spouse is a Sarah. A multitude of sons may call him father, but they are not the children of promise; and he must send them away with portions towards the east, where they shall come to a long renown, and grow powerful by the shores of the ocean, among the sons of Joktan or the Arabian Cuthim.

And her son too, the quiet and devout Isaac, shall bring to her tent the lovely daughter of Bethuel, and be comforted in his youthful spouse when his mother is no more.

Almost forty years pass, and another race have sprung up around the hospitable board of Abraham. Far removed in the wilds of Paran, the brood of Ishmael are numbered by their thousands, and the children of Lot are grown to nations, while the sons of Isaac are but two only; the one heir to the promises, the other his mortal foe, whose race shall become mighty, while the sons of Jacob shall come late from poor estate to powerful empire, and their Messiah shall judge the world he shall first die to redeem.

At length the old patriarch, satiated with years and honors, like a shock of corn fully ripe, lays down his venerable head upon the bed of death, and is gathered to his people in the holy mount of God. In a princely funereal train the race of Ishmael come from the south, and with the heirs of promise gather about his lamentable bier. In the cave of Machpelah beside his lovely consort he sleeps in peace; but far off beyond the boundaries of time their spirits renew the nuptial league, and rejoice in the repose of heaven that shall never end. Together they may watch the life of their sons and daughters upon earth through every trial, and rejoice when they overcome the foes that lay snares in their path, or mitigate the pressure of calamity when it falls upon the just; and at the end receive each with an individual kiss, when the pains of this mortal state end in a universe of pure bliss. Prophets and kings from age to age among their posterity shall pass before their eyes, for whose sake the great empires of the world rise and fall; and Messiah, with his infinite train of apostles and martyrs, shall come later to fill the

whole earth with the faith no less than the fame, the glory no less than the trials, of Abraham and Sarah, and all nations of them that are saved shall call them blessed throughout eternity.

"HATH NOT THY ROSE A CANKER?"

Pressed with the weight of morning dews,
Its slender stalk the rose was bending,
And red and white in changing hues
Upon its cheek were sweetly blending:
But underneath the leaflets bright,
By blushing beauty hid from sight,
Enamored with its fragrance rare,
The canker-worm was feasting there.

O thou, who in thy youthful days
Ambition's wreaths art proudly twining,
And fondly hoping worldly praise
Will cheer thine after years declining—
Beware, lest every tempting rose
That in Ambition's pathway grows,
Conceal beneath its semblance fair
The lurking canker of despair!

And thou who in thine early morn
For sin the paths of truth art leaving,
Remember, though no pointed thorn
May pierce the garland thou art weaving,
Yet every bud whence flowrets bloom
Shall its own living sweets entomb;
For deep the canker-worm of care
Is feasting on its vitals there.

Thou too, the beautiful and bright,
At Pleasure's shrine devoutly kneeling,
Dost thou not see the fatal blight
Across thy roseate chaplet stealing?
Time hath not touched with fingers cold
Those glossy leaves of beauty's mould;
And yet each bud and blossom gay
Is marked for slow but sure decay.

O ye who sigh for flowers that bloom
In one eternal spring of gladness,
Where beauty finds no darkened tomb,
And joy hath never dreamed of sadness;
Elysian fields are yours to roam,
Where groves of fadeless pleasures bloom;
Oh, linger not where sorrow's tears
May blight the cherished hopes of years.

THE GIRDLE OF FIRE.

The lower counties of New Jersey are proverbially barren, being covered with immense forests of pine, interspersed with cedar swamps. During the dry summer months, these latter become parched to an extent that is incredible, and the accidental contagion of a fire-brand often wraps immense tracks of country in flames. The rapidity with which the conflagration, when once kindled, spreads through these swamps, can scarcely be credited except by those who know how thoroughly the moss and twigs are dried up by the heat of an August sun Indeed, scarcely a spot can be pointed out in West Jersey, which has not, at one time or another, been ravaged by conflagration. It was but a few years since that an immense tract of these pine barrens was on fire, and the citizens of Philadelphia can recollect the lurid appearance of the sky at night, seen at the distance of thirty or even forty miles from the scene of the conflagration. The legendary history of these wild counties is full of daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes which have been witnessed during such times of peril. One of these traditionary stories it is our purpose to relate. The period of our tale dates far back into the early history of the sister state, when the country was even more thinly settled than at present.

It was a sunny morning in midsummer, when a gay party was assembled at the door of a neat house in one of the lower counties of New Jersey. Foremost in the group stood a tall manly youth, whose frank countenance at once attracted the eye. By his side was a bright young creature, apparently about eighteen years of age, whose golden tresses were a fit type of the sunny beauty of her countenance: but

now her soft blue eyes were dim with tears, and she leaned on the shoulder of her mother, who was apparently equally affected. The dress of the daughter, and her attitude of leave-taking, told that she was a bride, going forth from the home of her childhood, to enter on a new and untried sphere of life. The other members of the group were composed of her father, her brothers and sisters, and the bridemen and bridemaids.

"God bless you, my daughter, and have you in his holy keeping," said the father, as he gave her his last embrace—"and now farewell!"

The last kiss was given, the last parting word was said, the last long look had been taken, and now the bridal party was being whirled through the forest on one of the sweetest mornings of the sweet month of July.

It was indeed a lovely day. Their way lay through an old road which was so rarely traveled that it had become overgrown with grass, among which the thick dew-drops, glittering in the morning sun, were scattered like jewels on a monarch's mantle. The birds sang merrily in the trees, or skipped gaily from branch to branch, while the gentle sighing of the wind, and the occasional murmur of a brook crossing the road, added to the exhilarating influences of the hour. The travelers were all young and happy, and so they gradually forgot the sadness of the parting hour, and ere they had traversed many miles, the green arcades of that lovely old forest were ringing with merry laughter. Suddenly, however, the bride paused in her innocent mirth, and, while a shade of paleness overspread her cheek, called the attention of her husband to a dark black cloud, far off on the horizon, and yet gloomier and denser than the darkest thunder-cloud.

"The forest is on fire!" was his instant ejaculation; "think you not so, Charnley?" and he turned to his groomsman.

"Yes—but the wind is not towards us, and the fire must be miles from our course. There is no need for alarm, Ellen," said he, turning to the bride, his sister.

"But our road lies altogether through the forest," she timidly rejoined, "and you know there isn't a house or cleared space for miles."

"Yes—but my dear sis, so long as the fire keeps its distance, it matters not whether our road is through the forest or the fields. We will drive on briskly, and, before noon, you will laugh at your fears. Your parting from home has weakened your nerves."

No more was said, and for some time the carriage proceeded in silence. Meantime the conflagration was evidently spreading with great rapidity. The dark, dense clouds of smoke, which had at first been seen hanging only in one spot, had now extended in a line along the horizon, gradually edging around so as to head-off the travelers. But this was done so imperceptibly, that, for a long time, they were not aware of it, and they had journeyed at least half an hour before they saw their danger. At length the bride spoke again:

"Surely, dear Edward," she said, addressing her husband, "the fire is sweeping around a-head of us: I have been watching it by yonder blasted pine, and can see it slowly creeping across the trunk."

Every eye was instantly turned in the direction in which she pointed—and her brother, who was driving, involuntarily checked the horses. A look of dismay was on each countenance as they saw the words of the bride verified. There could be no doubt that the fire had materially changed its bearing since they last spoke, and now threatened to cut off their escape altogether.

"I wish, Ellen, we had listened to your fears, and turned back half an hour ago," said the brother; "we had better do it at once."

"God help us—that is impossible!" said the husband, looking backwards; "the fire has cut off our retreat!"

It was as he said. The flames, which at first had started at a point several miles distant and at right angles to the road the party was traveling, had spread out in every direction, and, finding the swamp in the rear of the travelers

parched almost to tinder by the drought, had extended with inconceivable velocity in that quarter, so that a dense cloud of smoke, beneath which a dark lurid veil of fire surged and rolled, completely cut off any retrograde movement on the part of the travelers. This volume of flame, moreover, was evidently moving rapidly in pursuit. The cheeks, even of the male members of the bridal party, turned ashy pale at the sight.

"There is nothing to do but to push on," said the brother; "we will yet clear the road before the fire reaches it."

"And if I remember," said the husband, "there is a road branching off to the right, scarce half a mile a-head: we can gain that easily, when we shall be safe. Cheer up, Ellen—there is no danger. This is our wedding morn—let me not see you sad."

The horses were now urged forward at a brisk pace, and in a few minutes the bridal party reached the cross-road. Their progress was now directly from the fire; all peril seemed at an end; and the spirits of the group rose in proportion to their late depression. Once more the merry laugh was heard, and the song rose up gaily on the morning air. The conflagration still raged behind; but at a distance that placed all fear at defiance; while in front, the fire, although edging down towards them, approached at a pace so slow that they knew it would not reach the road until perhaps hours after they had attained their journey's end. At length the party subsided again into silence, occupying themselves in gazing on the magnificent spectacle presented by the lurid flames, as, rolling their huge volumes of smoke above them, they roared down towards the travelers.

"The forest is as dry as powder," said the husband; "I never saw a conflagration travel so rapidly. The fire cannot have been kindled many hours, and it has already spread for miles. Little did you think, Ellen," he said, turning fondly to his bride, "when we started this morning, that you should so narrowly escape such a peril."

"And, as I live, the peril is not yet over!" suddenly exclaimed the brother. "See—see—a fire has broke out on

our right, and is coming down on to us like a whirlwind! God have mercy on us!"

He spoke with an energy that would have startled his hearers without the fearful words he uttered. But when they followed the direction of his quivering finger, a shriek burst from the two females, while the usually collected husband turned ashy pale, not for himself, but for her who was dearer to him than his own life. A fire, during the last few minutes, had started to life in the forest to their right, and, as the wind was from that quarter, the flames were seen a-head shooting down towards the road which the bridal party was traversing, roaring, hissing, and thundering as they drew near.

"Drive faster, for heaven's sake!—on the gallop!" exclaimed the husband, as he comprehended the imminency of their danger.

The brother made no answer, for he well knew their fearful situation, but whipped the horses into a run. The chaise flew along the narrow forest-road with a rapidity that neither of the party had ever before witnessed; for even the animals themselves seemed aware of their peril, and strained every sinew to escape from the fiery death which threatened them.

Their situation was indeed terrible, and momentarily becoming more precarious. The fire, when first seen, was, at least, a mile off, but nearly equi-distant from a point in the road the bridal party was traversing; and, as the conflagration swept down towards the road with a velocity equal to that of the travelers, it soon became evident that they would have barely time to pass the fire ere it swept across the road, thus cutting off all escape! Each saw this; but the females were now paralyzed with fear. Only the husband spoke

"Faster!—for God's sake, faster!" he hoarsely cried: "see you not that the fire is making for yonder tall pine? We shall not be able to reach the tree first, unless we go faster."

"I will do my best," said the brother, lashing still more furiously the foaming horses. "Oh, God! that I had turned back when Ellen wished me!"

On came the roaring fire—on in one mass of flame—on with a velocity that seemed only equalled by that of the flying hurricane. Now the flames caught the lower limbs of a tall tree, and in an instant had hissed to its top—now they shot out their forky tongues from one huge pine to another far across the intermediate space—and now the whirling fire whistled along the dry grass and moss of the swamp with a rapidity which the eye could scarcely follow. Already the fierce heat of the conflagration began to be felt by the travelers, while the horses, feeling the increase of warmth, grew restive and terrified. The peril momentarily increased. Hope grew fainter. Behind and on either side the conflagration roared in pursuit, while the advancing flame in front was cutting off their only avenue of escape *They were girdled by fire!* Faster and quicker roared the flames towards the devoted party, until at length despair seized on the hearts of the travelers. Pale, paralyzed, silent, inanimate as statues, sat the females; while the husband and brother, leaning forward in the carriage and urging the horses to their utmost speed, gazed speechlessly on the approaching flames. Already the fire was within a hundred yards of the road a-head, and it seemed beyond human probability that the travelers could pass it in time. The husband gave one last agonizing glance at his inanimate wife. When again he looked at the approaching flames, he saw that during that momentary glimpse they had lessened their distance one-half. He could already feel the hot breath of the fire on his cheek. The wind, too, suddenly whirled down with fiercer fury, and in an instant the forky tongues of the advancing conflagration had shot across the road, and entwined themselves around the tall pine which had been the goal of the travelers' hopes. He sank back with a groan; but the brother's eye gleamed wildly at the sight, and, gathering the reins tighter around his hand, he made one last desperate effort to force the horses onward; and with one mad leap, they lifted the carriage from the ground as if it had been a plaything, plunged into the fiery furnace, and the next instant had shot through the pass.

Charnley gave one look backwards, as if to assure himself that they had indeed escaped. He saw the lurid mass of fire roaring and whirling across the spot through which they had darted but a moment before; and, overcome with mingled gratitude and awe, he bowed his head on his breast, and poured out an overflowing soul in thanksgivings to the Power which had saved them from the most dreadful of deaths. And long afterwards, men who traveled through that charred and blackened forest, pointed to the memorable scene where these events occurred, and rehearsed the thrilling feelings of those who had been encompassed by the GIRDLE OF FIRE.

ALONE.

ALONE—upon the wide, wide world!
'Tis hard to dwell alone—
To catch no look of human love,
To list no gentle tone,
But wander through life's busy crowd,
"Lone as the corpse within its shroud,"

Alone—'tis hard to sit and weep
In some untrodden shade,
O'er all the wrecks of life and joy
A few bright years have made;
To trace the links of that bright chain
Which time will ne'er unite again.

Alone—'tis agony for one
Of spirit proud and strong,
To feel life's pulses ebbing fast
Before the world's cold wrong;
And sternly bide each pang of fate
That leaves the heart so desolate.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain—
The nightly dews might fall—
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

FANNY RICHMOND.

A TALE.

"I am going to New-York to-morrow," said Fanny Richmond to Aldison Parker, as he entered, just at nightfall, the parlor where he was accustomed daily to spend the only half-hour which he could spare from his professional studies.

"Indeed! How long do you remain there?" said Parker.

"I cannot tell. My friends wish me to spend the winter there."

"Has not the plan been very suddenly formed?" The tone in which these words were uttered fell very unpleasantly on Fanny's ear. She could not determine whether it was indicative of the sadness which so often oppressed his spirits, or of disapprobation of her intended journey. "May I inquire," continued he, "what has led to so sudden a resolution?" This question was asked in a milder tone, as though he would fain remove the chill which the former one had thrown over his auditor.

"I have just received a letter from my cousin, giving me a pressing invitation to spend the winter with her; and ——"

"And you anticipate a great deal of pleasure in so doing?"

There was to Fanny's quick ear something of reproach and bitterness in the tone of this remark. Appearing not to notice it, or rather hoping that her ear had deceived her, she replied,—

"I certainly anticipate some pleasure and improvement, or I should not think of going."

"How can your friends at home do without you!" This was spoken in a soft and serious manner.

"Oh, they can spare me. Very possibly they may be glad to have me out of the way for a time." This was spoken in a sprightly tone, assumed to assist her in struggling against the oppressive feeling which was stealing over her.

"Do you mean what you say?" said Parker, with mingled sadness and severity.

"Why not?" said Fanny, still struggling against the feeling just noticed: "there are few so interesting as to render their presence always desirable." It was with difficulty that she retained her lively manner; and her heart sunk deeper within her when she saw the construction which might be put on the words last uttered.

"It is well," said Parker, coldly, "when those who do not belong to that interesting class, have the independence to absent themselves when their presence is not desired. Good night, Miss Richmond: may you have a pleasant visit to New-York, and may you find there new friends more worthy of your regard."

"Good night, Mr. Parker," said Fanny, in a firm tone, her indignation being roused by his injustice. In an instant, however, this feeling had passed away. She arose, and went to the door, hoping that in the quick transitions of feeling of which he was susceptible, a softer one would come over him which would lead him to return, and spend his accustomed half-hour in a manner befitting their expected separation. But he passed on without a reverted look until his form was no longer visible in the gathering darkness. Fanny then retired to her chamber, and wept long and bitterly.

Parker had become acquainted with Miss Richmond during the last vacation of his collegiate course. It was while she was spending a few days with a relative at a distance from her home. From the moment of his introduction to her, his attentions were as unremitting as his intense devotion to his studies would allow. He selected her native village as the scene of his professional studies, solely on her account. Ambition burned in his bosom with fierce intensity, and yet the aspiration of his heart exerted over him a

The nuptials were soon after celebrated with regal pomp, amid the joyous acclamations of the people; and thus the world beheld, what seemed more like a tale of fiction than reality, a humble maiden elevated, by her virtues, to the lofty honors of the Imperial throne.

LORD STANHOPE TO LADY SHIRLEY,

IN APOLOGY FOR AN EXCESSIVELY LATE CALL.

Too late I staid—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours;
For noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Or who to sober measurement,
Time's happy fleetness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

FOR AN ALBUM.

I saw the morning's golden beam
Lie bright upon a passing stream:
I saw at eve—'twas sparkling yet,
And pure as when at first they met;
And thus the joys that gaily now
Give beauty to thy snowy brow,
Still may they o'er thy life-tide shine,
And gild thy spirit's last decline.

TRANSIENT JOYS.

I saw a bright-eyed, laughing child, reach upon tiptoe for a rose that grew upon the topmost branch of a tall bush.

After many an ineffectual struggle, she at last attained the prize; and in an ecstacy, admiring the soft petal, and enjoying its sweet perfume, she skipped away to communicate her pleasure to her companions. I saw her an hour after, and sorrow now clouded that once happy countenance; the tear of disappointment stood in her eye; she was gazing on the rose, but its leaves were faded and drooping, its fragrance had fled away in the air, and its beauty gone forever!

We stood upon the porch of a friend, looking out with admiring eyes on nature's lovely velvet, that overspread the ample lawn, and suddenly there came bounding over the fence a fawn whose white spots still lingered on its yellow coat. We wondered how the timid creature dared to venture near the habitation of man, its foe. But in another moment we saw the object which had lured it away from its own instinct; it had gained confidence in the little girl who stood with gathered leaves to give the loved one its accustomed supper. They gambolled and skipped about on the grass together, and in the sparkling eye of the damsel you could read how deeply she loved the petted fawn.

The morning sun rose brightly, and the balmy air gave spring to every nerve, and seemed to say, "be happy." And never were two creatures more happy than were the child and her fawn. Happy in each other, and as they bounded along together, the four-footed creature outran its benefactress, and sought in distant meadows the first nippings of tender grass. An hour after this, a deep wail of agony broke on every ear, and brought each member of the household to the scene of grief. The spotted fawn, lifeless and bloody, torn by unpitying dogs, was brought to its doating mistress. Here was sorrow

that could not be assuaged, for her whole heart was bound up in the fawn, and no promised joy could obliterate the remembrance of this she had lost.

Again: I saw an indulgent father purchase for his boy a horse of passing beauty. The Bucephalus of Philip's son was not more gallant in his bearing, and never was Arabian steed more fleet, more docile, and never one more sagacious. The kind attentions of the youth were not lost upon the animal; in vain might the hostler manœuvre, in vain the lads pursue; no other hand but his master's could take him in the field; and the boy's whistle was always returned by an affectionate neigh. Proudly and gaily he rode among his compeers, and out-stripped them all in the race. But *his* joy, too, was destined to be short-lived.

One bright day, a pet of nature, that inspired every living thing with gaiety, the horses running in playful mood in the field, the fleetest, foremost, fell upon a sharp stake, which entered his heart, and left him upon the field, impaled and dead.

But I looked away from childhood's giddy hour, to man in reason's prime. I saw the fine estate, the accumulation of half a century's toil, swept suddenly away by one ill-judged act, one rash endorsement! Who has not seen the man of fortune made pennyless by change of time?

A ship sinks, a bank breaks, and the broken-hearted father is plunged in despair. She who once rolled in affluence, now begs in penury, while the daughter, fed by golden spoon, now stitches by the midnight lamp to earn her bread.

But yesterday I looked upon a neighbor's family, whose cup of earthly happiness seemed filled to overflowing. His ample fortune had reared a splendid mansion, and furnished it with elegance and taste. Every comfort and every luxury were at his bidding; and to share all this was one whose beauty attracted every eye, and whose gracefulness drew forth the admiration of each beholder; while her elegance of form and manner gained her respect on the first interview, her affability and elevation of mind chained to her every intimate friend. We saw her in her own hospitable saloon, among gems, the brilliant of chief attraction, the spirit that animated and charmed all around her.

The elegance of her attire well became her symmetrical form;

and, while all admired, the eye of her husband rested on her, oft and again, with doating fondness. A few morns passed over us, when a deep but subdued moaning called our attention. We gathered around, but not for hilarity. The well-turned arm lay motionless by her side, that expressive eye was lustreless; the diamond had fallen from its casket, and beautiful as that casket was, we touched but to recoil, for death's icy hand had ruined it.

Yes, we gathered around, to carry to her last home this beauteous and beloved woman! And who can paint the agony, or soothe the sorrow of that stricken heart that loved her best. All that could be said—and it was the feeling of every soul—was, how sublunary is human happiness! how transient the best of earthly joys!

OUR COMMON JOYS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Our common joys, oh! what are they?
The brightest and the best,
They glad us in our busy walks,
Are with us when we rest;
An angel band, they hover round
In waking and in dream,
And o'er our hearts, in saddest hours,
They shed a golden beam.

Our common joys, oh! what are they
But blessings felt within,
For smallest deeds of goodness done
Amid a world of sin?
The mite we give the child of want,
The slightest word of cheer,
That lifts a heart with sorrow bowed,
Or dries a falling tear.

Our common joys, oh! what are they?
The priceless pearls and gold,
Which Memory sifts upon the heart
When life is growing old;
The thought that we have treasured up
Where nought can steal away—
A consciousness of doing good,
With every passing day.

THE WIT OF THE FAMILY.

"Are his *wits* safe? Is he not light of brain?"—*Shakspeare.*

Feared by the whole household, is the Wit of the Family; dreaded by cousins and connections; avoided by visitors; encouraged by father and mother; and conciliated by brothers and sisters. He is *Sir Oracle*, and when he "opes *his* mouth, let no dog bark." *Conticuere omnes*—all listen, all applaud. His platitudes are ranked above proverbs, and his paradoxes are prodigious. His forte is sarcasm, and he is apt upon occasion to be terribly severe. He considers fault-finding an indication of superior discernment, and to "run down" people and things in general is his delight. His rudeness is tolerated on account of his wit, and his reputation for humor frequently saves him from chastisement. His repetitions of worn-out jokes, his second-hand sayings, *cram his cocta*, are quoted as extraordinarily clever, and although the family have heard each and every one of his jests a thousand times, they are ready to expire with laughter whenever he retails them. If a stranger happen in at dinner, or for the evening, he at first finds it difficult to comprehend the reason of the frequent cachinatory explosions, whenever a certain stupid-looking youth makes a common-place repartee, or rehearses an antique anecdote; but the mystery soon becomes solved, and his mind enlightened, when he is informed—as he is certain to be, before he has been in the house a quarter of an hour—that Bob is "wonderful smart," the most satirical chap, the capitalest mimic, the admirablest punster, so amusing, so droll, so queer, so funny—in short, the acknowledged "*Wit of the Family.*"

Bob was a dull boy at school—a very dull boy, but so was Sir Walter Scott. He was always at the foot of his class, never would learn his lessons, never passed a fair examination in any one study, but neither did Richard Brindley Sheridan. Great archetypes these for dolts and dunces at school. The

example was appropriate, the parallel perfect, so long as Bob was a boy; but from the very moment he emerged from childhood, his models were not imitated and the resemblance ceased. He was as dull a youth in college, as he had been a boy at school. He came "within an ace" of not getting his degree, but consoled himself by saying, as many of his predecessors had said before, and so often, that it had become one of the "standing jokes" in the college, he intended to rise suddenly in the world, and not by *degrees*.

After four years passed in vacant idleness and profitless association of congenial spirits, Bob "studied the law," of course —that is, he entered his name and person in the office of an attorney, perhaps his own father, or some one equally indulgent. There he dwaddled for three years; read French novels, and smoked segars; played on a wind instrument at a private musical society, and frequented the opera, where he turned up his nose at the performance and the ladies' dresses. He was then "admitted to the bar," but it strangely happens that he never has any business, nor a single brief, nor so much as the drawing up of a deed.

During all this time, while a dull boy at school, a vacant idler at college, a loiterer about the precincts of the law, he lives, with occasional absences, at home, in his father's house, under his mother's eye—and was, and is, and will be, so long as that household lasts, the Wit of the Family. What would be resented as insolence in another, is mere fun in him; what would be punished as unwarrantable liberties, is only "his ways;" what would be frowned down as vulgarity, is in him freedom of manners. If a friend comes in, and his feelings are wounded by one of Bob's severe remarks, he is told not to mind it, "it was only a joke;"—if a young lady is caused to blush crimson by a queer allusion, or shocked and disgusted by his sportive familiarity, she is advised not to take notice of it,—"Bob is privileged, you know—he means no harm—he is such a funny fellow!"

The family think it very naughty, indeed, for any body to kick Bob, for his impudence, or tweak his nose for one of his harmless witticisms, or threaten to turn him out of doors unless he behaved more like a gentleman. "It is strange—very—that people don't understand our Bob better; he don't mean

anything; it is all in fun." Nevertheless, persons out of doors who are the subject of his pleasant sarcasm and playful irony, are in the position of that individual in the fable, who did not like to be jumped upon by a donkey. Therefore, it is always safest for him to confine his severity to members of his paternal household, and never insult any lady, except when she ventures on a visit to his mother and sisters. It is just possible for him to be tolerated by a few old friends and near relations; but he cannot be sure of immunity, except when it is perfectly understood that he is "The Wit of the Family."

For my own part, not being very quick at taking a joke, or guessing a conundrum, or discovering the concealed meaning of equivocal grossness, I could never appreciate the cleverness nor admire the verbal dexterity of an acknowledged wit. It always seems to me, that he is an insufferable bore. There are few inflictions more tedious than the company of one who is making perpetual efforts to astonish you. I always feel myself called upon to say something brilliant by way of rejoinder, and as I generally fail in this respect, I am doubly annoyed by my own stupidity, and the sneers of my interlocutor. I am a quiet man, one of whom it cannot be said, as Steele sagaciously observed of Shakspeare, "he has an agreeable wildness of imagination." I therefore "cotton," to use a coinage of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, to people who talk sense rather than wit, who delight more in extolling merit than in detecting faults. I value the man who possesses a sound judgment above him who has a turn for ridicule. True wit and genuine humor are qualities as fascinating as they are rare, but nothing is more common or displeasing, than an affectation of the one, or low attempts at the other.

There is nothing more annoying to a sensible person than an encounter with a professed wit. You are constantly afraid that one of his random arrows will hit you; for, however blunt or poorly feathered it may be, it is sure to reach its mark, if wafted and guided by the laughter of those present. You can neither retort rudeness when it comes from such a quarter, nor resent an insult, without incurring the imputation of a sudden and captious temper. Your only refuge is, to adopt a forcible phrase of the vulgar, "to grin and bear it." You may resolve at the moment within yourself to cane the professed wit, the first time

you catch him alone; but, before long, you laugh at yourself for being angry with a fool—a Harlequin of society, who is suffered to cut up his antics, crack his traditionary jests, and even thrust his cap and bells into your face, exciting nothing less than a smile of derision.

Of those pretended votaries of Monus, there are many. They differ in kind and degree. Some are public, and they shine at great dinners; some are convivial, and they dazzle at small suppers; some are legal, and they coruscate in the courts; some are medical, and they make merry of disease and death; some are clerical, and they torture texts for the diversion of the brethren; and some are domestic, and they are excruciatingly funny about everything, and thought the world of at home, and abominated everywhere else—of whom, I have endeavored to describe a specimen under his accorded title, "The Wit of the Family."

SIN NO MORE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

A song of gratitude begin,
To praise the God who saves from sin;
Who marks the penitential tear,
And deigns the contrite sigh to hear.
Who whispers peace, when we our sins deplore,
"Thy God condemns thee not—offend no more."
But ah! such love can ne'er be sung,
Such boundless grace, by mortal tongue,
For e'en celestial minstrels deem
Their highest skill below the theme,
Yet mortals can with gratitude adore
The God who pardons all who "*sin no more.*"
Dear Lord, is this condition all,
To fight the foes that wrought our fall?
Thus armed with Hope, I'll quell a host,
Not let my heavenly seat be lost.
Oh, then repeat the sweet assurance o'er,
"Thy God will not condemn thee—sin no more."

THE NATURALIST:

OR, BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

As you pass along the wooded outskirts of the hamlet, notice, for a moment, that row of sullen, moody-looking birds, about twice the size of a common turkey. They are sitting on that old log, resting from their labors: labors that have quite overcome them, and have, in truth, incapacitated them for a flight above the wood. But in what have they been engaged? And why, as they sit thus leisurely, does not the sportsman make them his mark? They are a species of falcon or hawk, of a giant size, and are well known in some parts of our country, by the familiar cognomen of "Buzzards." Those who notice their habits, know that they soar in the air with a watchful but sluggish movement, over forest and field, passing without observing all the delightful perfumes of the blooming orchard and of the clovered meadow, deigning never to stoop to earth till they snuff the pestilential air of a dead and decaying animal, when they quickly alight upon the carrion and engorge their depraved appetites upon the revolting morsel. The fowling-piece seldom disturbs them, for they are utterly worthless, except for the filthy office which they occupy. They are Nature's feathered scavengers.

Analogous to this unlovely bird, is a character among men. Yes, such is he who loves to feast his imagination upon the vices of mankind, who stores in his mind nothing but the frailties of his fellow-beings, passes each amiable trait unnoticed, and pounces with the perverted taste of the turkey-buzzard, upon that only which is odious. His eye sees nothing but gloomy prospects, his ear listens only to hideous sounds, his olfactories perceive nothing but the inodorous. When a person of distinguished merit passes by, whose virtues obtrude themselves upon his consideration, he either detects something to find fault with,

or he allows Envy (which is rottenness to the bones,) to dispossess him of all the happiness he might otherwise feel in the advancement of a neighbor to a post of honor: and all the pleasure he might enjoy in the virtuous conduct or useful life of some worthy companion. And all this hatefulness of character, in the very height of its imperfection, is attained by the indulgence of an *uncharitable disposition.*

But let us return to the quiet portico of our own little cottage; and as we enjoy the retirement and shade of the fragrant honey-suckle, observe for a moment, that beautiful little thing that darts from flower to flower so quickly that we scarce can tell what it is. At one moment we declare it as a bee, but the next we are assured it is a bird. Yes, it is the very link between the insect and the feathered creation. Our Maker seems to have formed her to elicit admiration, and we know not which to dwell upon most, the prismatic colors of her plumage, the delicacy of her frame, or the agility of her movements. But there is more than *grace* in her action—there is *music* there. The rapid flapping of her tiny wing produces the sound from which she takes her name of Humming-bird.

But step this way—it is a digression from our subject—but only for a moment. Come close to the lilac-bush, raise yourself now on tiptoe—look down, just here. Peep into that thimble-like nest, see its miniature deposit of two little peas of eggs. We wonder how she hides her precious treasure from curious eyes, and from the crushing hand of wanton boys! But when we behold those tiny patches of green moss, the very color of the branch on which the nest hangs, so nicely thatching the whole of her paradise home, that the eye of the keenest is deceived, and few would take it for other than a clumsy knot, from whence a branch had some time since been broken, we admire her domestic economy and can scarce help exclaiming: "Little one, thou wast taught of thy Maker." But see her now, as she darts from flower to flower, and dips her needle-like beak into the very calyx of the deepest, and extracts from thence its sweetest nectar. She sees nothing but the beautiful, lives among life's odors, and tastes nothing but the *sweets* that this world affords. Beautiful Humming-bird! thou art a gem even among the handiwork of God! And such among human beings is he whose benevolent heart finds a ready excuse for the peccadilloes

and slips of his fellow-mortals. He takes *pleasure* in the amiability of this one, and *delights* in the noble generosity of the other. He sees and appreciates each excellence that adorns his companion, enjoys all that is good; and if forced at any time to notice something that looks like fallen nature, he hides with the mantle of that Heaven-born charity, which "covers a multitude of sins," the faults which pain him to his heart, and drive him, perchance, to his closet to petition for his friend the forgiveness of a long-suffering God. Reader, it is a trite old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together."

And where shall we find our companionship? With the Buzzard or the Humming-bird?—with the Censorious or the Charitable?

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

A FAMILY resembles at the same time a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it or the song of the feelings which streams through all parts and unites them together, which wreathes flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes "the bare hills of reality" with the greenness of hope—of this every heart knows. But the machinery, (without whose well-accompanied movements *l'opera della vita* is entirely unsupported,) many consider as unimportant and neglect it. And still this part of the plan of domestic life is not the *least* essential, for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery as with that of a clock. If the wheels, springs, &c., are in good order, the pendulum needs but a touch, and everything begins its proper motion. Everything goes on in order and quiet, as if of itself, and the golden bands of peace and prosperity point out all the hours upon its clear face.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I AM thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it,
With a green and leafy woof;
I am thinking of the lilac trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through our rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old grey rock that shadowed it,
And the pepper-mint below.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come,
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face
Has given it a power
To haunt me in my after life,
And be with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple-tree
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it,
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led,
Beneath its old green shade
Where the daisies and the butter-cups
A pleasant carpet made.

'Twas a rough old tree in spring-time,
When with a blustering sound,
The wind came hoarsely sweeping
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
'Till the sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together ·—

That patriarch old apple-tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife,
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
And circled into life;
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst o'er each rugged bough,
And amid the startling verdure,
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
When all the leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen.
When the bright translucent dew-drops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer time,
When cheerful sunlight wove,
Amid its thrifty leafiness,
A warm and glowing love;
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily,
To summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily,
To the green sward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple West
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,
That never seemed at rest;
When a cool and lulling melody,
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But, oh! the scene was glorious,
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there, above my valley home,
Came out the bow of Heaven;

And in its fitful brilliancy,
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of paradise,
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath
My constant visits made,
Between the dear old homestead,
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a tinkling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,
And dreamily would lie,
And watch the crimson twilight,
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird,
That haunted that old troe,
'Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name,
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence,
Dwelt on the changing skies,
'Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit-birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

THE SLANDERER.

Of all the ills, and maladies, and distempers, which "flesh is heir to," few indeed are so dangerous and deadly, and none so insidious as slander. The dark insinuation, the equivocal expression, the half-suppressed sentence, the low whisper—*these*, with their appropriate accompaniments of looks, winks, and nods, are the execrable weapons with which the quiet, smooth-tongued slanderer does his work of desolation and death. An unguarded expression often serves as a foundation for the most poisonous slanders.

Did he attack you openly, you could guard against the assaults, and if you should fall, fall fighting manfully in defence of your honor and reputation. But no! the blighting inuendo is passed from one to another, until the whole town is in possession of it, with all its snow-ball-like accumulation, and all the way along the blasting secret has traveled under the protection of confidential secresy, so that the injured, and perhaps ruined subject of the slanderer, is the last to have the doleful tidings sounded in his ears, and by this time the fatal stigma has fastened upon him with such weight of suspicion, that it may be impossible in a whole lifetime, to cast off effectually the foul assertion.

The *busy*, *meddling tattler* should have the brand of infamy burnt deep into his very forehead, and exposed to universal scorn; but idle curiosity and itching ears give support to the hateful serpent, and he is enabled to live on the vitals of virtuous society and luxuriate in the spoils of innocence. For the villain who seeks your life there is a gallows prepared, and standing up in *terorem;* for the thief who robs you of your property, a prison, a *penitentiary*, and the just execration of society; but the black-hearted moral cannibal who secretly blasts your reputation, the fabric of many years toil and virtue, a thousand times more valuable than property, and dearer than life itself, should be for ever discountenanced by the worthy and "pure in heart," and banished from the circles of a truth-loving community.

That vilest of *demons* smiles at the desolation wrought by the venom of his tongue, retains *his* rank in society. "Oh, tell it not in Gath, nor publish it through the streets of Askelon," and in many instances, unimpeached in his standing in the Church of Christ also. The murderer is a Christian, the foe a friend, the robber a saint, compared with the moral turpitude of the saintly-seeming slanderer, who, with the tongue of an angel, combines a heart as black as the smoke of perdition.

A HIDEOUS MONSTER.

There exists in society, a hideous monster known to all, though no one disturbs it. Its ravages are great, almost incalculable; it slays reputations, poisons, dishonors, and defiles the splendor of the most estimable form. It has no name, being a mere figure of speech, a very word. It is composed of but one phrase, and is called—*They say.* "Do you know such a one?" is often asked, and the person pointed out.

"No; but *they say* he has had strange adventures, and his family is very unhappy."

"Are you sure?"

"No; I know nothing about it. But *they say*—"

"This young woman, so beautiful, so brilliant, so much admired—do you know her?"

"No. *They say* it is not difficult to please her, and that more than one has done so?"

"But she appears so decent, so reserved."

"Certainly; but *they say*—"

"Do not trust that gentleman. Be on your guard—"

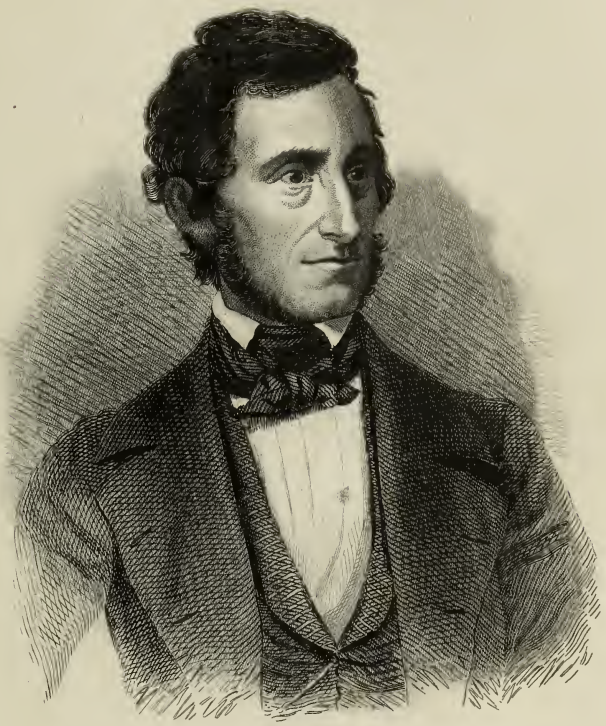
"Bah! his fortune is immense; see what an establishment he has."

"Yes! But *they say* he is very much involved."

"Do you know the fact?"

"Not I. *They say* though—"

This "*they say*," is heard in every relation of life. It is deadly, mortal, and not to be grasped. It goes hither and thither, strikes and kills manly honor, female virtue, without either sex being ever conscious of the injury done.



J. V. Headley

At length the foe turn to flight, with horror and amazement and panic fears, and mutual slaughter; wading through rivers of blood, and stumbling upon heaps of slain. Upon their broken rear, avenging Joshua hangs as a lion upon a retreating flock, and the shout of victory mingles with the screams of the vanquished, that roll headlong over hill and valley in a rout more dreadful and full of horror than when Napoleon fled from the Beresina, and left his famished myrmidons to perish in her icy waves or congeal to stone upon her marshy shores.

And now for a moment the hero pauses, while with hands lifted up to heaven he commands—"Sun! stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou moon in the vale of Aijalon!" The vanities of the heathen cannot hear them in the day of their calamity, but the worshipped orbs of heaven that they name Baal and Astarte, hear the voice of Jehovah's minister, and stand still for a whole day above the slaughter of their worshippers. Again the faithful armies sing "Hosannah to the Most High sacred inviolable Trinity!" and rush upon their foes to pile mountains of their slain around their gigantic leaders. From his holy place in the Shechinah's intolerable cloud above the Ark the Most High bares his red arm, and sends forth his thunderbolts in a storm of hail above the accursed fugitives. A tempest uproots the ancient oaks and rends both rocks and hills. The nations melt like wax before the fiery scourge, and encumber both hill and plain with the multitude of their slain. Earth reddens the white hailstones in her ooze of bloody water, and the rivers run purple between their banks to the sea, bearing along heaps of shields and heroes, and horses and chariots without number, upon their swollen floods.

Rahab now once more beholds with her own eyes how terrible is the Arm she has trusted, and that can never fail her in life or death. If a stain rests upon her former life, it is remembered no more. As the waters of her baptism before the Trinal Unity of Israel have wet her fair and honest brow, so the interior waters of regeneration have cleansed her spirit from all that can defile and delude her free soul

to all eternity. Become the spouse of Judah's mightiest and holiest patriarch, she beholds new signs and wonders wrought by faith against the foes of Israel. When the chosen armies cried out with defeat and dishonest wounds before Ai, she was there; and when Achan, with his whole race, perished for sacrilege in the valley of Achor, she was there. She beheld with fear when Victory returned to perch again upon their standard, and the devoted city blazed to heaven like a volcano from the sea. She heard with contempt when a hundred kings leagued to defend their towers from the insupportable advance of Israel; and now she exults over the bleeding remains of their once terrible array in Gibeon. She is present when the smoke of a hundred cities goes up to heaven, and the hosts of the confederate kings that remain melt like clouds over the land, at Makkedah, and Libnah, and Lachish, and Eglon, and Hebron, and Debir and Hazor by the waters of Merom, and over the whole land from Lebanon and Hermon, hoary with snow and ice in the midst of summer, to Beersheba and the river of Egypt, where caravans faint beneath the parching air, and from Gilead eastward beyond Jordan to the sea-shore, where the Philistine or the Sidonian towers hold the last remnant of the giant race reserved to shame when Samson with his single arm shall defy them all, and when Jesse's son shall give their flesh to be a prey for the devouring of ravenous birds.

Rahab has become the spouse of a prince, and sits honored among women, through the power of her faith and pious trust in the God of a foreign covenant. The poor inn-keeper of Jericho is become a princess, and her maternal arms embrace the heir of promise, whose future race shall "sit on thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel;" and last, Messiah shall come to fulfil in himself all the glory of the ancient covenant and the hope of the world.

But time spares not the venerable locks of the aged more than the purple bloom of the young. The longest and most honored life must come to a close; and the spirit of the just must rise in her brightness from the earth, smoking with blood, and change to a star in the firmament of God. Rahab

has lived to see what few have seen, and to rejoice with a joy experienced by but few among the most favored of our race. She has lived and acted in the midst of scenes that will never be repeated or forgotten, and shines as the fairest and brightest star of her time. But Rahab has not only lived by faith, for faith shall guide her beyond the grave. She too must depart, and men in their harsh dialect will call this death; though she will find it the only true life to leave this wearisome and pained flesh to sleep a long night in the grave, that her freed spirit may mix without reproof among the firstborn spirits of the world before the throne, and from the smile of Him who shall become God-Man from her race, drink everlasting joy.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

The twilight hour! I love it well,
When golden clouds enrobe the west;
It sheds around a holy spell,
And lulls the care-worn soul to rest.
As fades the sunlight from the hill,
When sleep steals o'er the eye of day,
So, at this tranquil hour and still,
So fade my gloomy thoughts away.

Oft as returns the twilight time,
And stars beam faintly in the sky,
A spirit from a fairer clime—
A loved and lost one hovers nigh.
That angel form, I see it then,
I listen to her hallowed prayer,
And all her words of love again
Fall softly on the evening air.

When blends the night with fading day,
How sweet the twilight's soothing power!
Ye sunlit hours, glide, glide away,
And bring that happier, holier hour.
The twilight hour! I love it well,
When painted clouds enrobe the west
It sheds around a holy spell,
And bids the care-worn spirit rest.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

I HAD a dream, a pleasant dream, for *thou* wert by my side,
In the flush of manly beauty, and in all thy strength and pride:
A healthy bloom was on thy cheek, a brightness in thine eye,
And I heard thy voice of melody come trembling softly by.

It was a dream—and yet methought I felt upon my brow
The pressure of thy gentle hand—I feel that pressure *now;*
But when I start with wild delight to fall upon they neck,
I stand all lone and desolate—to misery awake!

It seems but yesterday I stood a blest and happy bride,
And fondly gazed into thine eyes, and saw thy glance of pride.
We little thought how deep a night would close that cloudless day,
How soon thy gentle spirit, love, would rise and soar away!

I saw thee falling suddenly—they told me thou must die;
A death-like chill was on my heart, a tear within mine eye;
I bent above thy marble brow, and saw the paleness there,
And put the clustering ringlets back, in mute and dark despair.

Oh! none may know the agony that tore my bleeding heart,
When I pressed thy white and icy cheek, and saw thy life depart:
One look of love unspeakable beamed from thy dying eyes,
And then thy spirit freed from earth, had soared beyond the skies.

Oh! would that I might pierce the veil that hides the spirit-land,
And listen to the heavenly strains that flow beneath thy hand!
Oh! would that I might gaze upon the crown that gilds thy brow,
And see thy face all radiant with smiles of rapture now.

Within the green and silent grave they've laid thee down to rest,
With thy cold and marble fingers folded lightly on thy breast:
But thou ne'er shalt see the springing buds that blossom o'er thy brow,
For the flowers which never, never fade, are blooming round thee now.

ELEANOR NORWOOD.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY, AUTHOR OF "CONSTANCE LATIMER," ETC.

"Pause, heedless mortal, and reflect! This day—
This very hour—nay, yesterday, mayhap,
Thou mayst have done what cannot be recalled,
And steeped thy future years in darkest night.
Some trivial act or word, now quite forgot,
May have impelled the iron wheels of fate,
Which onward roll to crush thee in their course."

One of the most beautiful of the many lovely villages which lie within the foldings of the Connecticut river, is Elmsdale. Occupying a small peninsula, around which the stream winds so closely that at the first view it seems entirely separated from the main land, and lying aside from the high-road which traverses the valley of the Connecticut, Elmsdale is one of the most quiet and sequestered spots to be found in New-England. Like most places which offer no inducement to the spirit of speculation, the village is inhabited chiefly by the descendants of those who had first settled there. The old men have been companions in boyhood, and have sported in the same fields which now echo to the merry shouts of their grandchildren. The most of them still cultivate the farms which belonged to their forefathers, and even the adventurous few who have been tempted to go out into the world beyond, usually return to finish their days on their native soil.

The arrival of a stranger in a retired village is always a subject of curiosity and interest; but in a place like Elmsdale, where everybody knew his neighbor, such an unusual event excited special attention. When, therefore, it was known throughout the hamlet that a strange lady had come to pass the summer with old farmer Moody, all the gossips

were on the alert to find out who she could be. But they derived little satisfaction from their skilful questioning of the farmer; all he knew was soon told. The lady was traveling for health, and having been pleased with the situation of his comfortable abode, had applied to be received as a boarder during the summer months, offering to pay liberally in advance. Her evident ill-health, her gentle manners, and the temptation of her ready gold, prevailed on the thrifty farmer to assent, and the stranger took possession of a neat chamber in his pleasant cottage.

Close to the bank of the river, on a little eminence commanding a view of the country around Elmsdale, stood a singularly constructed stone building which had long been unoccupied and deserted. Its original owner and projector was a man of singular habits, whose eccentricity had been universally regarded as a species of harmless insanity. Rich and childless, he had erected this mansion according to his own ideas of Gothic architecture, and nothing could be more grotesque than its whole appearance. It soon obtained the appellation of "Hopeton's Folly;" and though he whose name it bore had long since occupied a narrower house in the silent land, and the property had passed into other hands, the deserted mansion was still known by the same title. Great was the surprise of the villagers when it was known that the strange lady had become the purchaser of Hopeton's Folly, and that in future she would reside permanently in Elmsdale. Curiosity was newly awakened, and every body was desirous to know something about one who seemed so unprotected and solitary. But there was a quiet dignity in her manners which rebuked and disconcerted impertinent inquiry, while all efforts to draw some information from her single attendant—an elderly sedate woman, who seemed to hold a middle rank between companion and servant—were equally unsuccessful.

"Has Mrs. Norwood been long a widow?" asked a pertinacious newsmonger, who kept the only thread and needle shop in the place, and therefore had a fine opportunity of gratifying her gossipping propensities.

"It is now nearly two years since she lost her husband," was the reply of the discreet woman, who was busily employed in selecting some tape and pins.

"Only two years, and she has already laid aside her mourning!" exclaimed the shopkeeper; "but I suppose that is an English fashion?"

The woman made no reply, and, consequently, the next day, all the village was given to understand that Mrs. Norwood's *help* had told Miss Debby Tattle that Mrs. Norwood was a very rich widow who had just arrived from England. This was all that Miss Debby's ingenuity could make out of the scanty materials which she had been able to obtain, and with this meagre account people were obliged to be satisfied.

Mrs. Norwood was one of those quiet, gentle beings, who, though little calculated to excite a sudden prepossession, always awakened a deep and lasting interest. Her age might have been about eight and twenty; but the ravages of illness, and, perhaps, the touch of a still more cruel destroyer, had given a melancholy expression to her countenance, and a degree of gravity to her manners, which made her seem older. Her features, still classically beautiful, were attenuated and sharpened, her complexion was pale almost to ghastliness, and her thin, flexible lips were perfectly colorless. But she possessed one charm which neither time nor disease could spoil. Her eyes—those dark, soft, lustrous eyes, with their veined and fringed lids, beautiful alike when the full orbs were veiled beneath their shadowy lashes, or when their beaming light turned full upon an object of regard—were the most distinguishing trait in Mrs. Norwood's countenance. No one dreamed of calling her beautiful, but all noticed the grace of her tall and slightly bending figure, her courteous and lady-like manners, her low, sweet voice, and the touching air of melancholy which seemed to characterize her every movement.

Under the direction of its new mistress, Hopeton's Folly was now fitted up with a degree of neatness and comfort which it had seemed scarcely capable of assuming. Furni-

ture, plain but costly, was brought from a distant town; the grounds were laid out with a view to elegance rather than mere usefulness; and, in short, money and good taste soon converted the desolate spot into a little paradise of beauty. The neighbors, who, with the kindness which generally prevails in every place where fashion has not destroyed social feeling, had been ready to afford Mrs. Norwood every assistance in the completion of her plans, became now equally ready to share her hospitality—and, for a time, the newly-arranged mansion was always full of well-disposed but ill-judging visiters. But Mrs. Norwood's health was soon made the plea for discountenancing all such attentions on the part of the village gossips. Always courteous and hospitable, she yet declined all visitations to the frequent "hot water conventions," or "tea drinkings," which constituted the chief amusement of the place, while she managed to keep alive the good feelings of her new associates by many acts of unostentatious charity. Simple in her daily habits, benevolent in her impulses, yet retiring and reserved in her manners, Mrs. Norwood made her faithful old servant the almoner of her bounties, while the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful were never refused admission to her presence. Her regular attendance on the public duties of religion, in the only church which Elmsdale could then boast, had tended to establish her character for respectability in a community so eminently moral and pious; and when it was known that the pastor—whose rigid ideas of propriety were no secret—had become a frequent visiter at Hopeton's Folly, no doubt remained as to Mrs. Norwood's virtues and claims upon general sympathy.

Mr. Allston, who for some ten years had presided over the single church in a place which had fortunately escaped the curse of sectarianism, was a man as remarkable in character as he was peculiar in habit. A close and unwearied student, ascetic in his daily life, and an enthusiast in his profession, he was almost idolized by his people, who regarded him as a being of the most saint-like character. Indeed, if self-denial could afford a title to canonization, he was fully

competent to sustain the claim; but such is the inconsistency of human judgment, that Mr. Allston owed his high reputation to a belief in his stoical indifference to earthly temptations; and much of his influence would have been diminished, if it had been suspected that resistance to evil ever cost him a single effort. The truth was, that nature had made Allston a voluptuary, but religion had transformed him into an ascetic. He had set out in life with an eager thirst after all its pleasures, but he had been stayed in the very outset of his career by the reproaches of an awakened conscience. Violent in all his impulses, and ever in extremes, he had devoted himself to the gospel ministry because the keen goadings of repentance urged him to offer the greatest sacrifice in his power as atonement for past sins. But he had experienced all the trials which await those who, when gathering the manna from heaven, still remember the savory fleshpots of Egypt. His life was a perpetual conflict between passion and principle, and though his earthly nature rarely obtained the mastery, yet the necessity for such unwearied watchfulness had given a peculiar tone of severity to his manners. Like many persons of similar zeal, Allston had committed the error of confounding the *affections* with the *passions* of human nature, and believing all earthly ties to be but fetters on the wings of the soul, he carefully avoided all temptation to assume such bonds. His religion was one of fear rather than of love, and, forgetting that He who placed man in a world of beauty and delight has said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," he made existence only a protracted scene of self-devotion and privation. A superstitious dread of yielding even to the most innocent impulses had induced him to suppress every feeling of his ardent and excitable nature. He had turned from the face of beauty and the voice of love with the same dread as would have induced him to eschew the temptation of the gambling-table and the wine-cup; and his thirtieth summer found him still a solitary student by the fireside of his widowed mother. His fine talents as a preacher, his powers of persuasion, his thrilling eloquence, aided by the example of his own habits of life,

had produced a great effect in the community where he had been called to minister in holy things. The church was in a most flourishing condition; numbers had been united to it, and the influence of the pastor over the minds of all, but especially those of the young, was almost unbounded. Is it strange, therefore, that spiritual pride should have grown up in the heart of the isolated student, and twined its parasitic foliage around many a hardy plant of grace and goodness? Is it to be wondered at if Charles Allston at length indulged the fancy that he had been set apart as one chosen for a high and holy work—that he was destined to be one of the "vessels of honor," of whom St. Paul has spoken—and that nothing now could sully the spotless garments in which his self-denial had clothed him?

Mrs. Allston had been among the first to welcome the sick stranger to Elmsdale; and, pleased with the gentle grace which characterized her manners, had lavished upon her every kindness. Mrs. Norwood was grateful for her attentions, and seemed happy to find a friend whose mature age and experience could afford her counsel and sympathy. This feeling of child-like dependence on the one hand, and matronly affection on the other, was growing up between them, and served to establish a closer intimacy than at first might have appeared natural to persons so entirely unlike in character. Mrs. Allston was a woman of unpretending good sense and plain education, whose rustic habits and utter indifference to etiquette made her appear very different from the languid invalid whose elegant manners and refined language marked her cultivation rather than her strength of mind. But "accident," and "the strong necessity of loving," may often account for friendships as well as loves, and this world would be a sad desert of lonely hearts, if we could only attach ourselves to our own counterparts. No one could know Mrs. Norwood intimately, without being irresistibly attracted towards a character of such singular sensitiveness and amiability. She seemed like one in whom the elements of strength had been slowly and gradually evolved by circumstances—for, though her disposition was by nature yield-

ing and dependent, yet her habits of thought and action were full of decision and firmness. Gentle and feminine in her feelings, reserved and quiet in her demeanor, she appeared to a careless observer merely as the dignified and discreet, because unprotected woman. But one who looked beneath the calm surface, might have found a deep, strong undercurrent of feeling. Heart-sickness, rather than bodily disease, had been at work with her, and the blight which had passed over her young beauty, was but a type of that which had checked the growth of her warm affections.

Whatever might have been Mrs. Norwood's feelings when she first took possession of her new abode, she certainly seemed both healthier and happier after a year's sojourn in Elmsdale. A faint color returned to her thin cheek, a smile, bright and transient as an April sunbeam, often lit up her fine face, her features lost much of their sharpness of outline, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the feeble, drooping invalid was transformed by the renovating touch of health into the lovely and elegant woman. Yet the same pensiveness characterized her usual manner—the same reluctance to mingle in society was evident in her daily intercourse with her neighbors; and to a stranger she might still seem to be mourning over the memory of a buried affection. But Mrs. Allston and her son alone knew better. They alone knew that affection had been crushed in its very bud by unkindness and neglect; they alone believed that the widow had found death one of the best of friends, when he relieved her from the intolerable bondage of domestic tyranny. Not that Mrs. Norwood had ever confided to them her former history; for the slightest question which had reference to the past, always seemed to give her exquisite pain; but a casual remark, a trifling hint, a passing allusion, uttered in the confidence of friendship, had led them to form such conclusions.

Allston had at first regarded the stranger merely as another member added to his flock—another soul for which he must hereafter be responsible: but a closer acquaintance with her, awakened a much stronger interest in his mind. He fancied that her character bore a wonderful resemblance to his own.

He thought he beheld in her the same secret control over strong emotions, the same silent devotion to deep-felt duties, the same earnest enthusiasm in religion, the same abstraction from worldly pleasures, as had long been the leading traits in his character. He believed that the difference of sex and her early sorrow might account for the diversities which existed between them; and, actuated by the belief that he was an instrument in the hands of a higher Power, who had destined him for some great and glorious work, he persuaded himself that Providence had placed her in his path, and pointed her out to him, by a mysterious sympathy, as his companion and fellow-laborer in his future duties. Had he not been blinded by the self-reliance which had taken the place of his wonted watchfulness, the very strength of his feelings would have led him to distrust their propriety. But habit had rendered all his ordinary practise of self-denial so easy to him, that he fancied himself quite superior to mere earthly temptation, and therefore he was disposed to regard his present excitement rather as a manifestation of the will of Heaven than as an impulse of natural affection. It cost him much thought and many severe conflicts with his doubts and his zeal, ere he could decide upon the course he should pursue. Determined not to listen to the voice of passion, but to be governed entirely by a sense of duty, he condemned himself to a rigorous fast of three days, in the firm belief that he should receive some expression of the Divine Will. In the deep sleep of exhaustion which fell upon him during the third night, Mrs. Norwood appeared before him in a dream, wearing shining garments, and smiling with an expression of perfect beatitude. This was enough for the wild enthusiast. From that moment he placed no restraint upon the promptings of his heart, but, considering her as one peculiarly marked out for the same high destiny as himself, he poured out all the fulness of his long-hoarded affections at her feet

Lonely, desolate and sorrowful, Mrs. Norwood was almost bewildered by the sudden light which seemed to break in upon her when she thus found herself the object of true tenderness. She had long admired the genius of Mr. Allston,

and her romantic temperament peculiarly fitted her to appreciate the peculiarities of his enthusiastic zeal. She had looked up to him as one as far above her in his unworldly sanctity, as in his gifted intellect—and thus to find herself the chosen of a heart which had heretofore rejected earth's sweetest gifts of tenderness, was most unlooked-for happiness. She soon learned to love him with a depth and fervor which surprised even herself; yet she had suffered so much in early life, that the presence of hope was now welcomed with tearful distrust. She dreaded rather than anticipated the future, and while listening to the wrapt eloquence of her lover, who seemed to spiritualize the impassioned language of affection, she could not but tremble to think what a blank life would be, if this new-found bliss were suddenly extinguished. The peculiar tone of Allston's mind was never more distinctly displayed than in his courtship. Of love he never spoke, but he dwelt on the high and mystical dreams which had charmed his solitude; he pictured passion under the garb of pure devotion, and attired human affections in the robes of immaculate purity, until he had completely bewildered himself in the mazes of his own labyrinth of fancies. At length the decisive moment came—and, in a manner equally characteristic and unusual, Allston asked Mrs. Norwood to become his wife. He was scarcely prepared for her excessive agitation, and still less for her indefinite reply.

"It shall be for you to decide, Mr. Allston," said the gentle widow, as she struggled with her tears: "I will not pretend to have misunderstood your feelings towards me, nor will I attempt to conceal the fact that to your proffered affection I owe the first gleam of happiness which has visited my weary heart since the days of childhood. But I have deceived you—and I cannot accept your hand while you remain ignorant of the events of my early life. Some months since, I wrote what I cannot bring my lips to utter, and you will find in this manuscript all you ought to know. Judge not too hardly of my concealment: my only error has been silence on a subject with which the world had nought to do, and this, I trust, your heart will not visit with too severe a punishment."

Allston took the papers, and, silent and dismayed, hurried to the seclusion of his study. Dreading some evil, though he knew not what shape it might assume, he broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Left an orphan at a very early age, my first recollections are those of school life. My parents, who were residents though not natives of the Island of Jamaica, sent me to England for my education, and, dying soon after my departure, I became the ward of my mother's cousin, a gay and dissipated bachelor, whose house offered not a proper home to a young girl. I was the heiress to great wealth, but was, at the same time, a homeless and desolate child, who might well have envied the privileges of domestic affection which are enjoyed by the offspring of poverty. My wealth procured me respect and consideration among my teachers and a few interested school-fellows, while it purchased for me exemption from much of the discipline of the school, as well as from many of the studies which I wished to avoid. I was therefore little likely to profit by the advantages of my position in life, while its disadvantages were in my case greatly multiplied. I was a wayward, wilful, warm-hearted child, full of impulsive affections, but irritable in temper, and, though perfectly docile to the law of kindness, utterly beyond the subjugation of severity. Frank and confiding in my disposition, I was easily led to place confidence in those who treated me with a semblance of affection; and the sense of loneliness which oppressed my heart, even in childhood, led me rather to seek for the friendship of those by whom I was surrounded, while the romance which shows itself in a greater or less degree in the developing character of every schoolgirl, assumed in me the form of a morbid desire to inspire affection in those whom Providence had placed around me, to fill the places of parents, and brothers and sisters, to my desolate life.

"I was in my fifteenth year, full of exaggerated sensibility, and just beginning to model my dreams of future happiness after the standard afforded by my favorite novels, when a circumstance, apparently of trivial moment, occurred to sha

dow my whole life with sorrow. The only accomplishment in which I made any decided progress was that of drawing, and in this I had early exhibited both taste and skill. Our drawing-master—an old and wily Italian—requested permission to introduce his nephew, who could materially aid him in instructing us to sketch from nature; and, as it involved our schoolmistress in no additional expense, she readily assented. Our new teacher was accordingly introduced to us under the name of Signior Baldini, but it needed scarcely one look to make us doubt his relationship to the old man, for his florid complexion, blond hair, and blue eyes bore little resemblance to the dark countenance and classical features of the fine Italian face. Those of us who were novel readers immediately fancied that we could detect beneath this humble disguise some noble heir or enamored youth who sought to obtain access to a ladye-love immured within the walls of our school. Our young and glowing hearts, full of passions which had been prematurely developed by the mischievous tenor of our stolen reading, and ready to welcome any thing which might give occupation to their restlessness, were quickly excited in favor of the new comer. Our sketching from nature required us to take many walks in the vicinity, and, though we were never unaccompanied by one of the female teachers, yet a thousand opportunities for forming an imprudent intimacy occurred during these excursions. I soon found, however, that the attentions of Signior Baldini were especially directed to me; and the vanity of my sex, as well as my own excited fancy, led me to encourage rather than repulse his proffered advances. I cannot recall all the details of the vile conspiracy to which I fell a victim. Imagine a child of fifteen summers subjected to the arts of a man more than twice her age—a man who had studied human nature in its worst forms, and therefore well knew how to take advantage of its slightest tendency to error—a man whose talents enabled him to conceal the heart of a demon beneath the features of a demigod. Imagine the effect of these arts upon a sensitive and romantic girl, a lonely and orphaned creature who was yearning for the voice of affec-

tion, and weaving many a beautiful fancy of future happiness, to be found only in reciprocal affection, and you will anticipate the result.

"A well-invented story of high birth, unmerited misfortunes, and a long-cherished passion for me, awakened my sympathy, and I soon imagined that nothing could repay my lover's tenderness but the bestowal of my hand and fortune. I fancied myself deeply and devotedly attached to one who had submitted to the degradation of disguise for my sake; and, on the day when I attained my sixteenth year, I eloped with my lover, who now dropped his assumed title and adopted his true name of Wallingford. As my guardian was at that time in Paris, we met with no molestation, and were privately married in London, where we had decided to take up our abode. I afterwards learned that those of my teachers who had been parties to the plot were well paid for their services, while the only real sufferer was the principal of the establishment, who had been kept in total ignorance of the scheme, and whose dignified sense of propriety was shocked at having such a stigma affixed to her school. When my guardian returned, he read me a lecture on my imprudence, and tried to satisfy his conscience for past neglect, by refusing to allow me more than a mere maintenance until I should attain my majority. To this, however, I refused submission, and the matter was finally compromised in a manner quite satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Wallingford immediately engaged elegant lodgings, and we commenced living in a style better suited to my future fortune than to my actual income.

"My heart sickens when I look back to the weary years which succeeded my imprudent marriage. As time matured my judgment, I was pained by the discovery of many weaknesses and faults in my husband, to which I would willingly have remained blind. Yet the discovery of these did not impair the simple, child-like affection with which I regarded the only being on earth to whom I was bound by any ties. I clung to him as the only one in the wide world whom I was permitted to love; and it required but little effort on his

part to have strengthened my girlish fondness into the lasting fervor of womanly tenderness. While yet I remained in my minority, Mr. Wallingford treated me with some show of consideration. Fitful gleams of kindness, transient visitings of former fondness, glimpses of the better nature which had been so perverted by evil habits, and endearments still bestowed in moments of persuasion, linked my heart to the ideal which I had enshrined in his image. But no sooner was I put in possession of my fortune, than he threw off the mask entirely. I was too much in his power to render any further concealment necessary, and he now appeared before me in all the true deformity of his character. Dissipated in his habits, coarse in his feelings, low in his pursuits and pleasures, he had only sought me for the wealth which could minister to his depravity.

"I will not pain you by a detail of the petty tyranny to which I was now subjected. My impetuous temper was at first aroused, but, alas ! it was soon subdued by frightful severity. Indifference, neglect, intemperance, infidelity, nay, even personal ill-treatment, which left the discolored badge of slavery upon my flesh for days and weeks, were now my only portion. Broken in health and in spirit, I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, and I verily believe my husband sought to aid my wishes by his cruel conduct. But the crushed worm was at length compelled to turn upon the foot which trampled it. I was driven from my home—a home which my wealth had furnished with all the appliances of taste and elegance—and placed in a farm-house at some distance from London, while a vile woman, whose name was but another word for pollution, ruled over my house. To increase the horrors of my situation, I learned that Wallingford was taking measures to prove me insane, and thus rid himself of my presence, while he secured the guardianship of my person and property. This last injury aroused all the latent strength of my nature. Hitherto I had been like a child brought up in servitude and crouching beneath the master's blow, but I was now suddenly transformed into the indignant and energetic woman.

"Alone and unaided I determined to appeal to the laws of the land for redress—and prudence directed me to men as wise as they were virtuous, who readily undertook my cause. Wallingford was startled at my sudden rebellion, but he was never unprepared for deeds of evil. My servants were suborned, papers were forged, falsehoods were blazoned abroad, all the idle gossip which had floated for its passing moment on the breath of scandal, like the winged seed of some noxious plant on the summer breeze, was carefully treasured; and every thing that power could effect, was tried, to make me appear degraded in character and imbecile in mind. The circumstances attending my marriage—my first fatal error, committed at the suggestion and under the influence of him who now adduced it as proof of my weakness—was one of the evidences of my unworthiness, while the utterings of a goaded spirit and the wild anguish of a breaking heart were repeated as the language of insanity. But for once justice and equity triumphed over the quibbles of the law. The decree of the highest court in the realm released me from my heavy bondage. A conditional divorce, which allowed me full power to marry again, but restrained my husband from such a privilege, in consequence of his well-attested cruelty and ill-treatment, was the result of our protracted and painful law-suit. My fortune—sadly wasted and diminished—was placed in the hands of trustees for my sole benefit, and I immediately settled upon Wallingford a sum sufficient to place him far above want, upon the sole condition that he never intruded himself into my presence.

"After these arrangements were completed, I determined to put the ocean between me and my persecutor. On my twenty-sixth birthday—just ten years from the day which saw me a bride—I landed in America. Alas! how changed were all my prospects, how altered all my feelings! I was still in the prime of life, but hope and joy and all the sweet influences of affection were lost to me forever; and, after wandering from place to place, I finally took up my abode in Elmsdale, rather from a sense of utter weariness than from any anticipation of peace. I little knew that Providence

had prepared for me so sweet a rest after all my sufferings. I little knew that peace and hope, aye, and even happiness, were yet in store for me. Resigning a name to which I had no longer any claim, I resumed my family name of Norwood, and sought to appear in society as the widowed rather than as the divorced wife. I have thus avoided painful remarks and impertinent questionings, while I was enabled to secure for myself a quiet retreat from the turmoil of the world. Perhaps to you, Charles Allston, I ought to have been more frank—but surely you cannot blame me from shrinking from the disclosure of such bitter and degrading memories. You have now learned all my early history—you have seen my error, and you have traced its punishment—let me now unfold the page which can reveal the present.

"A fancy, light as the gossamer which the wind drives on its wing, first led to my marriage. I was a child in heart and mind and person, when I became the victim of arts which might have misled a wiser head and a less susceptible heart. Left to myself, I should probably have forgotten my first love fancy even as one of the thousand dreams which haunt the brain of youth. But if, after my marriage, I had experienced kindness and tenderness from my husband, the feeling would have deepened into earnest and life-long affection, instead of curdling into hatred and contempt within my bosom. The love of my girlhood was blighted even as a flower which blossoms out of time, and loneliness has hitherto been my lot through life. Will you deem me too bold, my friend, if I tell you that from you I have learned my first lesson in womanly duty? Till I knew you, I dreamed not of the power of a fervent and true passion—till I beheld you, I believed my heart was cold and dead to all such gentle impulses. You have taught me that happiness may yet be found even for me. In loving you, I am but doing homage to virtue and wisdom and piety—in bowing down before your image, I am but worshipping the noblest attributes of human nature enshrined within your heart. I dared not pour out the fullness of my joy until I had told you my sad tale; but now that you know all—now that no

shadow of distrust can fall upon the sunshine of the future, come to me, and assure me with your own dear voice that my troubled dream is now forever past, and that the dawn of happiness is breaking upon my weary heart!"

To comprehend the full effect of this letter on Charles Allston—the peculiarity of his character—his strict ideas of duty—his devotion to his holy calling—his shrinking dread of anything which could, by any possibility, tend to diminish his influence over the consciences of his flock—and his long-cherished dread of self-indulgence—must ever be borne in mind. He had loved Eleanor Norwood with a fervor startling even to himself, and, according to his usual distrustful habits of thought, he had feared lest the very intensity of his feelings was a proof of their sinfulness. Accustomed to consider every thing as wrong which was peculiarly gratifying to himself—measuring by the amount of every enjoyment the extent of its wickedness—restraining the most innocent impulses because he conceived heaven could only be won by continual sacrifices—he had shrunk in fear and trembling at his own temerity when his overmastering passion led him to pour forth his feelings to the object of his love. He had retired to his apartment in a state of pitiable agitation, and, while he awaited Mrs. Norwood's reply with hope, he yet half repented of his proffered suit, lest there should have been too much of the leaven of mere earthly tenderness in the bosom which had vowed to forsake all its idols. This letter therefore produced a terrible revulsion in his feelings. His rigid sense of duty, and his adherence to divine rather than to human laws, compelled him to behold in Eleanor Norwood only the wife of another. Vile and unworthy as Wallingford might be, he was to Allston's view still the husband; and though the tie might be loosened by the hand of man, it could only be entirely severed by the will of God. All the sternness of that long-practiced asceticism which had given Allston such a twofold character, was called forth by the thought of the sin he had so nearly committed. The wild enthusiasm of his nature led him to re-

gard Mrs. Norwood as a temptress sent to try the strength of his self-denying piety. He remembered the tale of the hermit, who for forty years abode in the wilderness, sinless in thought and in deed, while he kept his eye ever fixed upon the cross; but the moment of wavering came—the holy eremite turned his gaze for one single instant from the symbol, and Satan, who had long watched in vain, obtained the mastery over *him* whose life-long piety had not availed against a moment's weakness. Allston shuddered as his busy fancy suggested the parallel between the monkish legend and his own present feelings. The thought of the disgrace which would attend him who, while reproving sin in others, could be accused of cherishing it in his own household—of the judgment which would fall upon him who should dare to minister to the people in holy things, while he bore the marks of a deadly leprosy within his own bosom, until at length the spiritual pride, which was in truth his besetting sin, subdued all lighter emotions.

That evening Mrs. Norwood sat in her quiet room, with the light of a shaded lamp falling upon the gentle beauty of a face now lighted up with hope, and which, but for the restless and hurried glance which was occasionally turned upon the quaintly-fashioned clock, might have seemed the picture of placid happiness. A soft glow flushed her cheek, her eyes were full of radiance, and, as she raised her head in the attitude of a listener, a smile of almost child-like joyousness parted her flexible lips. A step resounded on the gravel-walk without. Her first impulse led her to spring forward to welcome the expected visitant, but womanly pride checked her in mid-career, and she yet stood in half uncertainty, when the door opened to admit a servant, who handed her a small parcel. Her cheek grew ashy pale as she broke the seal. A paper dropped from the envelope—it was her own letter to Allston; and she sank into a chair as she unfolded the note which accompanied it. Written in Allston's hand, yet so blotted, and traced in such irregular characters, that the agitation of the writer might well be divined, were these words:

"I will not express the agony of mind with which I have perused the enclosed papers. I have been tried almost beyond my strength, but I have been mercifully spared the commission of a crime at which my soul shudders. I will not upbraid you, madam, for your cruel concealment; your own conscience will be your accuser, and it will not fail to remind you that your deception has nearly hurled me from an eminence which it has been the labor of my life to reach. But you have been only an instrument in the hands of a higher Power. I fancied myself superior to temptation, and God has sent you to teach me the necessity of closer watchfulness over my still frail nature. Eleanor Norwood, I have loved you as I never loved earthly creature before, but sooner would I suffer the keenest pangs of that chronic heartbreak, to which the martyrdom of the pile and faggot is but pastime, than take to my arms the wife of a living husband. You have made me wretched, but you cannot make me criminal. Henceforth we meet no more on earth, for I have vowed to tear your image from my heart, though even now every fibre bleeds at the rude sundering of such close-knit ties. Receive my forgiveness and my farewell."

When Mrs. Norwood's faithful old servant entered the room, about an hour after the receipt of this letter, she found her mistress lying senseless on the floor. Suspecting something like the truth, the woman prudently gathered up the papers from view, and then summoned assistance. Mrs. Norwood was carried to her apartment, and medical aid was immediately procured. The physician pronounced her to be suffering from strong nervous excitement; and, after giving her a sleeping-draught, prescribed perfect quiet for the next few days. But ere morning she was in a state of delirium, and fears were entertained for her intellect if not for her life. Several days passed in great uncertainty, but at length hope revived, and Mrs. Norwood once more awoke to consciousness. Feeble as an infant, however, she required great care to raise her from the brink of the grave; and the springs of life, so sadly shattered by long-continued sorrow, were now

in danger of being broken by a single stroke. Disease seemed undetermined in its final attack, and at length assumed the form under which it most frequently assists the insidious labors of secret sorrow. A hectic cough now racked her feeble frame, and it was evident that consumption would soon claim another victim. Just at this time, a letter, sealed with black, was forwarded to Mrs. Norwood's address; and, after being withheld from her several weeks, by advice of her physician, was finally given to her, because all hope of prolonging her life was at an end. The perusal of this letter seemed rather to soothe than to excite the sinking invalid. "It comes too late," was her only exclamation as she deposited it in a little cabinet which stood beside her bed—and from that moment she made no allusion to its contents.

It was remarked in the village, that Mr. Allston had become excessively severe in his denunciations of error, while his habits had become more rigid and reserved than ever. His former persuasive eloquence had given place to violent and bitter revilings of sin, while those who applied to him for religious consolation were terrified rather than attracted by the threatenings of the fiery zealot. Once only did he seem moved by gentler feelings. An aged clergyman, who occasionally visited him from a distant town, was summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Norwood; and, when he returned to Mr. Allston's study, he feelingly described the bodily pangs and angelic patience of the gentle sufferer. The frame of the stern man shook as he listened, and tears—such tears as sear rather than elevate the heart—fell from his eyes. It was one of the last struggles of human feeling in the breast of one who vainly fancied himself marked out for a higher than human destiny; one more was yet to come, and then earth held no claim upon his heart.

It was not long delayed, for the time soon arrived when the bell tolled for her whose sorrowful life and early death had been the penalty of a single error. Allston stood beside the coffin, and saw within its deep shadow the pale and stony features of the being whom he had loved; and even while his heart smote him as the shortener of her brief and melan-

choly span of life, he yet nerved himself with the high, stern resolve of one who suffers in the cause of duty. With that cold brow beneath his gaze, he poured forth, from the depths of an agonized heart, a prayer whose solemn eloquence thrilled every listener like a voice from the grave. No sound escaped his lips as the clods of the valley fell rattling on the coffin-lid which shrouded the heart so sorely tried in life; but, in the deep midnight, groans and bitter cries, which rived his stern bosom, were heard issuing from the pastor's lonely closet.

Mrs. Norwood's old servant inherited the property in Elmsdale; and one of her first duties was to place in Mr. Allston's hands the cabinet which she said her mistress had requested might be given him after her death. It contained only Mrs. Norwood's letter and her lover's reply, together with a *third*, in an unknown hand, bearing a black seal. This last was dated *some months earlier* than the others, and contained the tidings of Mr. Wallingford's death! He had fallen a victim to his own misdeeds in Italy; and at the moment when Allston had considered himself the subject of a temptation intended to try his strength, the divorced wife was in reality free from every shadow of a tie.

Why had she not disclosed these tidings to her scrupulous lover? Ask, rather, why she who had twice suffered from man's wayward nature, and who had escaped from the *vices* of one only to perish by the too rigid *virtues* of another, should place trust in any earthly affection? Sick of life, hopeless of future peace, sinking under a fatal disease, she had taken a lesson from the inferior creation:

> "Mute
> The camel labors with the heaviest load,
> And the wolf dies in silence."

We conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them, and our cowardice makes most of the impossibilities we fear.

G Staal J Bannister

JUDITH.

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BY THE EDITOR.

For two hundred and forty years has the kingdom of Judah been tottering to its fall since the infatuated son of Johosaphat wedded the daughter of Jezebel, and thus accelerated the downfall of Sion's glory; commencing indeed when the son of Bathsheba reared altars to the Gods of his alien wives in Jerusalem, while centuries must pass ere the Divine Mercy grow weary and give over the people of his choice to captivity and chains. Vain has been proved the expurgating sword of Nimshi's son, or the guards of the temple, when Ahaziah and his detested mother fell; vain the pious and paternal care of Jehoiada, as Pontiff, over the youthful grandson of Athaliah; vain also has proved the righteous rule of Amaziah and his son; vain also the piety of Hezekiah, for whose sake the stars have once rolled backward in heaven, and avenging angels have arrayed themselves in the simoon's blast to destroy the presumptuous armory of Sennacherib. Manasseh has caused the idols of heathen superstition to stand again even in the temple itself, and the streets of the holy city have run down with the blood of saints and prophets through twenty years. The princely son of Amoz they have sawed asunder with a saw of wood; and there has been nothing but violence, outrage, pollution, and murder, where of old time gathered the myriads of Israel to their solemn feasts, and rejoiced in peace and plenty before the God of their covenant in his temple. At length the Assyrians receive permission to scourge once more the sons

of Abraham, and the holy city is given up to pillage and slaughter from her foes. The royal debauchee that has renewed the murderous frenzy of the house of Ahab against the saints, has also fallen into a miserable captivity, and at length returned, upon his repentance, to amend his wrongs and purify the holy places from all the abominations of his idols. But his heathenish son again overturns his reforms, and renews the corruptions of Gods worse than they that received homage in Gomorrah and Zeboim. Then his two years of misrule end in assassination; and the minority of his pious son leaves the kingdom enfeebled, to be the prey alike of domestic factions and external violence, while no strong hand is stretched out over the land to compel obedience to the laws, and affray afar off the insolence of foreign powers.

It is in such a time as this that the tyrannies of the earth earn eternal renown by subduing nations rendered cowardly by vice. And now one more of those purple absurdities that men name heroes comes to signalize his valor by warring upon the distracted state of Judah with all the forces of the east. He has made war upon Lydian Phraortes, lately rendered famous for the magnificence of his defences in Ecbatana; and, with the usual pride of eastern kings, sent requisitions for help over the whole world, that all men may know how great is "the great king, the king of Assyria." Treated on all hands with contempt, he resolves upon revenge; and no sooner has the Lydian fallen by doom of battle on the plains of Ragau, than he sends infinite hosts under his insolent leader Holofernes to depopulate all lands, and earn him a name among the chief pests that have ever laid waste the earth with fire and sword.

It is a time of anarchy and misrule in Judah, and the people of each city are left as best they may to provide themselves with defences against overwhelming force. The enemy must first pass through the hill-country by Jordan before he can lay waste the west and the south from Tyre to Gaza, or hope to lay his hand upon the treasures of Egypt in Pelusium or Memphis, and render once more tributary the race

of Mesraim to the children of the east. But the strength of Judah lies not in numbers, but in the care of God, who can make "one to chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." With the bravery of a Palafox at Saragossa, a Tell in Switzerland, or a Renaud among the Waldenses by the springs of the Po, when they will repel with a handful the mightiest of the earth, or find honorable graves around the altars of their fathers, the scattered people fly to arms against the myriads of Assyrian invaders. The narrow and dangerous passes are secured, and the enemy must cut his way through mountains, or retire. But the Assyrians are not used to retreat, and they lay seige to the nearest towns; not doubting they can force them, through famine, to surrender, and thus open their way to the wealthy tracts beyond. The hill-fortress of Bethulia becomes invested, and their supply of water is cut off. Exposed to the extremities of hunger and thirst, the inhabitants see nothing before them but submission or certain death. In the midst of their perplexity, however, the noble daughter of Merari appears, like another Maid of Orleans, to find means whereby the foe may be humbled and the people delivered from their fears.

Proposing to accomplish by artifice what is impracticable to force, she receives the blessing of her townsmen; and, with a single attendant, this daughter of Israel proves herself no less brave in her weakness than the mightiest heroes of David in their strength. It is but a little way, and she comes to the city gates, where she may pause to reflect on the hazards of her undertaking. Over hill and valley, far as the eye can reach, lies outspread the host of the invader, in multitude more dense and various of color, dress, and arms, than that when the invincible Sesonchis led against the son of Solomon his infinite hosts of Egyptians and Ethiopians, with their allies the Lubim and Sukkim from the springs of Nile and the coasts of the Red Sea. With early dawn the blameless sacrifice smokes in Sion; and at early dawn go forth the devoted pair, the mistress and her maid, that have vowed to find deliverance for their city in the slaughter of her foe, or perish themselves in the attempt.

Three days she passes in the camp of her foe. The luxurious and effeminate commander is smitten with her fair looks, and presses her to name the day when he may add her to the fair multitude of his former wives, and thus place her at the head of his princely harem, where the dark-eyed girls of Circassia and Media and Persia and Assyria and the whole east are blazing in silk and purple and fine linen, in gold and diamonds and pearls and precious gems, and all shall envy the new comer her superior charms. Scrupulous in the observance of laws old almost as the world, she goes forth each day at will from the camp to perform her ablutions, and carries her own consecrated food by herself, because she is forbidden to eat with a Gentile what is to him a feast upon a sacrifice to idols. Having thus established free ingress and egress, and secured their final exit from all question of watchful sentries along their accustomed way, she fixes the time when she will become the Pearl of the Harem to the chief captain of the Assyrian army. Overjoyed at her consent, he gives himself up to excess of wine; and, when the shades of the fourth evening come over the earth, lies down upon his couch of purple, too satiated with the deceitful draught of his cups to enjoy his imaginary triumph, or once to suspect that his new flame may play the game of Jael to Sisera, and leave him a headless trunk to bleed upon the ground.

The attendants are all retired. Even Bagoas, the favorite minister to his master's pleasures, has gone forth, pleased that the fair stranger is closeted with his Most Serene Highness Holofernes, chief butcher of the world—that knows no God but Baal, and no king but him who bears the mark of queenly Nebo, and is called her Nazarite. Now is the hour to strike for her laws and native land. Her beastly lover lies stupified beneath a canopy of purple flashing with gems and gold in the taper's uncertain light. They are alone. Only her maid is near at her call, and none others dare approach. It is but a blow, and all is over. With steady hand she draws the glittering sabre from its sheath, and prays—"Strengthen me, O Jehovah, for the appointed ven-

geance!" At a single blow she severs his grisly head from the neck, and Holofernes dies almost without a struggle.

She has all night to retire with her prize. She has only to conceal the head in her sack of food, and gather some few trophies besides of her prowess in the camp of the aliens. Her faithful maid will bear the whole away before her, and she may go forth again to her ablutions without question from any, and come at her leisure to the city gates, where her anxious friends await her return, half in fear, half in hope. With early morning a shout raises like that upon the shore of the Red Sea, from the ransomed people that have escaped, and are now safe in the death of their foe, whose head now shall adorn, as a trophy, their city gates; but in the camp of the foes all is wailing and dismay and panic fear, when they find their chief headless in his tent, the women gone, and the whole surface of the heights above them and the city walls bristling with arms. Each tree and shrub seems a hero in complete steel; each crag and cliff grows to a phalanx or a battalion; and the whole air burns above them as in Samarian fields, with the sight of flaming chariots and steeds and heroes, whose shields are like the sun and their spears and swords are like lightnings. Thunder, ye cherubim above them, and scatter down upon the foe, as in the day of Gibeon, hailstones and coals of fire, and hot thunderbolts! "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of Jehovah! Awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old! Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab and wounded the Dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of Jehovah shall return and come with singing unto Sion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

Such is the song of the disenthralled as they stand by their city gates and behold melt away the multitudes of their foes like clouds before the rising of the sun. Headlong on all sides the Assyrians flee, and every man's sword is turned

against his fellow. The hawks of heaven rejoice, and feed themselves fat with the flesh of heroes, and the wild beasts of the desert keep Carnival with them for a whole month, till not the smell of an Assyrian is left over the whole land, now whitened with the bones of heroes and their steeds, inextricably mingled in one vast burial.

Thus triumphs the widow of Manasses, over the fall of her country's foes. Then tuning anew her long-neglected harp, she sings a victorious hymn like Miriam or Deborah, to celebrate the Divine power and providence shewn over Israel, and sits honored as a mother to her country through coming times; not, like a Thalestris, a Penthesilea, or a Semiramis, by making war upon foreign states, but like a Jael or a Boadicea, by working deliverance at home from the oppressions of alien powers, and destroying the destroyers of the earth.

LINES FOR LIZZY'S ALBUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

O rosy-bosom'd Hours,
That sit beyond the sphery chime
To watch o'er men and spirits, and ope the doors
Whence the sun goes forth to climb
The steep of heaven supreme, and pours
His living light o'er lands.
Here come, O loose-robed of all dyes,
That Iris loves, and where a sylph commands,
Bear all of sweet-enamell'd eyes
The Graces tend of snowy hands
In gardens and in fields
Where the red star looks kindly down,
And the green lands all smiling florets yield
Of wings fann'd o'er; wherewith they crown
The brow of beauty, and love hath seal'd
His own thro' changing years.
And last, when bound with Asphodel,
A pious race shall stand about our biers,
Then crown us by Life's crystal well,
With amaranth dissolved from fears.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is a mistaken idea that the guilty ever escape punishment in this world. They are punished here as well as hereafter. The outward gilding of wealth and prosperity may impose on the rest of mankind, but in the dark closet which every man carries within his bosom, the spectres of remorse and fear work in the silence of night like sheeted ghosts, unseen except by Him to whom their special mission is directed—shrieking in the ear, and pointing the skinny finger of scorn or denunciation. The guilty live in perpetual fear—and a life of fear is a life of misery. What though their crime had no witness but the eye of Omnipotence, which penetrates the inscrutable obscurity of midnight darkness—what though years of impunity may have stilled the voice of conscience, blunted the sting of remorse, and rendered detection every day more improbable—still there exists One who knows it all, and that One is omnipotent. He can at any time draw the secret crime from the bottom of the deep, and, when least expected, unfold the dark mystery that has so long been hidden from the eyes of men. There is a dread consciousness of this power haunting the imagination of guilt and preying on its vitals. To the eye of the world it may seem prosperous and happy. It may acquire wealth and honors; it may be possessed of the very fullness of outward prosperity; but there is a worm in the bud—a disease of the heart lurking unseen by mortal eyes, unknown and unsuspected except by the guilty wretch and Him who sees and knows all things. In this world we see nothing but the outside; we cannot unfold the secrets of the hearts of others,

and enter into those dread mysteries which baffle human investigation. Hence it is that we are beyond doubt perpetually making erroneous estimates of human enjoyment, and not unfrequently becoming guilty of the presumption of questioning the justice of Heaven for having apparently made such a strange, unequal distribution of happiness in this world. Nothing but the recognition of a future state of reward and punishment, it would seem, could have possibly reconciled the superficial view we have of those secrets with the attributes of the Supreme Being. The following tale, founded on fact, will illustrate this brief introduction:—

More than forty years ago, a traveler journeying in haste, and on an occasion of great interest, found himself one summer evening—himself and his horse equally weary—coursing slowly along the bank of a river by a road equally solitary and wild. On the side he traveled, the country was rough, rocky, and barren, without a habitation for many miles; while the opposite shore exhibited a succession of cultivated fields, beautifully variegated with waving woods and farm-houses, almost aspiring to the dignity of gentlemen's seats. One at a distance especially caught his attention, as exhibiting evidences of superior taste, in the arrangement of the grounds and the architecture of the building, which was much more expensive than any other within sight.

The night came on apace, and with it increasing darkness, caused by a vast mass of gathering clouds that ever and anon were lighted up by flashes of lightning too distant to illuminate the obscurity of his way. As he proceeded on slowly and wearily, the thunder, muttering afar off in whispered murmurings, foreboded a coming storm, and the traveler pricked his worn-out steed to a quicker motion in vain, for he was quite tired out. By-and-bye, a black, condensed cloud, with ragged edges, suddenly appeared above the high hills that ranged along the river, about two miles from its banks, chequered at almost every moment by zig-zag lightning that leaped athwart its gloomy face; and that freezing pause of nature which so frequently immediately precedes the tempest and the rain, announced its speedy coming.

Mothers and Daughters of the Bible.

JUDITH.

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In gardens and in fields
Where the red star looks kindly down,
And the green lands all smiling florets yield
Of wings fann'd o'er; wherewith they crown
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A pious race shall stand about our biers,
Then crown us by Life's crystal well,
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THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is a mistaken idea that the guilty ever escape punishment in this world. They are punished here as well as hereafter. The outward gilding of wealth and prosperity may impose on the rest of mankind, but in the dark closet which every man carries within his bosom, the spectres of remorse and fear work in the silence of night like sheeted ghosts, unseen except by Him to whom their special mission is directed—shrieking in the ear, and pointing the skinny finger of scorn or denunciation. The guilty live in perpetual fear—and a life of fear is a life of misery. What though their crime had no witness but the eye of Omnipotence, which penetrates the inscrutable obscurity of midnight darkness—what though years of impunity may have stilled the voice of conscience, blunted the sting of remorse, and rendered detection every day more improbable—still there exists One who knows it all, and that One is omnipotent. He can at any time draw the secret crime from the bottom of the deep, and, when least expected, unfold the dark mystery that has so long been hidden from the eyes of men. There is a dread consciousness of this power haunting the imagination of guilt and preying on its vitals. To the eye of the world it may seem prosperous and happy. It may acquire wealth and honors; it may be possessed of the very fullness of outward prosperity; but there is a worm in the bud—a disease of the heart lurking unseen by mortal eyes, unknown and unsuspected except by the guilty wretch and Him who sees and knows all things. In this world we see nothing but the outside; we cannot unfold the secrets of the hearts of others,

and enter into those dread mysteries which baffle human investigation. Hence it is that we are beyond doubt perpetually making erroneous estimates of human enjoyment, and not unfrequently becoming guilty of the presumption of questioning the justice of Heaven for having apparently made such a strange, unequal distribution of happiness in this world. Nothing but the recognition of a future state of reward and punishment, it would seem, could have possibly reconciled the superficial view we have of those secrets with the attributes of the Supreme Being. The following tale, founded on fact, will illustrate this brief introduction :—

More than forty years ago, a traveler journeying in haste, and on an occasion of great interest, found himself one summer evening—himself and his horse equally weary—coursing slowly along the bank of a river by a road equally solitary and wild. On the side he traveled, the country was rough, rocky, and barren, without a habitation for many miles; while the opposite shore exhibited a succession of cultivated fields, beautifully variegated with waving woods and farm-houses, almost aspiring to the dignity of gentlemen's seats. One at a distance especially caught his attention, as exhibiting evidences of superior taste, in the arrangement of the grounds and the architecture of the building, which was much more expensive than any other within sight.

The night came on apace, and with it increasing darkness, caused by a vast mass of gathering clouds that ever and anon were lighted up by flashes of lightning too distant to illuminate the obscurity of his way. As he proceeded on slowly and wearily, the thunder, muttering afar off in whispered murmurings, foreboded a coming storm, and the traveler pricked his worn-out steed to a quicker motion in vain, for he was quite tired out. By-and-bye, a black, condensed cloud, with ragged edges, suddenly appeared above the high hills that ranged along the river, about two miles from its banks, chequered at almost every moment by zig-zag lightning that leaped athwart its gloomy face; and that freezing pause of nature which so frequently immediately precedes the tempest and the rain, announced its speedy coming.

The traveler gazed anxiously around, but the incessant flashes disclosed no place of refuge as he plodded along slowly, close to the margin of the river. At length, turning a point of land, he was enabled to perceive, by the aid of a bright flash of lightning, whose radiance seemed to linger for almost half a minute in the pitchy sky, a little cove skirted by a border of white sand, in the centre of which he thought he perceived a building of some kind or other. Descending the bank, which was low, and skirted with water-willows, he peered anxiously around, and, by the aid of another flash, discovered a rude fishing-house, which had been hastily put up for the shad season, but was now abandoned. He could hear the roaring of the storm across the river, which was nearly a quarter of a mile wide; and there was no time to be lost, nor any other shelter nigh. The door had been broken down, and the traveler, warned by the drops of rain that heralded the coming torrent, without asking leave or knocking for admission, entered the hut, leading his horse after him. He presently discovered that the floor was carpeted with straw, and, groping about, lighted on a rude sort of bedstead, formed of rough boards, containing a bed of straw without any ticking. The wind whistled, or rather shrieked, along the solitary shore; the waves dashed in quick succession on the pebbly sand; the rain fell in torrents; the thunder pealed incessantly; and the sky seemed one sheet of living fire. After a while, the traveler, finding himself weary, unsaddled his steed, placed the saddle at the head of his bed for a pillow, and, instead of lamenting his hard fate, or uttering peevish complaints, thanked Heaven for a dry skin, and speedily sank into a profound sleep—the blessing of a quiet conscience and a wearied frame.

He slept for several hours, and, in all probability, would not have waked till morning, had not his horse, which was equally tired, hungry, and, above all, athirst, at length taken a fancy to step out of the hut to the river side, where he regaled himself with a temperance draught, and signalized his contentment by a long, loud, shrill neigh, which roused his master, who jumped up, wide awake, to see what was

the matter. He found the scene totally changed. The storm had passed away, and a night of surpassing beauty had succeeded. The moon, almost as round as young Norval's shield, was a little declining toward the western horizon of stately hills, giving lustre to the lonely scene, and silvering the quiet woods and equally quiet waves. Nothing seemed to live, to move, or have a being on earth, but himself and his horse. In such an hour and such a scene, if a man has any latent spark of poetical temperament in his mind, it will, peradventure, be awakened to light and life; and our traveler, after gazing awhile at the enchanting harmonies of nature spread out before him, became gradually bewildered in the mazes of memory or imagination. For awhile he became insensible to the realities before him which had awakened his latent enthusiasm; and their place was supplied by a train of feelings, a succession of airy sprites of memory or hope, that danced before him like the moonbeams on the rippling waters, whose agitation had subsided into a waveless mirror, unruffled by a single zephyr, though not motionless, as appeared from the trembling of the moonbeams as they sported on the surface.

As the traveler thus stood in a state of luxurious abstraction, forgetting himself, his hunger, and his pressing errand, which called for his utmost exertion of speed, his attention was accidentally attracted by a boat which shot out suddenly from behind a high projecting point on the opposite shore, a little higher up the river, whose dark brow, covered with hemlocks and pines, contrasted gloomily with the shining river. As he watched the little white boat, which passed noiselessly yet rapidly toward the middle of the river, he could perceive that it contained only two persons, one plying a pair of oars, the other sitting at the stern. All on a sudden it stopped. The man in the stern—for he could see it was a man—rose and approached him at the oars; the traveler heard a single wild, shrill shriek—a single dull, heavy plunge, and all was still on earth, in the waters beneath, and the heavens above. The boatman at the instant resumed his oars; and the boat, now carrying but one person, darted

rapidly behind the high wooded bluff, and disappeared, but not before the traveler had involuntarily cried out, "The All-seeing Eye is upon you!"

All was again quiet and still, and the scene was as lovely as ever. But the traveler relished it no more, and all his visions fled before the stern reality which had just passed before him. He did not doubt for a moment that some horrible crime had been thus perpetrated in the silence of night, of which he alone was a witness; and his first determination was to stay his journey, cross the river in the morning, and enter on an investigation of this mysterious midnight outrage. Waiting impatiently for the dawn, he mounted his horse, and proceeded onward as speedily as the hungry, jaded animal could travel.

He had not ridden more than three miles at farthest before he came to a rustic inn, at which he was glad to put up, for the purpose of resting and refreshing man and beast. Here, while awaiting breakfast, he reflected deeply on the scene he had beheld the preceding night, and the course it best became him to pursue. He recollected that he was a stranger, and with neither time to loiter on his way, nor money to expend in the punishment of the guilty. He had not been able to distinguish the air or features of the person who rowed the boat; he only knew it was a man, and was sensible he never could identify him. It was possible, that, by patient inquiry and investigation, a chain of circumstances might lead to the detection of the criminal; but this would be a work of time—and his time was precious, for he was hastening to the bedside of a dying parent. Accordingly, after refreshing himself and his horse, and making some inquiries of the landlord respecting the occupant of the fine house he had seen the evening before on the opposite side of the river, he proceeded on his journey, without detailing to the landlord, or any one of his family, the events of the preceding night, lest it might cause a detention—leaving the supposed murderer to the vengeance of heaven. If, under these circumstances, our traveler requires any justification, it may be here stated, that he settled it finally in his mind,

whenever circumstances would permit, to return to this part of the country, and, if possible, ferret out the secret murder. But of all things in this life, man is the least master of the future. He imagines himself the sole director of his own conduct, though nine times in ten his fate is at the mercy of events which he can neither foresee nor control; and nothing is more common in the experience of mankind, than success which eventually leads to misery and ruin, or disappointments which conduct to happiness in the end.

The traveler, after a long, tedious journey, arrived at its end only to see his father die, and to find himself the heir of one who left nothing behind him but debts which his estate was insufficient to pay. He had gone the way, I will not say of all flesh, but of thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands, of his sanguine countrymen, who, greedy of gain without being misers, so often play double or quits, and, in attempting to grow suddenly rich, lose all at a single throw. He was utterly ruined by improving his estate with the money and labor of other people instead of his own; and the traveler, finding the case desperate—having declined the heirship of debts which he could not pay—the entire property was sold to the highest bidder. He had to begin the world anew, with no other capital than his own exertions—a position which carries with it this advantage, that a man has nothing to lose, and everything to gain. How he buffetted with the strong sea of life, alternately rising and sinking—how he labored and struggled in distant lands for that which is considered the great, if not the sole end of human existence, it is not our purpose to relate. Suffice it to say, that he returned home after an exile of many years, with a full purse and a shattered constitution, purchased his patrimonial property, and set himself down to enjoy the fruits of his sacrifices and exertions, on the spot of his nativity, among the surviving friends of his youth.

Immured in the cares and turmoils of active life, and at a distance from all his former associations, he had long since forgotten the adventure of the old fishing-house, or if he ever recalled it to mind, it was more as a dim, distant vision, than

as an actual occurrence. He no longer cherished the determination to investigate the mysterious midnight murder, but contented himself with following his own pursuits, and occasionally meddling with those of his neighbors, among whom his opinions carried great weight, for he was a rich man, and had seen much of the world, in countries so entirely different in all respects from his own, that his experience abroad could have no practical application whatever at home.

Among the changes which had taken place in this topsy-turvy New World of ours, during the absence of the traveler, was the appearance of a very splendid mansion placed in a fine situation about half a mile from the village, which it overlooked, together with an extensive range of country presenting a variety of beautiful scenery. On inquiring, as people naturally do, into such matters, he was told that it belonged to a gentleman who had erected it several years after he left home to seek his fortune, and had resided there ever since. Everybody had something to say of the gentleman, as he was called by way of distinction, for he was reported to be immensely rich, lived in great splendor, and, as is universally the case, was envied by all his neighbors. Among other particulars, he learned that the owner of the splendid mansion was a bachelor, or at least had neither wife nor children; that he had a numerous family of men servants and maid servants, the former of whom wore liveries; that he "fared sumptuously every day;" had a service of plate, drove a coach and four, and attended very regularly at church. Those who pretended to know most of him, however, thought, though they could not exactly tell why, that there was something odd or particular about him—they could not exactly tell what, but supposed it originated in his being a bachelor, with no one to control him, and rich enough to do as he pleased. All, however, pronounced him a happy man, for he had wherewithal to buy everything he wanted, and all wished themselves in his place. The only dissentient was a sage old lady of the village, who could take a pinch of snuff, look wise, shake her head, and exclaim—

"Well, I don't know. I see him every Sunday at church, but somehow he looks to me as if he didn't like to hear the Ten Commandments read; and I noticed—for he sits right opposite me—that he never makes any response to that which says, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

This excited strange suspicions among her auditors, who thereupon watched the rich gentleman at church—and sure enough it was as the old woman said! There is a magnetic telegraph in every country village—a pulsation of news, which at the same instant seems to pervade the entire body politic; and from this time the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed on the gentleman, instead of the parson. On one occasion the pastor chose this commandment as his text, and dwelt with eloquent fervor on the enormity of the crime as well as the guilty horror of the perpetrator. In the course of his sermon he happened to fix his eye on the gentleman, and was struck with the paleness of his countenance, which at the same time exhibited an expression of the deepest emotion. He attempted to rise, as if to leave the church, but sat down again, leaned his head on his hands against the pew, and did not look up again till the service was concluded. The preacher being a simple, kind-hearted, benevolent man, as became his calling, no shadow of suspicion crossed his mind; and when next day he heard that the gentleman had been seized with a sudden indisposition at church, he thought no more of the matter

Our traveler, who had seen so much of the world and its inhabitants that he was not anxious to extend his acquaintance, neither sought nor was sought by the owner of the splendid mansion on the hill. It was some time before they met, and then accidentally. He had, without exactly knowing why or wherefore, set him down in his own mind as a purse-proud, ostentatious upstart; but found to his surprise, and, it may be added, to his mortification, that his conversation was agreeable and unaffected, and his deportment that of humility rather than pride. By degrees an intimacy took place between them, and they were much together, insomuch that something approaching to a friendship gra-

dually grew up between them. At first the traveller saw nothing particular in the conduct and deportment of his new acquaintance; but, as their intimacy increased, he came at length to notice that he would sometimes, nay often, in the midst of a conversation on ordinary subjects, give a sudden start, gaze with a look of deep apprehension on vacancy, and appear greatly agitated. If he saw himself observed, he would ascribe it to a nervous affection which sometimes came over him suddenly, and was the consequence of a fright in his youth.

The intimacy continued and the friendly feeling increased, when one day it so happened that the traveler called at the splendid mansion, and entering, as was now his custom, without ceremony, found the gentleman was not in his usual sitting-room. Supposing he would soon return, he took up a newspaper, and falling on the catalogue of accidents, crimes and wonders, with which it is customary to regale the amateur, his attention was arrested by the details of the discovery of a murder perpetrated many years ago, and now brought to light by a chain of extraordinary circumstances. Some of these details once more recalled to his recollection the night scene at the old fishing-house, to which they bore a striking resemblance in more than one particular; and he sat with the paper in his hand, pondering on the subject, when the gentleman came in, looking much disturbed and giving a sudden start as he saw him thus employed.

After the usual salutations, the traveler took occasion to refer to the article in the newspaper he held in his hand, and to state its singular coincidence with an adventure which had happened to him many years ago, of which he related the particulars, omitting, among other things he had forgotten, his warning exclamation. As he proceeded, the gentleman became greatly agitated, and, ere he had concluded, after a succession of ineffectual efforts to control his emotions, fell back in his chair, exclaiming in agony, "There was another witness besides the All-seeing Eye, and that witness has come!" The traveler shuddered with a newly awakened conviction, and, ringing for a servant, took his

departure, almost as much agitated as his friend. All that day, and almost all the succeeding night, he pondered on the subject—tossed with conflicting feelings, and doubting as to the course it became him to pursue toward a man whom he had cherished as a friend, but who he was now convinced was stained with a deep, long-concealed crime He could not doubt for a moment that this wretched man—the envy of all his neighbors—was the guilty actor of the mysterious scene at the old fishing-house; and that, judging from the uncontrollable emotions he had exhibited on the relation of the story, if publicly charged with his crime, he would render all other testimony unnecessary, by betraying himself. If, however, he should be mistaken in this anticipation, he would be placed in a position equally painful and degrading, in coming forward with an accusation he could not substantiate.

The next morning he learned that the gentleman had been suddenly taken ill of a return of the nervous disorder to which his servants now said he had been long subjected; that at times he exhibited symptoms of mental derangement; and occasionally uttered strange exclamations which nobody could comprehend, but which seemed to refer to some painful circumstance of his former life. His most usual cry was, that "The All-seeing Eye was upon him, and the witness had come!" Day after day it was reported he was growing worse, and that his agonies increased. The physician visited him often, and came forth shaking his head; the good pastor called too, but came forth with clasped hands and eyes cast upward; and the neighbors began to pity the man they had envied so long. Thus matters went on, until at the expiration of a fortnight, the traveler received a message, purporting that the gentleman desired to see him that evening on business of importance, and that he must not fail to come, as it was the last time they would ever meet. Thus urged, he determined to comply—and, accordingly, when the evening came, he took his way toward the splendid mansion on the hill.

He found the gentleman sitting up in his bed, supported

GENERAL SCOTT AND JOHN BRANT.

THE incident which forms the subject of the picture, occurred at Niagara, in Canada, after the unfortunate battle of Queenston. The battle was fought on the 13th of October, 1812, and was one of the most sharply contested in the whole war, though the force engaged on either side was inconsiderable. The object of the general in command, Van Rensselaer, was specifically to gain possession of the heights at Queenston, thence to move upon Fort George, at Niagara, and there take up quarters for the winter, in the enemy's country; but a more important general purpose was to efface, by some brilliant exploit, the recollection of the disaster that had befallen the American arms in the inglorious surrender of General Hull, at Detroit.

The British force at Queenston was under the command of General Brock; the command of the expedition against it was given to Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer; and his force consisted chiefly of militia, supported by two corps of regulars, each three hundred and fifty strong, under Lieut. Colonels Chrystie and Fenwick. General Scott, then a lieutenant colonel, in command of a regiment of artillery stationed at Schlosser, near Buffalo, was a volunteer in the expedition; but as he would not consent to waive his rank, which would entitle him to the command over Colonel Van Rensselaer, who held a commission only in the militia, it was arranged that he should not cross the river, but remain at Lewiston and there use his artillery to such advantage as might be practicable.

The expedition was unfortunate in its outset. Erroneous information had been received of General Brock's departure

for Detroit—the intention to surprise the enemy was frustrated—and in the very beginning of the conflict, after the landing, Colonels Van Rensselaer, Fenwick, and Chrystie, and Captains Armstrong, Malcolm, and Wool, were wounded. The British troops were driven from the ground, at the point of the bayonet, but at the close of the first brush it was found that Captain Wool, whose wound was slight, was the senior officer capable of duty. Colonel Van Rensselaer had received no less than six wounds, three of which were very severe.

Intelligence of this ravage among the officers being received on the American side, Colonel Scott was gratified in his ardent desire to take an active part in the conflict; he hurried across the river and assumed the command. On his arrival he found that the heights had been cleared of the enemy and a battery which crowned them taken, by a gallant charge under Captain Wool; but the Americans had been assailed in turn by General Brock in person, and driven to the edge of the heights; whence, however, they returned by a successful rally, in which General Brock was killed, and his troops thereupon dispersed in confusion. It was just after this repulse of the British that Colonel Scott arrived upon the ground.

His first effort was to collect the force and bring it into order; in doing which he found that it consisted of three hundred and fifty regulars, and two hundred and fifty-seven volunteers. Turning his attention next to a piece of cannon which had been spiked by the British before their flight, and which he hoped to make available, his momentary absence was taken advantage of by a large body of Indians, who rushed suddenly upon the American troops, and were upon the point of scattering them in wild disorder, when Colonel Scott arrived just in season to keep them steady and repulse the savages. The leader of this band was a young Indian, richly attired in the war-costume of the red men, and remarkable as well for his daring as his activity. His name was John Brant, otherwise called Ahyouwaighs—the youngest son and successor of the famous Mohawk chief Joseph Brant, the formidable partizan of the war of the revolution.

That celebrated personage had died in 1807, when John Brant was thirteen years of age; he was therefore but just eighteen when he led his warriors to the battle at the heights of Queenston.

The field was held by the Americans several hours, while the British waited for reinforcements; but they were perpetually harrassed by the Indians, who made repeated flying attacks upon them, in which numbers both of militia and regulars, were killed or wounded. At length General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved after the death of General Brock, was seen advancing from Niagara, at the head of eight hundred men. General Van Rensselaer, who had crossed to the Canada side after the battle, hastened back on ascertaining the approach of General Sheaffe, and exerted all his eloquence and authority in endeavoring to prevail on the militia under his command to push across and rescue the gallant band of their countrymen, now in such pressing danger; but in vain. They were not bound to leave their own country; and for two hours Colonel Scott and his men looked down upon the steady approach of an opposing force sufficient to crush them at a blow, while also within sight were fifteen hundred Americans who might easily have joined them in season to repel, if not to annihilate the enemy.

But there was no wavering in the little company thus abandoned to their fate. A retreat in the face of the Indians was more perilous even than the attempt to maintain the heights, and they resolved to stand their ground as long as possible. This they did for some time, until actually dislodged by the bayonet, when they scrambled down as best they might to the water's edge, by the aid of shrubs and bushes, closely pursued by the Indians.

There were no boats to carry them off; farther resistance was hopeless, and it was agreed to surrender. Three flags of truce were sent out in succession, but never returned, having been shot by the Indians. Colonel Scott then resolved to go himself, bearing a white cravat fastened to his sword; he was accompanied by Towson and Chrystie. They

were repeatedly fired on by the Indians, but escaped unhurt. They were encountered and attacked, hand to hand, by two of the red men, in one of whom they recognized the youthful and agile leader in the conflicts of the morning, but just as the struggle was at the hottest, a British sergeant interposed, the combatants were separated, and Colonel Scott was led to the presence of General Sheaffe. The terms of surrender were quickly agreed upon; and as soon as the Indians could be controlled by their British allies and employers the firing ceased. The men who were made prisoners with Scott were a hundred and thirty-nine regulars, and a hundred and fifty-four volunteers. They were marched the same evening to Niagara, where Scott, Towson, and Chrystie were quartered at a small tavern, having invitations immediately on their arrival, to dine with General Sheaffe. Here the incident occurred which is represented in the engraving, and a full account of which is given in Stone's "Life of Brant," as follows :—

"Just at twilight a little girl entered the parlor, with a message that somebody in the hall desired to see the 'tall officer.' Colonel Scott thereupon stepped out of the parlor, unarmed, of course, into the hall, which was dark and narrow, and withal incommoded by a stairway; but what was his astonishment on again meeting, face to face, his evil geniuses, the brawny Captain Jacobs and the light-limbed chief. The colonel had shut the door behind him as he left the parlor; but there was a sentinel standing at the outer door, who improperly allowed the Indians to pass in. The dusky visitors stepped up to the colonel without ceremony, aud the younger, who alone spoke English, made a brief inquiry as to the number of balls which had cut through his clothes, intimating with astonishment that they had both been firing at him almost the whole day, without effect. But while the young Indian was thus speaking, or rather beginning thus to speak—for such, subsequently, seemed to be the import of what he meant to say—Jacobs rudely seized the colonel by the arm, attempted to whirl him round, exclaiming in broken English, 'Me shoot so often, me sure to have hit

somewhere.' 'Hands off, you scoundrel,' cried Scott, indignant at such freedom with his person, and adding a scornful expression reflecting on the Indian's skill as a marksman, as he flung him from him.

"The Indians drew instantly both dirk and tomahawk, when, with the rapidity of lightning, Scott, who had fortunately espied a number of swords standing at the end of the passage, seized one from its iron sheath and placed himself in a posture of defence against the menacing Indians. As they stood in this picturesque attitude, Scott with his sword ready to strike, and the Indians with their tomahawks and dirks in the air, frowning defiance upon each other—Colonel Coffin, who had been sent with a guard to conduct Scott to the General's quarters to dinner, sprang into the passage and cried 'Hold!' Comprehending at a glance the dangerous position of Scott, he interfered at once, by sharp remonstrance, and also by weapon, in his defence. Jacobs, exasperated, turned upon Colonel Coffin, and uttering a menace, his companion also unguardedly turned to observe the issue of the new combat. The scene was of the most exciting and earnest character. The Indians having thus turned upon Coffin, one of them explained, 'I kill you!' Scott instantly raised his sabre, which was heavy and substantial, so that a descending blow would have fallen upon both the savages at once, and called out, "If you strike I will kill you both!" For a moment they stood frowning, the piercing eyes of the Indians gleaming with wild and savage fury, while Scott and Coffin alike looked upon both with angry defiance, all with upraised arms and glittering steel. Recovering somewhat from the gust of passion into which they had been thrown, the Indians then slowly dropped their arms and retired. The officer who thus came to the rescue was the aid of General Sheaffe, whose errand was to conduct the colonel to dinner, and who, by this timely arrival, probably saved his life. Beyond doubt it was no part of the young chief's design to inflict injury upon the captive American commander. His whole character forbids the idea, for he was as generous and benevolent in his feelings as he was

brave. Having been exhausting much ammunition upon the colonel during the day, this visit was one of curiosity, to ascertain how near they had come to the accomplishment of their object. Like Cassius, the Indian bears anger as the flint does fire, though not always cold again so soon. It was the same with Scott. Neither would allow of personal freedom; the colonel did not fully comprehend the object of their visit, and a sudden encounter, that had well nigh proved fatal, was the consequence."

PRAYER

BY MRS. LOUISE WORTHEN.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower,
And rises as the waters roll
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire,
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,
Hadst Thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine;
For in the humblest soul that lives,
As in the lowliest flower,
The dew-drop back his image gives,
The soul reflects His power!

At night, when all is hushed and still
And e'en soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each heart-throb leaps:
It is the spirit-pulse which beats,
Forever deep and true;
The atom with its author meets,
As sunlight greets the dew!

LUCY MAYNARD.

"A lily fair which God did bless,
And which from Nature's heart did draw
Love, wisdom, peace, and heaven's perfect law."

READER, have you ever traveled in Connecticut, over that part of New-Haven county which lies west of the fair city of that name? I say *traveled*—but in another sense than that which the word seems to have with that class of blank neutralities who appear to feel that they must traverse the country every season, from Maine to Louisiana, and exclaim, "Oh, beautiful!" "Ah, exquisite!" as often as their guide-book says it is proper. For this class of persons the word has no other than literally the definition of Webster: "Travel —to journey;" "Journey—to travel." Alas! for them! This world, in which the true soul walks, seeing God and listening to the universe, "the great Æolian harp," with its solemn and mysterious music sounding from its countless strings, to them appears spread out in its glory only to serve as a race-ground for fashion, and what Carlyle so expressively denominates "gigmanity." There is another class of travelers who, from defect of vision, caused not by sun-spots but by dollar-spots, see before their eyes, in the most beautiful landscapes, nothing but mill-seats, timber-lots, railroad tracks, choice situations for manufacturing establishments; and were it practicable, would sell the blessed sunlight which brightens the flowers on their father's graves, for "a handsome consideration." Heaven defend us from all such travelers!

But you, gentle reader, have you ever stood on any of those broken chains of hills in the region I refer to, and gazed over the rich landscapes, the sunny valleys and fair villages, and felt how much unwritten scripture there is on earth to

gladden and elevate the heart of man? Whoever is familiar with this region cannot fail to remember the little village of Liston, with its white cottages nestling on the hill-side, and scattered through the valley.

In the scenery around it, the hills, or as the inhabitants call them, the mountains, in some places rise in isolated peaks; but to the northwest they sweep far away in an unbroken chain, here bare as the heath where Fingal and Ossian fought, and there grey old rocks, cliffs piled upon cliffs, "here dark with the thick moss of ages, and there of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt has splintered them." Then again, for miles the range presents a continued sea of green, wave upon wave, up to the very summits. At intervals, in the most precipitous places, are the "sliding-paths." These are spaces, some yards in width, where brushwood and soil are worn away by the furious descent of logs, which in winter the farmer, after having freed them from branches, precipitates from the summits, to the no small content of his boasted Bent and Bright, these finding it far more satisfactory to stand quietly chewing their cuds below, waiting to drag the loaded sled over the smooth road to their master's door, than to be breaking snow-paths up the almost impassable side of the mountain.

The village is entirely enclosed by these hills, except on the south-western side, where a noble tract of land is displayed to view, stretching away until its borders are lovingly embraced by the blue waves of Long Island Sound. The village, with its well-kept plot of grass, proudly called a green; the neat church and school-house gleaming forth from among the trees; the little river which hies its winding way, like a happy child, gaily singing to each flower on its banks; and, above all, that gateway which leads from the transient to the eternal—that portal through which so many of earth's weary children long to enter and be at rest—the grave-yard—that place so dear to glorified spirits—not merely because through this gate they expect to receive those dear ones whom they left on earth, but also because there lie those mouldering bodies in which, when on earth, they joyed,

sorrowed, loved and were beloved, and which they know they shall receive again, purified and beautified by the loving-kindness of God; the grave-yard, here so appropriately situated and adorned, that nothing is allowed to profane its spirit or wear away its "monitory virtue;" these, and all things that unite with them to make the scenery around Liston so beautiful to the soul, speak emphatically to the heart of the traveler that great watchword of Christianity—PEACE; and few can resist the influence, whatever may have been their experience in life. Oh! how many such scenes there are in this beautiful world of ours, speaking, like him of Bethlehem, "Peace and good will to men!"

In one of these fair valleys there is a nook which, for its retirement and singular beauty, well deserves the name of Fairy Glen. Here, one beautiful day in the spring of 18—, sat a young maiden under the shade of a large oak, which mother-like, spread out its branches to screen the bubbling spring near its foot. Her apron was filled with flowers, of which she was twining a wreath to adorn a pet lamb that stood gravely gazing at the reflection of his own face in the pure waters of the spring. She was one of those who, in a crowded saloon or on a fashionable promenade, would be passed by unnoticed, but who reveal a beauty that at once surprises and gladdens us when met in situations adapted to their character, so that we wonder at our own stupidity in not discovering it before. And surely no scene could furnish a finer setting for the beauty of Lucy Maynard than that around her. No circumstances could be more finely adapted to call forth those quick changes of expression in which her beauty consisted, than those under which she appeared now. The dell and the mountain side displayed every variety of green, from the pale yellowish hue of the aspen to the dark green of the cedar. The deep blue sky, spotted with light, fleecy clouds, which, like wanton children, chased each other to the southwest, was in perfect keeping with the changeful beauty of the maiden's face. Had you seen her as she sat there, now bent over her pet to ascertain if the wreath had reached the required length, now suddenly pausing and lay-

ing her wreath on her knee, seeming not so much to think as dream, with an expression in her deep blue eye, that was pensive and yet too clear and serene for sadness, and now again, shaking back from her face the profusion of bright hair, which in hue was

> "Like the waterfall, leaf-tinged with brown,
> And lit with the sunrise,"

while a roguish smile, awakened by some wayward fancy, flitted across her face, you would have said that her heart was a dwelling-place for nothing but joy.

At length, in answer to a bird in the branches overhead, she sang—

I.

Gaze round thee and listen! sweet spring is returning!
A chorus of welcome bursts forth from each spray—
With offerings of flowers, see, the fruit trees are bending,
While shiny young leaves with a freshening life play.

II.

The tint on the cheek of the floweret is deepening,
The hoar-frost has hied to his caverns away—
A life-giving impulse all Nature is moving,
As thrills in her bosom the spring's loving ray.

III.

Down the mount to the valley, the brooklet comes dancing,
And gaily it sings to each flower on its way,
While deep in the wood sits the nightingale singing,
Where, through the close leaves, peeps the soft light of day.

IV.

O'er Nature's new glories the sunbeams are streaming—
All sisterly graces the gardens display,
And thousands of blossoms their tints are commingling,
Whose young dewy dyes spread the rainbow's array.

As the last murmur of her song died away in the air, she placed the last wild honeysuckle in her wreath. Her work was completed. She sat for some moments gazing earnestly down the path that led to the village, until her attention was suddenly drawn to the opposite direction by the sound of approaching footsteps. She had scarcely sprung to her feet, when a youth in a hunting dress, clearing the head of the

spring at a bound, deposited his gun and game at her side, exclaiming—

"Ah! Lucy, dear, I thought you would be here! So I have come round by the mountain path, to bring you some of your favorite flowers, these wild violets and blood-root blossoms."

"Thanks, Charles. Now, if you had brought them before I had finished Daisy's wreath, how beautifully the blue violets would have contrasted with the white-thorn and wild honeysuckle!"

"Ah! Lucy, what a serious misfortune! But they shall have the honor of being worn by Daisy's mistress, my own pet, Lucy," said the youth, laughing as he twined them in her hair.

"Lucy," said he, suddedly pausing in his graceful employment, "do you remember the day when you and little Alice Granger, in spite of aunt Esther's commands, ran away and followed me to Green's Pond, to see father and Mr. Granger wash sheep?"

"And what a ducking I got, as Alice tumbled over me in our haste to escape from the big water-snake that lay asleep on the rock; and how you dragged me out, and wrapped me in your jacket, and carried me home; and the doses of motherwort tea aunt Esther forced me to swallow? Oh! yes, I remember it all. I have detested the very sight of motherwort ever since."

"Ah! little Alice!" said Charles, "I wonder if she is as happy at the far west, as she was in those days when her brother Fred and I drew you and her back and forth to school, on our sleds."

"Yes, and turned us over into the snow-drifts, why don't you add?" said the laughing girl. "But come, Daisy, you and I must go home, or aunt Esther will rally the neighborhood to seek us."

"Stay one moment, Lucy;" said the young man, while his face expressed the working of some painful emotion. "Stay one moment. This talk of our school-days has well-nigh made me forget that we are not children. You know

that my mother's death has left me almost isolated in the world. My step-father is a kind, well-meaning man, but he cannot understand me. He cannot appreciate my plans, and thinks it folly for me to pursue my studies. Besides, if he were willing to aid me, he has a large family of his own children to care for. There is a brother of my mother who is a merchant in Cincinnati. He went there many years ago, and has recently written for me to come to him. Mr. Clayton, who has always been kind to me, and has advanced me in my studies by every means in his power, advises me to go. But it pains me, Lucy, to leave a place associated with so many sweet remembrances—the place of my mother's grave. And you, Lucy, you will not forget me !"

"Charles ! Charles !" was the answer, and those deep eyes filled with tears.

"Forgive me, if I have pained you, Lucy," he continued, "but it is so sad to be alone in the world ! With a heart full of kind thoughts and feelings, to feel that no one understands you, and that your existence is necessary to no one's happiness. Oh ! Lucy, if you knew how deeply I have felt this, you would forgive me."

But while we leave Charles to detail his future plans to his gentle listener, as they slowly wend their way home, we will look a little into their earlier history.

Charles Stanton, who now at the age of eighteen, stood almost penniless in the world, at his birth was the sole prospective heir of the great Stanton estate, situated in one of the most thriving towns in eastern Massachusetts. His father was one of those pleasant, genial souls, whom everybody calls "good-fellows." Born to vast wealth, and unaccustomed to labor, it never occurred to him that he or his family could by any possibility become poor ; or that there was anything in life for him to do but live as a "good fellow," and make the world a pasture for his self-indulgence. He kept horses and dogs. He hunted, drove, and fished ; always sure of finding companions in abundance. Among the humbler shops which surrounded the green of S———, stood that of Messrs. Gresham and Bartlett, which was de-

nominated "the store," *par excellence.* This was his favorite lounging-place, where he took precedence as king of the idlers, and paid the bill. Henry Stanton was not then what was called a drunkard. In common parlance he was termed a "high fellow," one who liked a "good spree." Alas! the gentle attentions of his wife could not win him from the love of strong drink. He went on spending, and never so much as dreaming that the condition of his property might require examination. His estate was left to the careless care of others. Therefore it was not mysterious to any one but himself, when, after a few years, the funds necessary to support his mode of life were not forthcoming. He looked grave. But his credit was good; he could raise money without difficulty. He borrowed; mortgages followed; and on each new mortgage he doubled his drams, until at length a violent fever, the consequence of one of his "high sprees," laid him in his grave. His sorrowful widow and little boy were left with nothing save a small pittance, the proceeds of her claims on the estate, which was paid annually by the new owner.

Ellen Stanton, wishing to avoid a place which could only remind her of the past, and influenced perhaps by some movement of wounded pride, accepted the invitation of an early and beloved frieud, who offered her a share of her humble home, and, what was still better, one of the warmest places in her noble heart. This friend was no other than Lucy Maynard's aunt Esther. She was one of that class of "us women," who, as some one has said, or if it has not been said, we say it now, are born to keep the world in equilibrium. She was an old maid; and God bless all such, we say, for we do not see how the world could well get on without them. Lucy was the rich legacy left her by an only sister, the widow of a sea-captain, whose last resting-place was beneath the blue waves he had loved so well. His wife, a part of whose very existence he was, seemed no longer a creature of earth after the news of his death reached her. She grew paler and paler, her eye brighter and brighter, as the hour drew near when she felt assured she should again meet him who had been her life on earth, until at last her wish was

realized, and she slept in the grave, and awoke in heaven. At the time of her mother's death, Lucy was about five years old. A few hours before she died, the mother called the little girl to her side, and imprinting a last kiss on her lips, said to her sister, in the low, husky tones of death, "Esther! Esther! make her a true-hearted woman!" Nobly did aunt Esther fulfil the dying injunction of her sister. To this end she directed all her efforts. Her true heart, superior mind, experience and strong good sense, counterbalanced the want of education; but she was not wholly deficient in this, as she had received the benefit of the schools, such as they were, for persons in her circumstances, fifty years ago. With rare tact she united the qualities of companion and mother; and while she taught her adopted daughter all the mysteries of pastry, soup, and soap, she could also sing with her "old songs, the music of the heart," and sympathize with her admiration of the beautiful, whether in nature or in books, if not always with equal enthusiasm, at least with a hearty good will. When Charles Stanton and his mother came to reside with her, aunt Esther's heart, which before seemed to be wholly occupied by Lucy, immediately expanded to make room for Charles. He was two years older than Lucy, and became her protector in all the civil wars of the village school, participated in all her studies and amusements, and was the companion of her visits to the old pastor, Mr. Clayton.

The old man dearly loved the child, as he always called Lucy, and would even lay aside his favorite volume of Jeremy Taylor, when her light knock was heard at the study door. Charles soon became almost as dear to him as Lucy; and it was pleasant to see the old man, with Charles and Lucy seated by him, alternately reading aloud some of his favorite volumes of history, poetry, or romance, or listening intently as he pointed out some new beauty of the author, or attempted to satisfy their craving for knowledge from the rich and varied lore of his own mind.

At length his mother's second marriage, which by the way was a marriage of expediency, brought another change

for Charles. She accepted the hand of a worthy farmer, and took Charles to reside with her. But he still continued to call aunt Esther's cottage "home;" and every leisure moment was passed either there or at the parsonage. His mind began to advance into that world where all is so much brighter than the "light of common day;" but his admiration of nature and passionate love of books often made him the butt of his step-father's good-natured ridicule. The honest man would say, "he did not see what good there was in so much larning. It neither helped hoe the corn nor plant the potatoes; and as for 'landskips,' as Charles calls them, he had rather see the deep red, shining sides of his four years olds, than all the skips in the world." But Charles found a dear and appreciating friend in Mr. Clayton. The old pastor, delighted with the boy's quickness of perception and eagerness to acquire knowledge, willingly retraced with him the studies of his earlier years. In the interest he felt for the boy, and the delight he found in superintending his studies, he seemed to find again some of the long-lost pleasures of his boyhood and youth. Charles's mental life advanced rapidly. As he grew older he became different from the young people around him in the village. He no longer took the same interest in their pleasures, though he sometimes mingled with them, and listened kindly to their plans of amusement. He was respected by them, yet like all those who live more from within than from without, he was neither understood nor appreciated. After the death of his mother he felt more alone than ever. He had indeed nothing left, save the love of Mr. Clayton, aunt Esther, and Lucy. But this was a priceless possession. Its inspiration made his soul strong and buoyant. He saw a struggle before him as he looked into the future, but his eye grew clear, and his heart swelled with gladness aud courage. One week after his interview with Lucy at the spring, he was on his way to the West.

We must now be allowed to transport our readers to the good town of S——. It is no longer the same as when Mrs. Stanton left it to reside with aunt Esther in Liston. The spirit of "the times" has been there. The erection of facto-

ries, and its proximity to the Boston and Providence railroad, have greatly swelled its importance. Now it not only boasts of three lawyers' offices, and four physicians, but "the store" has grown to twice its former size. Messrs. Gresham and Bartlett have been compelled to enlarge it, in order to compete successfully with numerous rivals round the green, who threatened to annihilate them by the superior splendor of their sign-boards and extent of their buildings. That large white house on the south corner of the green is the residence of Squire Benson, attorney-and-counsellor-at-law, as he styles himself. That lady who is peeping from behind the curtain of the parlor window, and, with an expression of displeasure on her face, watching the two young ladies who stand chatting on the sidewalk, is Mrs. Benson, his wife. That young lady who has now left her companion and is coming toward the house, is Miss Julia Esther Benson, his daughter, the would-be belle of the town.

"Julia, my dear," says Mrs. Benson, as her daughter enters the room, "was not that Caroline Hawley with whom you spoke just now?"

"Yes, ma; I met her as she was going to the shop, and stopped her to ask if Mrs. Shirley had yet received the latest fashions from Boston."

"But I should think your own sense of propriety would teach you that it is not fitting for Julia Benson to be seen speaking familiarly to a milliner's apprentice in the public street, directly in front of Doctor Seward's too; and Mrs. Weldon, his wife's cousin, the senator's lady and her daughters, who are so exclusive, now visiting there!"

"Why, ma, I am sure the Weldon's did not see me. Besides, Caroline Hawley dresses very genteely. Only last year you were so anxious to have me intimate with her that you gave your great Christmas party, merely to secure me the right of *entree* to her father's brilliant parties."

"True, Julia, but there is some difference between Catherine Hawley, the reputed heiress of a hundred thousand dollars, and Catherine Hawley the milliner's apprentice. Really

failures are so frequent that it is necessary for people of rank and fashion to be exclusive."

"Well, ma, I suppose you know best. But Caroline was always so pleasant; I liked her very much," said Julia, as she left the room.

This short conversation will enable the reader to gain some glimpses of the ruling spirit of lawyer Benson's house. Striving, ever striving! but alas! not for the imperishable, the eternal; not to realize the truth by which the pure in heart see God—but for the glitter, the glare, the pretension of that contemptible thing called fashion.

Under a soft, complaisant, and insinuating manner, Mrs. Benson concealed the most inflexible will—a will that yielded to no obstacles, and scrupled at no means in attaining her ends, so long as she could conceal them from the eyes of the world. She was ever ready and first, to subscribe to all the fashionable charities and popular societies of the day; to do anything, in short, that could tend to place her and her daughter in the first rank of *gigmanity;* while all her household operations which lay behind the curtain, were conducted with all the stint of the most penurious retrenchment. In his family Mr. Benson was a complete nonentity. In more ways than one, his wife made him feel that she was indeed his better half. Julia was a pretty, good-natured girl, with a fair share of intelligence. She would have made an interesting woman if her mother had not been constantly instilling into her mind the lessons of vanity and pride. In this family—a lonely pupil of that stern teacher, poverty—lived Lucy Maynard. Ay, *lived*—in the fullest sense of the word—for the pure heart and earnest soul, like a fair flower struggling for the blessed sunlight, amid the weeds which surround it, will ever stretch upward toward the great Father of Light, even when crushed beneath those rank weeds, pride and disdain. Yes! even in the family of lawyer Benson, Lucy lived. Two years after Charles Stanton's departure for the West, she was rendered doubly an orphan by the death of aunt Esther. Before her death, aunt Esther made

every provision in her power to screen her beloved charge from want: and, after commending her warmly to the care of her uncle, a brother of Captain Maynard, who resided in D——, Massachusetts, and much more strongly, and with far firmer faith, to the care of the Father of the fatherless, she slept the last sleep, and was laid to rest by the side of her sister.

That was a sorrowful day for poor Lucy when the earth closed over that dear face and kind heart with which had been her home so long, when she found herself alone! She heeded not the setting sun that night, as in her utter loneliness she knelt between the two graves, and passionately wept. At length a hand was laid gently on her shoulder—the old pastor stood by her. He assisted her to rise, and led her quietly, without speaking, to his own house. The first burst of grief was over, and she grew calm, for her soul was too clear and strong for despair.

Her uncle, John Maynard, received the orphan kindly; and both he and his wife employed all kind and gentle attentions to render her happy. And she was happy—happy to repay their kindness, in some measure, by her care for their young children. If, when busy with memories of her dear aunt Esther, and the days of her childhood and early youth, thought, wandering to Charles Stanton, would sometimes cause the work to drop from her hand, and the tear to fill her eyes; she was not unhappy, but fervently thanked God that the bright beams of his mercy still rested on her path. She had resided with her uncle about a year, when sudden reverses reduced him from comparative affluence to poverty. But John Maynard was not of a disposition to sit down in despair without an effort, or appeal to the sympathy of others, or complain of fate. Nor did his family hang upon him like a mill-stone. With sunny faces and cheerful hearts, from the oldest down to wee Jamie, the youngest, each felt strong to aid in retrieving their father's fallen fortunes. Lucy, unwilling to remain dependent on her friends in this change of circumstances, entreated permission to leave them and learn some trade, by which she might gain a livelihood. But her

gentle manners and kind heart had won their warmest affection. They were not willing to part with her, and gladly would have persuaded her to share their humble fortunes in the western world, to which they had decided to remove. But Lucy, aware of the rigid economy they would be compelled to practise, persisted in her entreaties until at last they consented, and procured her a situation with Mrs. Shirley, the most fashionable milliner in S ——.

And now poor Lucy is indeed left alone, wearing away her life as a milliner's apprentice, with not one kind familiar face near her. Every day she must devote the usual number of hours to her trade; and besides this, like many a poor girl, she must work for her board, and this is her position in lawyer Benson's family. Mrs. Benson was very willing to give her board for her services when she was not in the shop, as it saved the expense of one servant. She was a consummate mistress of the art of getting the greatest possible amount of work out of all those who had the fortune or misfortune to serve her. Poor Lucy bitterly felt the difference between the kindness of her relatives, and the cold, unsympathizing manners of the Bensons. Uncomplaining, she ministered to the wants of the thoughtless, though not unreally kind Julia. With unwearied diligence she performed all those duties of the household which it pleased Mrs. Benson to term "chores;" and many a poor girl will bear witness to our truth when we say that these "chores" include much of the heaviest and most laborious portion of the housework.

Nor was this all. Mrs. Benson had one child, a son, many years younger than Julia, who was afflicted with a disease of the spine, and to whom Lucy's sweet voice and winning manners were peculiarly attractive. An invalid almost from his birth, Edward was peevish and fretful; but his eye always brightened when he heard her step on the stairs which led to his room, as, weary with the labors of the day, she came to bring his supper and prepare his drink for the night. Lucy soon began to feel that here was something to love; and when her mistress reminded her, as she not unfrequently did, of her dependent situation, and talked

of her great benevolence in keeping her merel *y* for doing a "few chores," though her heart swelled and her eyes filled, she felt that there was one whose joyous childhood was rendered brighter and happier by her existence, and her heart grew strong. Yet Lucy was not without her moments of—we were about to say unalloyed happiness. The apprentice girl had not forgotten the lessons of the old pastor; and it was a joyful moment for her when, after the last chore of the day was done, her mistress bade her go and sit by Edward until he fell asleep. Then, though the boy would sometimes insist on having the story of Little Red Riding-Hood related twice over, and be more than usually anxious to know how a wolf could talk—yet he was usually reasonable, and many sweet hours did Lucy spend with her books, with which, thanks to Caroline Hawley and her father, she was well-supplied—storing her mind with rich lessons, freely communing with the noblest and best of earth.

One morning, as Lucy was removing the breakfast things from the table, Mrs. Benson and Julia were discussing a brilliant party which they had attended the evening previous, at the house of 'Squire Lee, a rival attorney.

"Was there anything equal to the pride and vanity of the Lees?" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "Their French China! nothing but earthen, I dare say."

"But, ma, their dessert service is really silver. I heard Mrs. Seward say so."

"Yes! child, as I said before, there is nothing like their extravagance. But Mrs. Lee, with all her silver plate, will never be anything more than Fanny Dagget, the dress-maker. She retains even now, the habit of feeling for her scissors when talking. But, Julia, who was that handsome young man that came in so late with Dr. Seward? He must be somebody, if one may judge from the attentions shown him by Mrs. Weldon and the Sewards."

"O! that was Dr. Stanton. He and his uncle arrived at the hotel yesterday from New-York. Mary Seward told me that her family and the Lees are old friends of his father, and that this is his native place."

"Why it must be Charles Stanton, the son of Henry Stanton, who died——but heaven help the girl," she cried, springing to the table in time to catch part of the dishes which the sound of that long-cherished name had caused Lucy to drop, as she was about to place them on the waiter—"was there ever such carelessness? Two plates and three cups broken! my new breakfast set entirely ruined! I don't believe there is another as careless girl in town. There, take the fragments and waiter, and see if you can carry them to the kitchen without dropping them."

"Mother!" said Julia, as the frightened girl left the room, "Lucy is very pale; I don't think she is well."

"She ought to look pale. Three of my new coffee-pots and two plates broken into inch pieces! How many more cracked I don't know."

"But you know, ma, since Edward has been worse she is often obliged to get up in the night, to wait on him. He told me this morning that she was up with him the greater part of last night."

"He told me the same. But I keep her to wait on him. Edward has taken a great fancy to her; and after all, she is as good as most girls. Servants are always more plague than profit. But who did you say accompanied Charles Stanton?"

"His uncle, Mr. Gordon, from the West."

"Ah, now I remember, his mother was a Gordon, and had a Gordon at the West, whose brother is said to be wealthy. We must pay them some attention. If Edward gets no better I will ask Dr. Seward to call in his young friend to consult with him."

"Do, ma, I should like very much to be acquainted with him."

But let us look into the kitchen, where poor Lucy is almost breathless with delight at the thought of Charles Stanton's return. It has brought back to the care-worn face much of the changeful beauty of earlier days, and she sits forgetful of the broken China—of her mistress's displeasure—of all save the happy days passed in her own sweet home at Lis-

ton. "He has returned! I knew he would come back!" she murmured to herself, when the well known step of Mrs. Benson roused her to a consciousness of her situation. In that short, sweet dream, she had forgotten all but the past. She took no account of the change in their relative positions in society. For the moment she even forgot that, as she had reason to suppose, Charles himself no longer thought of her as formerly. But now her cheek blanched and her lip quivered with sudden thoughts of the vast distance by which the forms of society separated them.

Once Lucy's mind could not have entertained such thoughts; but she had, of late, heard the subject so often discussed—had heard Mrs. Benson and her friends too often speak of rank in society, and of the exclusiveness of "their circle," not to be aware that she, Mrs. Benson's servant, was too far from Dr. Stanton to think of intercourse with him.

True, Charles's letters, which had never failed during aunt Esther's life, were full of kind remembrances of her, in which she was always connected with his plans for the future. And even during her residence with her uncle, their correspondence had continued. But a short time after her uncle's failure she had written to Charles, informing him of her design to learn a trade. To this letter she received no reply. Anxiously had she hoped and waited for an answer, but none came. Slowly and painfully the conviction forced itself on her mind that he wished to forget her. Charles had been the ideal of all her dreams. Unconsciously his name ever trembled on her lips, when, in the moment devoted to her books, some new thought, beautiful in its purity and truth, gladdened her heart and shed light over the dim vista of the future. Unconsciously the thought of Charles's approbation had stimulated her to improve every moment, to make every possible exertion for a high degree of cultivation. And now he had returned—the beautiful dream had vanished—faded before the cold, false, heartless forms of society!

Oh! those only who have dreamed, hoped, longed, and lived for such an ideal can understand the bitterness of the

disappointment when, just at the moment of realization, we find ourselves separated from it by the inexorable hand of destiny!

But Lucy's experience had taught her more than one of the great lessons of life. She now strove to school herself to submission, and to fulfil with patient endurance all the duties of her station. Early in the ensuing spring the term of her apprenticeship would expire; and as Mrs. Shirley wished to retain her in her employment, she looked forward with pleasure to the time when the avails of her labor would render her independent, at least, of Mrs. Benson.

A few days after this, lawyer Benson informed his wife that Mr. Gordon had purchased part of the old Stanton estate, and that he was now busy furnishing the new cottage on the hill. This was true. Mr. Gordon, wishing to gratify his nephew, and disliking the noise and bustle of a hotel, on finding part of the paternal estate for sale, immediately became the purchaser, and in a few weeks they were enjoying all the quiet and comfort of a New-England home.

As rumor had represented Mr. Gordon to be far more wealthy than he really was, their establishment in the place was an event of the first importance to the "exclusives." They immediately received all sorts of attention from the many, and more gradually found some who could appreciate their worth and become sincerely their friends. Mrs. Benson was not the only managing mamma to whom Charles, especially, became an object of the highest consideration.

The warm recommendations of Dr. Seward soon procured for Charles quite an extensive practice. Little Edward, who daily grew worse, was almost entirely given over to his care, Dr. Seward only looking in occasionally. As Charles's calls were always made during those hours when Lucy was at the shop, she never met him; and although she frequently heard Mrs. Benson and her daughter mention his name, and sound his praises, yet with the sensitiveness of one who keenly felt the injustice and falseness of those conventional laws of society which oppressed her, and which now regu-

lated the character of Charles, as she had such painful reason to believe, she avoided all that could lead to a discovery of her early connection with him.

Meanwhile rumor began to prophecy, in whispers, that the beautiful cottage on the hill would soon have a mistress in Miss Julia. Mrs. Benson managed—Charles paid Julia some attentions, which gave rise to banter on the part of her young friends; and the manner in which Mrs. Benson replied to such remarks certainly was not calculated to silence them. Rumor continued to whisper, louder and louder, until the matter was spoken of as a thing probably settled. Lucy heard all this in silence, and sought refuge from all painful thoughts in her ministry of love to Edward.

As he grew worse he clung to her with increasing fondness, and at length Mrs. Benson procured another to take her place in the kitchen, that all her moments of leisure from the shop might be devoted exclusively to the little sufferer who was evidently near death. One day, toward the last of February, Dr. Stanton was detained from calling at his ordinary hour, and drove to the door much later than usual. Finding Mrs. Benson engaged with company, he followed the servant directly to Edward's room. He found his patient asleep. After feeling his pulse and arranging some powders, he turned to the nurse, who sat at the foot of the bed, almost wholly concealed by its ample drapery, and commenced giving directions. But suddenly interrupting himself, he inquired how long the boy had slept. The answer was inaudible.

"How long did you say, nurse?" he asked again.

"About half an hour," was the answer, in low, tremulous tones, which thrilled through his own soul.

Charles sprang to her side, and grasping her arm, drew her to the light, exclaiming—"It is! it must be Lucy Maynard—my own Lucy! Speak again! For God's sake, speak again!"

Oh! there are moments when the whole soul comes forth to brood on the face! Words could not have brought so sweet an assurance to his heart as did one glance of those

deep blue eyes, as he pressed her half-fainting to his bosom.

"And you have been near me so long," he continued—"even in this house, and I have not known it! Lucy! was this quite right?"

"I have wronged you, Charles. As you did not answer my letter, informing you of the change in my circumstances, I thought you had changed. Forgive me, Charles, but I have been made to feel, somewhat keenly, the disdain which those of your social rank and advantages feel authorized to bestow on such as occupy my position. Oh! if you only knew what I have suffered, in thinking that you, too, were influenced by this falseness of society—that you, too, could neglect me, because of my friendless poverty—you would forgive me."

"I changed! I disdain you! Society create a distance between you and me! Oh! how could you mistake me thus? You must indeed have learned some bitter lessons, my poor Lucy, or you could not have wronged me so!"

"But my letter, Charles, why did you not answer my letter?"

"Because, dearest Lucy, I never received it. I was a long time traveling with my uncle, in various parts of the country, before we came here, and must have left Cincinnati before it arrived there. Before I came here, I visited Liston. Our kind friend, the old pastor, had been dead nearly a year. In answer to my inquiries I was informed that you still resided in D——, with your uncle. I hastened to D——, and was there told that you accompanied your uncle's family to Iowa. Wearied and dispirited, I rejoined my uncle, whose business had detained him in New-York. We came here, as it was a favorite plan of my uncle to re-purchase, if possible, a part of my father's estate. But I had resolved to visit Iowa in the spring, to find you if possible, and ascertain whether the sweet play-mate of my youth would not sustain to me a still nearer and dearer relation."

"But Julia ———"

"Julia neither is, has been, nor can be to me anything more than a lively, good-tempered girl, spoiled by the over-

management of her mother. But first of all—even before you answer the question which interests me so deeply—allow me to provide you a more suitable home."

Lucy pointed to the sleeping boy. "No! Charles," she said, "I cannot leave him now. He will allow no one else to wait on him. You say he has but a few days to live. Let me, at least, soothe his last hours, for he has ever loved me."

"Let it be so, then; and now good night."

Lucy's unwearied ministry of love was soon over. One week after this meeting, Edward was in his grave.

"But were they married? were they married?" the fair girls ask. Indeed they were. And, if one may judge from the animated conversation going on in Mrs. Benson's parlor, their marriage has caused no small stir among the exclusives.

"An old acquaintance, did you say, Mrs. Benson?" exclaims Mrs. Eliott, her most intimate friend; old acquaintances are they? And did you never suspect it? Did the girl never mention it?"

"I am not accustomed to make myself either the companion or confidant of my servants, Mrs. Elliott," was the dignified answer.

"But do tell us, Julia, what sort of creature is this new edition of Cinderella? Is she beautiful?"

"Oh! pray don't come to me for a catalogue of her charms! I really cannot tell whether her eyes are blue, black, or grey. You have seen her a thousand times."

"Yes, no doubt;—but one never thinks of looking at a servant. Still, she must be superior to most of her class, for she has interested Dr. Stanton, and it is acknowledged that he is a man of taste."

"Yes, yes," says Mrs. Benson, in reply to the last part of Mrs. Elliott's remark, "and it is to be regretted that one with his talents and refinement, should contract such a *mesalliance.* Of course, he cannot retain his position in society—at least not here. We, who have shown him some attention as the descendant of the old Stanton family, shall now be obliged

to drop him. I wonder how he will bear the changed manners of Mrs. Weldon and the Sewards."

"Then you will not call on the bride?"

"No, indeed, I shall not do myself that honor, unless it be to order a new bonnet."

"Why, where can the Seward's be going?" exclaims Julia, from the window—"there are Mrs. Seward, Mary, and the Weldons, in the carriage."

"They are probably going to talk over this queer affair with the Lees," replied her mother.

The two elder ladies continued their discussion of this "queer affair," finding no terms adequate to express their wonder at the infatuation of Charles Stanton, until another exclamation from Julia, who had remained at the window, watching the carriage, drew them both to her side.

"Look, ma! look, Mrs. Elliott! The carriage has stopped at the cottage."

"Sure enough, Mrs. Benson," adds her friend, "and there is Dr. Stanton receiving them from the carriage. Well, this is a strange movement! But if the Weldons condescend to call on them, no one else can refuse."

"Certainly, this alters the case," replies Mrs. Benson. "And now I think of it, perhaps it is better that Julia and I should call likewise, as there has been some little talk about some slight attentions Dr. Stanton paid her. If we refuse to call, people may indulge themselves in ill-natured remarks."

That afternoon the bridal pair received the congratulations of Mrs. Benson and Miss Julia. These visitors felt some awkward embarrassment on the way, which Lucy's calm and dignified self-respect, blended, as it was, with the most graceful politeness, did not contribute to lessen on their arrival. But the Seward's have returned; let us step over, for a moment, and hear them."

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. Seward," says Mrs. Weldon, 'I never in my life paid my congratulations, on an occasion like this, with such heart-felt pleasure. I feared, indeed, that our young friend's mind had been misled by some romantic

idea of obligation to one who stood in such close connection with his boyish associations. But she is indeed worthy of him. She is a delightful creature. I could hardly refrain from calling her an angel myself."

"No," replied Mrs. Seward, "he was not one to deceive himself in such a matter. His mind is too clear;—his ideal too pure, too perfect, to allow any false views to guide his conduct in so important an affair as this. The question with him was, not whether she had wealth, station, or beauty, but whether she could speak to his heart, sympathize with his life of thought, and sustain to his soul that beautiful relation. I cannot sufficiently admire his independence of mind, in following out his own convictions in this case, though some of his acquaintance will censure him severely."

"But, aunt Seward," exclaims Grace Weldon, "his wife is beautiful, and her manners altogether charming and ladylike. How quietly and gracefully she received our congratulations. She was really beautiful in her simple, white dress — was she not, Mary!"

"Oh, yes! Grace, and the strangest thing of all is, that we have never noticed her before, when she has lived so long with Mrs. Benson, only just across the way."

"Ah! my daughter, I fear that we, and a great many others in the world, are ever looking too much abroad or above us, for the good and beautiful; and in so doing miss diamonds that lie in the dust at her feet—neglect many of the noblest and best of earth, leaving them to be crushed beneath the stern hand of poverty—or, what is worse, to pass through life without kindness or sympathy. The pride of fashionable life makes us too blind and cold to see and love others as we ought."

And now, dear reader, if you are still anxious or curious, walk with me, in this soft June moonlight, to the beautiful cottage on the hill, and we will see them in their home. We know all about them. They have no secrets from us. Therefore we may be as lawless as fairies, and peep in at the window. Take care! Do not be so hasty, and mind where you step, or you will crush all the violets and sweet clover. Now

push away this honey-suckle, and look into the room. "How happy she seems!" did you say? Ay, she is indeed happy! See that white-headed old man! It is Mr. Gordon.

How he raises his eyes from the book, and gazes at her through the open door of the library, with an expression that seems to say, "God bless her!" Hark! there are footsteps in the passage! How eagerly she starts and springs to the door, just in time to be caught in the arms of her husband.

"I have not forgotten that it is your birth-day, Lucy," he says. "In the happy days at Liston, aunt Esther used to give us a kiss and a whipping. Which do you think you deserve?"

"Why, Charles, if I remember rightly, it was I who received the kiss, and you the whipping."

"Ah! yes, I believe you are half right. But I have brought you something surpassingly beautiful: the poems of one whose poetic vision of divine things, and whose deep, serene, entrancing utterance of what is granted to that vision, are unrivalled among the rising generation of poets—one who, if his mature years do not belie his early promise, will become *the* poet and prophet of his age. Read me one of those sonnets, dearest."

Lucy took the book, and began, in an exquisitely modulated voice, one of those beautiful sonnets.

As she read the closing lines,

> "I dare not say how much thou art to me,
> Even to myself—and, oh! much less to thee!"

there was so much earnest truth and deep tenderness in the glance with which she met his eye, that Charles felt assured, as he involuntarily caught her to his bosom, that he held in his embrace

> "Earth's noblest thing,
> A woman perfected."

THE sweetest of all life is that which we live in the good of others.

TO MY SPIRIT LOVE.

I LOVE you—'tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well.
You are my comfort and my light—
My very life you seem;
I think of you all day; all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Æolian's chord,
And vibrates still to thee.
I never read the love-song yet,
So thrilling, fond, or true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kinder thought for you.

I bless the shadows of your face,
The light upon your hair—
I like for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there:
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word to dream upon
When that has died away.

Oh! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays,
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days—
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee—
And if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me

THE BLIND MOTHER.

Say, shall I never see thy face, my child?
My heart is full of feelings strange and wild:
A mother's hopes and heartfelt joys are mine,
My soul is filled with gushings half divine;
And never more, my child, am I alone,
Since thy young heart doth echo to mine own.

But I shall never see thee? can it be,
That all may gaze, my precious boy, on thee,
And yet the heart that loves thee most, forego
The dearest pleasure other mother's know?
This, this is an anguish—agony refined!
Oh! God, forgive me!—Baby, I am blind!

Yes, yes—I never, never knew before,
The depth of my affliction—oh, for power,
For one short thrilling moment, child, to gaze
On thy sweet tiny face, that others praise;
And yet I must not murmur—God is kind—
But *this is darkness*—now I *feel* I'm blind!

Nay, do not start, my child, it was a tear
That wet thy brow; thy mother, boy, is here;
And though I may not see thee, yet I feel
Thy velvet cheek against my bosom steal;
And none can harm thee there, nor hand unkind
Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind!

List—list—it is thy father's step I hear;
Now let me smooth thy brow; press back the tear,
He shall not find me weeping, when so bless'd
With thee, my darling, cradled on my breast;
But, could I only see thee! Yet, God's will
Be done! Peace, throbbing heart, be still!

We are alone again, he never guessed
What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast,
When he did praise thy features half defined,
He quite forgot that his young wife was blind!
And yet, when his fond arm was round us thrown,
His lip half trembled when it met my own.

Oh, should he e'er repent him he hath wed
A being burthened with a woe so dread:
Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,
My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break;
Or should his lip grow cold, his hand unkind,
God help me, baby, then indeed I'm blind!

But shall I never see thee? Yes, my boy,
Some future hour my heart shall know that joy;
It may not be on earth, but in the skies,
I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes;
So will I patient be, for God is kind,
For in yon Heaven there are no blind!

SPIRITUAL LOVE.

THERE is a LOVE! 'tis not the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly, or expire;
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;
But passion made essential, holy, bright,
Like the raised dead, our dust transformed to light.
'Tis not the cold Romance's ecstacy,
The flame new-lit at every passing eye:
But the high impulse that the stately soul
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;
Yet seeks it not, nay turns with stern disdain
On its own weakness that can wear a chain;
Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
Feels all the strength departed from its side.

T. Sammons.

BEGGARS.

Mothers and Daughters of the Bible.

MARTHA.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

The mention of places hallowed in Scripture by the miracles or presence of the Son of God, calls up a rush of old and pleasant memories. The little town of Bethlehem, the brook Kedron, the waters of the Jordan, the lake of Gennesaret, the mount of Olives, the garden of Gethsemane, the hill of Calvary, can never fade from the memory of man; and many a pilgrim will visit these places, not because they are the home of genius and art, not that they surpass all others in beauty of scenery, but that his affections may be softened and hallowed by the associations of the past. Jesus was born there, lived there, prayed there, suffered there, *died* there. This gives them their chief interest and importance. The obscure town of Bethany has been rescued from oblivion, because it is associated with the social kindness of Jesus, with one of his most stupendous miracles, and with his ascent to glory. It was situated on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, about two miles from the city of Jerusalem, and was the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. It was a beautiful and retired spot, to which the Saviour, in the pauses of labor and oppressed with fatigue, was wont to repair. Here his wearied human nature sought repose; here his social feelings met a kindly response; here he found the home and the heart of friendship—a green spot recovered from the selfishness of the great, wide world. Grieved, as he often must have been, at the stern opposition of the men he came to save—worn with the toils and fatigues

of his arduous mission—weary with the sights and sounds of a pleasure-loving city, it is no wonder that, at nightfall, he sought rest amid the more rural scenes and social sympathies of Bethany. Here he always found a welcome, and, if anywhere on earth, he may be said to have had a home, it was in the family of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. These three constituted the family group. They had tasted of sorrow—they had mourned over the grave of the loved and the lost; *they were orphans;* and now their hearts were linked to each other in beautiful sympathy and affection. Though Jews by birth and education, and strongly attached to Moses and the prophets, their hearts had been opened to "the truth as it is in Jesus." They saw that the dispensation of rites and ceremonies was to give way to a sublimer dispensation; that Moses was to be superseded by Jesus—that the type was realized in the presence of the great and blessed Antitype. It was therefore a pious family in full sympathy with the mission of Jesus. Their whole history, as recorded by the different Evangelists, is full proof of this. Many and touching are the incidents illustrative of their love for the Son of God. Mary anointed his head with precious ointment, bathed his feet with her tears, and listened, with meekness and docility, to his instructions. Martha remembered his wants, as a man, and honored him by more active and wearisome service. Lazarus was midway between the two—the conservative party; he both sat at the feet of Jesus, and served. He aided his sister Martha in her toils, and sympathized in the quiet love and docility of Mary. These different developments of character were the result of naturally different temperaments, yet neither proving the lack of devoted attachment. Martha, the senior of the family, was earnest and resolute, doing with her might what her hands found to do; a careful provider, looking well to the ways of her household; sometimes chafed with cares, and "cumbered with much serving." She may not have possessed the amiable sweetness or patient meekness of her sister; but in heroic fortitude, in womanly courage, in the elements of endurance, she may have surpassed her. Mary was a gentle creature,

full of love and tenderness, whose heart was unused to care, who would rather throw off the toils and responsibilities of life, and make duty consist in repose, in a quiet and meditative life. Had she lived in the days of the church's apostacy, she would not indeed have relinquished her faith in Jesus, but she would have made a beautiful recluse—a quiet and submissive nun—charmed with the solitudes of a cloister, and absorbed in the deep meditations of a devoutly religious life. Martha would have been the true sister of charity—active in relieving the wants of the needy, preparing bread for the hungry and clothing for the naked; *cumbered still with much serving*, but none the less a Christian. Her Christian character would have developed itself in this way, rather than in a passive sentimentalism, which is more beautiful than useful, more poetic than pious. Piety, in its outward developments, takes its shape and stamp somewhat from the characteristics nature has given us. Sometimes it is bold and active; then again it is timid and retiring: sometimes it assumes the aggressive and reformatory aspect; then again it clings, with a loving tenacity, to the present and the past. It cannot endure the conflict and commotion incident to revolution or change. It sees no good in it, but rather hazard, weariness, and unnecessary labor. These various manifestations may arise, not so much from different degrees of piety, as from a difference of original temperament. Some men are naturally fond of stir and excitement; they desire to be in motion and to see everything moving around them. Monotony—quietism—is positively onerous to them. They have no patience with a drone or a dreamy sentimentalist. If such persons are converted, they will make a stir; there is no danger of a stagnation of the waters agitated by their movements. But who will say that they are altogether indebted to religion for their zeal and activity? They may have no more moral principle than the man who cultivates more the interior life—who is meditative and modest—who *acts* less and *thinks* the more—who tills noiselessly the field, for which nature, as well as grace, has fitted him. Who will venture to say that Peter was more pious than John?

yet he was more active—apparently more zealous. The fact is, they were naturally different men, and grace did not annihilate their idiosyncracies of temperament or character. Their piety may have been equal, for aught we know—but Peter, from his natural temperament, was more subject to temptation than John. It may have cost him a greater struggle, more self-denial, to be a Christian, than it did the beloved disciple. John's temperament and character more readily harmonized with the principles and spirit of the gospel. He may not have had a quick and irascible temper to be overcome, or strong passions to be subdued, or peculiar susceptibilities to which temptation might powerfully appeal; and hence his love and gentleness may not all have been moral virtue, but an amiable goodness. Virtue, to be known, must be tried—it must come into conflict with temptation and vice; it must enter the arena of a moral encounter before we can certainly pronounce it genuine. We can conceive that a naturally irritable and fretful man, who even at times hurts his profession by occasional ebullitions of passion, may really have more piety than one who is always meek and gentle. He may have more encounters with temptation and manifest more resistance in a single day, than another may have occasion to do in a year. There is really no virtue in being or doing that which costs us nothing. The life of a Christian is represented in Scripture as a warfare—an encounter with "principalities and powers"—an earnest wrestling with the unseen enemies that war against the soul even until the mastery is gained. He who does battle against an evil temper, and conquers it, has done a noble service. "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city." He who has no *spirit* to overcome, no violent passion to conquer—who is naturally amiable and gentle—is not as much entitled to this high encomium as he who "finds in him a law warring against the law of his mind," and yet who keeps his body under, and suffers not his inferior nature to gain the ascendency.

We may not be sufficiently lenient in our indiscriminate

censures, or cautious in our unqualified praise, not understanding the different temperaments and ruling passions of different men. Thus we apprehend that the religious world have not been sufficiently charitable to Martha, forgetting the natural bent of her disposition; and she has been censured as worldly, selfish, and irritable. Mary, on the contrary, has been cherished as a model of perfection—the gem of that beloved family. We would be the last to detract from her excellence. She also did the Saviour honor; she exhibited the true heart of woman—her whole nature was turned to the melodies of love; she made choice of that "good part" which shall never be taken from her. But is there any evidence that Martha had not chosen the same "good part?" There is abundant proof to the contrary. Her love and piety were manifested in receiving Jesus to her house, and in aiming to provide suitable entertainment for so distinguished a Guest. It was an exhibition of her faith and obedience in the mode most agreeable to her active and industrious temperament. The bent of Mary's mind led her in a different direction. But had both been of the same mind, there would have been a fast in the house of Bethany, rather than a feast, and Jesus would have hungered in the family of his friends. He accepts the free-will offering of both, and it was only when Martha suffered her anxiety, for a moment, to get the better of her charity, that she erred, and received that gentle rebuke,—"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." This does not imply any lack of confidence in Martha, any distrust of her piety. A written testimonial is given of his affection for *her*, as well as for the other members of the family,—"Now Jesus loved *Martha*, and her sister, and Lazarus." Behold again their different traits of character when sorrow enters their dwelling. Both are anxious, both watch beside the patient sufferer, and listen with troubled hope to his labored breathing. The thoughts of both are turned to Jesus; but he is away—far beyond Jerusalem. He returns not with the messenger, who had been sent to inform him that his friend Lazarus was sick. "Why does he not come?"

inquire the anxious sisters. "If he were here, our brother would not die." The cloud deepens—the dreaded calamity hastens—the awful crisis has come—and the beloved Lazarus is dead! And will not Jesus be there to attend the rites of sepulture, and mourn with the bereaved sisters of Bethany? He is not there, and the blow has fallen, like a thunderbolt, upon their crushed hearts. Mary, that delicate and loving creature, who had sat at the feet of Jesus, is stricken like a defenceless thing to the earth. The blow was too much for her. She sits now in her disconsolate dwelling, like a motionless statue, *dumb with grief.* Her heart is breaking with sorrow. Martha also is sad—feels deeply her loss; but her lofty faith is turned to Jesus, and patiently does she wait his coming. She turns her anxious eye to Jericho, and then she looks with a steadfast gaze over the Mount of Olives, that she may recognize, amid the numerous passers-by, the well-known form of Jesus. At length she beholds, through the dim and early twilight, the form of a man. She is told that it is Jesus who is coming; and as soon as she heard that, she ran and met him—"but Mary sat still in the house." Whose heart is now responsive to the coming of her Lord, and hastens to express her sublime faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life? "Lord," says she, "if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus saith unto her,—"Thy brother shall rise again." She doubts not, but says,—"Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." The intimation that her brother should rise again—that he should come back from the land of darkness and corruption, and move again in this living world—was too strange and joyful news to be kept for a moment in her own heart, and she hastens to her disconsolate sister, and says,—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." At this announcement, Mary awakes from her delirium of grief, arises quickly, and comes to Jesus. The Jews, who supposed that she was going to the grave to yield to the uncontrollable passion of grief, followed her. She falls at the feet of Jesus,

and says, in the language of Martha,—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Mary, Martha, and their Jewish friends were all assembled, and weeping with inconsolable sorrow. At this sublime spectacle of mingled grief and affection, "Jesus wept," and said,—"Where have ye laid him?" He is directed to the mouth of the cave. He prays; earnest and tremulous were the tones of his voice.

"He ceased—
And for a minute's space there was a hush,
As if the angelic watchers of the world
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,
To listen to that prayer."

"Take ye away the stone," said Jesus. For a moment, doubt and faith alternate in the bosom of the anxious Martha—but faith, at length, triumphs. "And Jesus cried with a loud voice,—'Lazarus, come forth!'"

"O God! what means that strange and sudden sound
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head,
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a living form!
The loved—the lost—the *won*—
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm!
'And is this the Son of God?'
They whispered; while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears—for they had known the Lord."

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

I DREAMED—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed. One summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden whom he called "his Bride."
Once more: 'twas autumn, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding,
And in the midst I marked the smiling Sire.
The heavens were clouded:—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell: the white-haired man was gone!

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

Oh, sleep not, my babe—for the morn of to-morrow
Will hush me to slumbers more tranquil than thine;
The dark grave will shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the doom of the guilty are mine.

Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee—
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
Who watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet doth it grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate parent to see:
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my fetters thou hearest,
And none but the guilty should mourn over me.

And yet must I wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile;
But thou smil'st in thy dreams while thus placidly sleeping,
And, oh, how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

Alas, my sweet babe! with what pride had I press'd thee
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had bless'd thee,
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name!

But now, with remorse that avails not, I mourn thee,
Forsaken and friendless as soon thou wilt be;
In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

And when the dark thought of thy fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all, but the God of the orphan, forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek.

I know that the base world will strive to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;
Deserted and helpless, to whom can I leave thee!—
Oh, God of the fatherless, pity my child!

THE DOUBLE LOVE.

A FACT.

Grace, harmony, and elegance were raying forth their splendors for the delight of a nation—for Elssler was on the stage. The ballet of the evening was *Le Dieu et la Bayadere.* Perhaps the world does not afford a finer or more appropriate plot; and rarely has a beautiful story been married to sweeter music. It does not, to be sure, admit those wild, those bewitching flights that make the peculiar magic of this surpassing creature; but still it affords a fine display of the powers of the most wonderful pantome that ever acted eloquence. Mark how every limb of this airy being waves to the melodious music, as if the life that gives them motion had its origin and centre in those sounds—as if the music were an inspiration, that, like a transfusing deity, charged her whole frame with buoyant power. If you saw not the orchestra, you might suppose that her limbs gave off the music. One skilful to translate into sound these hieroglyphics of motion, might write the opera by the eye. She sinks, as evening declines along the valleys; she rises upon the sight, like morning dawning on the hills. As she throws forth her arms or feet, they seem to melt away into light, and to leave behind them a kind of flash.

But from the dancing—even from such dancing—my attention was diverted towards a young actress who sang in one of the chorusses. It was a new face, and surprisingly beautiful, and of a most original and engaging style of beauty, that lay rather in a flashing and sensitive expression than in the contour of the features. Her restless, glancing, dark eye, and the delicate impatience of her lip, indicated a genius that was little in keeping with the commonplace creatures around her. Her voice, too, though repressed by a

painful timidity, was infinitely superior to every other in the company, in a wild, enchanting sweetness. She seemed a mere child, but one could augur the most brilliant achievements for such powers in the future.

While I was wondering who it could be, and how she had got into such an insignificant position, I saw my tall friend Granville making his way through the pit to get at me, as I sat in the centre of it. He had been dining out, and his intellects, never of the clearest, were now in a state of the most charming confusion. Whether he was diverted at my sitting in the pit, or what other inexplicable jest had gotten into his head, he was no sooner seated than he began to giggle at me, and, holding down his head, laughed *sans* intermission. He presently looked up at the stage, and made all sorts of ridiculous remarks about the performers. There was a fellow with long hair who played Bramah, and sang vilely.

"Bramah's locks," said Granville, with a titter, "are in great order to-night: I wish his key was half as good." Then fixing on my little Malibran, who broke forth at that minute, "Hiss her off!" he stuttered out: "her voice is as cracked as her reputation!"

"But not quite so false," said a clear voice behind, "as your pretensions to the character of a gentleman!"

I looked round, and saw the person from whom the voice proceeded. He was plainly a gentleman. Granville rose in his majesty to such a height, that I thought he was going to put his head out of the ventilator to call a constable. In a few moments the house was in an uproar—and "Turn them out!" resounded from every quarter. Both were accordingly handed across the benches, and ejected from the door with the most satisfactory expedition.

Such was my first acquaintance with two persons in whom I became afterwards a good deal interested.

The next morning I went round among my friends, and found that the little singer had produced on others the impression she had made on me; the manager also seemed to have become aware of her merits, for in an opera that was

announced for the end of the week, the second part was given to her.

I was at a musical party at Mrs. B.'s the following evening; and at a late hour this person—whose name I now learned was Clara Carelli—came in. Her figure was slight, but perfectly well made, and her movements graceful to enchantment. Her complexion, which was of a bright roseate hue, formed a striking contrast with her large and flashing black eye. Her light hair, which curled naturally, was done up in a manner perfectly novel, but very tasteful. You would, perhaps, have called her appearance *outre*, had it not been for the refined beauty and faultless delicacy that reigned throughout; as it was, she seemed a romantic thing, and illustrated Bacon's remark, that the beauty that has in it some strangeness and irregularity, is ever the most fascinating. She tripped towards the piano, and played a few popular pieces with great expression and finish. I understood Mrs. B. then to ask her if she would not play something of her own. Her fingers ran hurriedly over the keys for a few moments, and her voice then broke out into one of the wildest and most exquisite melodies I ever listened to in my life. Both the words and the air were wholly new, and seemed the very breathings of an impassioned spirit. The burden of it was the utterance of a boundless, infinite love, that soared purposeless; its exalted object unknowing of the ardor, and incapable of being made to know. It was an air of melting plaint and pathos, mingled with thrilling ecstasy and rapturous delight. I never heard such power of voice nor such exhaustless gushing forth of sensibility. The most piteous, still-deepening melancholy, pressed upon the chords, like the shrill wind moaning keenly through the leafless woods; and then, though it yielded not nor changed, it became charged with a delicious transport of happiness, and the united but not blended emotions rolled on together till it seemed as if the heart of the performer must be crazed by the excitement. Her notes sometimes pierced the ear like the tones of the nightingale, and then melted away into breathings as "gentle as the morning light" It seemed as

if her soul had become vocal in a harmony as various as its faculties.

While the air proceeded, I saw the person whom I had encountered the night before at the *ballet*, come forward from the other room. He approached the instrument and looked at her for a minute or two, and then turned on his heel and went back. When she saw him, an immediate change took place in her manner: her voice trembled—broke: she finished the piece in a hurried, defective manner, then glided away from the piano, and threw herself in a large chair near to me in a state of mingled excitement and exhaustion. I approached her.

"The possession of so rich a talent," said I, "must confer upon you a happiness that common persons cannot conceive of."

"I am most unhappy," she replied.

"It is strange," said I, "if one who can confer such delight on others, does not enjoy it herself."

"The misery of the heart," said she, "is the inspiration of genius. Art is the monument of man's discontent."

"Ah!" said I, "I gather from your song that you are in love."

"I know not what is love. To have lost your soul in the being of another—to have your spirit kindled into a wild and infinite craving, and become a ship that sails an unknown sea without a rudder, a bird that soars without a home—this is not love; it is anguish—it is rapture."

Mrs. B. brought up the gentleman I have spoken of before, and introduced him to her as Mr. Beaumont. As he approached, her face was suffused with blushes and her head bent down upon her bosom. He conversed with her a little while very civilly, but perhaps a little coolly, and then withdrew. I spoke to her, but received no answer—and, looking at her, saw the tears silently gushing from her closed eyes. I tried to rouse her, but she seemed lost in gloom and hopeless dejection. I walked away, and spoke to Mr. Beaumont. He was very gentlemanly, and impressed me so agreeably, I determined to cultivate him.

When Clara appeared in the opera, she displayed a splendor of voice and a delicacy and precision of execution which raised her at one step to the highest eminence of admiration. She was under the highest excitement until she had distinct tokens of complete and unquestionable triumph; her manner then rose to a calm dignity and a more exalted grace. The *prima donna* was totally eclipsed, and towards the close seemed content to play the second part. The town was taken as it were by storm; everybody hastened to heap up honor and praises at her feet, and a career was opened which promised to outstrip even Malibran's. Her proud, ambitious, sensitive spirit seemed not to be satisfied with even these tributes; and however high the homage of society rose, her mind seemed still above it.

There was a mystery about her character which interested me. I could see at once from her action and her singing that she possessed intense and fiery susceptibilities, and a heart that experience must have sounded to the depths. Yet was she the tenderest youth; her manner and powers had the maturity of a woman, but her light, glancing, unsteady countenance was that of childhood. I determined to go and see her; and as I know there is always one way to the female heart, I took with me some chains and rings as presents. I found her alone at her lodgings. I expressed the interest I felt in her, and assured her of the real friendliness of my wishes; but it was in vain until I produced the gifts: her heart then opened itself, and we became very intimate and confidential. I told her of my sincere disposition to serve her, and that any communication she honored me with should be sacredly kept. I at last prevailed on her to give me a little sketch of her history.

"My father," said she, "was a native of Italy, and a person of rank. He forfeited his estate for opposition to the Austrian tyranny, and came to this country poor. He married, and my mother died soon after my birth. We lived alone in the country. My father conceived that I showed extraordinary capacity for music; and being himself profoundly instructed in that art, he spent most of his time in

developing the powers of my hand and voice. His pride cut him off from associates on the one hand, and his poverty on the other; and we lived therefore wholly alone. One day—it was one of those bright deep days in June when heaven seems to be descended on the earth and to encompass it—I walked out into the woods along the great road that passed near our house. A little brook crossed the way, and passed under a small stone arch. I sat down beside it, and leaned over the water to pluck some flowers that grew in it. I presently heard a noise above me, and, looking up, I saw standing on the arched bridge the most splendid being I ever beheld." She turned her head aside, and continued her story with her eyes fixed on the ground. "His beaming countenance, with his golden locks curling around it, made him glorious as the sun. I was dazzled and awed by his beauty as if it had been a terror. My eye shrank from the lustre of his gaze, and I was ready to sink into the earth before him. He spoke to me, and his voice seemed to pierce to my heart and to subdue it: I could not resist it. He asked me where I was going; and I told him I was going into the forest to sing. He asked me to sing to him—and I tried, but could not, for my voice was wholly gone, and I said that I could not sing without my piano. He made me show him where I lived, and promised to see me again, for he was then hurried. He then left me, and I sat down as one in a dream. It was an exquisite and perfect delight, as if a pure and unfading sunlight shone upon my being. I sat there almost unconscious, I know not how long; and it has seemed to me that I should not since have been so enslaved to his spirit, if I had not then, by meditating so long, imbibed that enchantment so deeply, and admitted it to the recesses of my bosom, and imbued my soul with it. The next afternoon, a carriage came down from the house of a rich lady who lived at a little distance, to bring me up there with some of my music; and when I reached the place, I found that he was there, and it was he that had told the lady of me, and caused her to send for me. There was a small party of young ladies in the parlor, and I went to the piano and played, and none

of them came near me; but he came to me, and spoke in so soft a voice, and turned over the leaves for me; and I touched his hand, and felt his fragrant breath upon my cheek; and I was so happy that I would gladly have died in that moment. After a little while, the company went in to tea in another room, and I came away: and when I had left the house, I became so much afraid that I should not see him again, that I turned back to speak to him. A servant called him into the entry—but when he came, my voice was gone; and when he asked me what I wanted, I could not speak; but I pointed to a little girl that was with me, and she told him I had come back to tell him that if he would come to my house the next day, I would play a particular piece he had asked for. And he thanked me kindly, and shook hands with me, and promised to come. What a flash of joy darted through me when I saw him, through the window, coming in the next day! I thought I was happy in expecting him, but the thrill of rapture that my frame then trembled with, told me how dull and miserable my life had been before. I wanted to rush to his arms; but though he was very kind and friendly, he was so cold, so frigid. I played, and as he sat beside me, that visit was a long ecstasy. I played on and on, that he might have no opportunity of going away; but at last he rose, and said that he must leave me: and I remained, exhausted and wretched. I went to my room and wept: it was ominous of my fate, for I never saw him again. In after days it was my satisfaction to note all the places where he had sat, and I marked the leaves of my music-books which he had touched, that I might never forget them; and I tried to find if he had not left something behind him, if it were only a straw or a leaf. And often and often did I sit beside the brook where I had met him, and picture him standing on the bridge; and it seems to me that then I was not wholly waking, but wrapped in a vision, dream being mingled into my life. But I was rudely awakened by the sudden death of my father. That event, which in other circumstances might have prostrated me, roused and strengthened my energies. I at first sank in despair, then my spirit

rose against the oppression of misery, and I braved and triumphed over it. My soul was absorbed in one resolution to find the person who had produced upon my feelings so ineffaceable an impression. I said to myself, 'He loves me not, because I am poor and obscure; I will go forth into the world; I have genius, I can toil; I will grow rich—I will be famous—I will subdue the world—I will win his affection.' I sold all the furniture except the piano; I moved to the capital, and I devoted my days and my nights for three years to the ardent prosecution of music. I was resolute, daring, determined to succeed. I was intolerant of failure; I was incapable of it. I offered my services at last to the manager of the theatre; and fearing lest I might be embarrassed, I appeared first in an obscure piece, unannounced. Since then, I have gained all the applause I could have wished for. I am famous. But, can I win his love? I thought not of that defeat. If I cannot, I am wretched in the midst of my fame—I am overwhelmed in the pride of my triumph."

I listened with deep interest to the wild and strange narration of this child of passion. As she concluded her narrative, her manner became inexpressibly saddened; the color left her cheek; and she hung down her head as if in lifeless woe. I asked her if she had seen the person that she spoke of, since her appearance in public.

"I have," she said, gloomily.

"Have I your permission to guess who it is?" said I.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, stretching out her arms: "you do not know, and cannot possibly conjecture. You would certainly be mistaken."

I had however no great difficulty in satisfying my own mind as to who the person was. I left this ardent and engaging female, greatly interested in her.

I subsequently saw a good deal of Beaumont. Our tastes and pursuits were much alike, and we took to one another a good deal. He spoke of Clara with admiration of her genius, but with indifference of feeling. He did not appear to remember having seen her before. His affairs afterwards fell into some embarrassments. His debts were not large,

and would have been perfectly insignificant at another time than one of universal commercial distress. He possessed a handsome real estate, but it was one of those seasons of prostrated values, when, as the Quarterly Review once said. a tailor might cheapen Carlton House. Some difficulty about trustees or outstanding titles rendered it impossible to mortgage. His creditors were pressing, and his property was on the point of being sold, and undoubtedly the state of the currency and the confusion of the title would cause it to be sacrificed for a song. I heard these things with regret—for it struck me that December was not a very agreeable period of the year in which to be turned out into the street.

I was sitting alone in my room on a bleak, tempestuous night, when I heard a hurried tap at the door, which was opened immediately, and a person wrapped in a black cloak, dripping wet, came in. The cloak was thrown aside, and revealed the person of Clara Carelli. Her flushed countenance showed her high excitement. She threw a packet upon the table.

"I have heard," said she, breathlessly, "that Mr. Beaumont has been arrested for debt. The amount of his debts is in money in that parcel. I beg of you that you will at once see it applied to the satisfying his creditors and procuring his release. But I enjoin upon you on no account to let him know from whom it comes."

I was astonished at this sincere and affecting display of romantic attachment, and gazed for a moment in silence upon the beautiful and beaming countenance before me.

"Do not delay," she cried; "I ask you as a friend. He may be at this moment in a noisome prison."

I groaned inwardly as I listened to the hail driving against the windows, and I thought that the storm had never been so violent as it was at that moment. Though passion might render one indifferent to the elements, yet I reflected *I* was not in love with Mr. Beaumont. I was sure that she was mistaken in supposing that he had been arrested—for I knew that no man can be arrested who has property. I was going to tell her this, and to suggest that it would be more humane

to leave a man in prison than to bring him out of it on such a night: but when I looked on the exalted ardor that blazed in her animated features, I thought it would be cruel to dash her enthusiasm by showing that it was needless, or to diminish the glorious satisfaction she must feel in the consciousness of such a deed. I accordingly ordered a hackney-coach, and, having set her down at home, drove to Beaumont's. Her last injunction to me was, not to disclose the person from whom the money came. When I reached his house, it was as I suspected; he had not been arrested. However, I found that I had come very opportunely. His creditors were then with him, and they were arranging for the sale of his property. I called him aside, and put the money in his hands, with such information as to its source as I was permitted to give. He hesitated a long time about accepting it, but finally acquiesced. The men were paid on the spot, and I had the satisfaction before I left him of shaking hands with him as a free man. I drove of course at once to Clara's to inform her of the result. Beaumont was penetrated with gratitude for an act which prevented the sacrifice of his property; and the next day lodged in my hands security for re-payment.

Beaumont and myself had once or twice called on Clara. On the occasion of his visits, her manner was generally depressed and silent. We called a day or two after this occurrence.

"Ha!" said he, as we entered, "I want you to sing for us that charming little air you gave us last night. But—Mademoiselle Carelli—your piano is gone; how is that?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said, with some confusion, "It is sold."

"Sold!—why it is indispensable to you! Ah! ha! I see! Mademoiselle, you have been extravagant; you have got in debt. You have been obliged to sell it."

Her face was turned from him as she sat, and was deadly pale. She breathed hard. "No, no," said she.

"Ah! it is sold for somebody else, then; you have some lover, perhaps, who is in difficulty."

"It was sold for you," she said, scarce articulately: then bursting into a passion of tears, added, "I know not what I say."

I came forward. I saw that her feelings had made her speak against her intention; but I deemed that an explanation was indispensable.

"It is to this admirable person," said I, "that you are beholden for the money you received through me. I myself am aware for the first time that the sale of her piano furnished part of the amount."

Beaumont fell upon his knee, and pressed her hand to his lips.

"How can I express my obligation for such transcendent goodness? In uttering my gratitude, let me add to it my unfeigned love. It has always been the passionate wish of my heart to be loved sincerely and ardently. I was interested in you from the moment I saw you; and I should have expressed my feelings, had it not been——"

"I understand you," said she, interrupting him: "you thought me too humble—too base. I am unworthy of you, who are so noble."

"Not so—not so," said he. "But I will be frank with you, Clara. Years ago, it was my fortune to meet with a young person whose beauty and genius captivated my heart. It was in the country; I told not my love, but left her till I could see if such arrangements could be made as would permit me to declare myself. When I returned, she was gone; and I have never seen her since. For her sake, I would not woo another; but I am now certain of never finding her—and you alone are worthy to take that place of empire in my affections."

It would be impossible to describe the fire of delight, and surprise, and pride that kindled her countenance as he proceeded. When he had ended, she threw herself into his arms, and cried, "I am she—I am she! You remember——" but her voice failed. She had fainted.

When her senses were restored, I took my leave of a scene so hallowed to these parties as the mutual expression of a passion so profound, so delicious.

Beaumont often labored subsequently to account for his not having recognized her. The change of name, of position, of dress, and the great difference which three years, and the development of a mind so ardent and mature had wrought, seemed to him to explain the mystery. But Clara, satisfied with his later affection, often rallied him on the want of depth in his first love.

TO * * * * * *

I ASK not if the world unfold
A fairer form than thine—
Tresses more rich in glowing gold,
And eyes of sweeter shine.

It is enough for me to know
That thou art fair to sight;
That thou hast locks of golden flow,
And eyes of playful light.

I ask not if there beat on earth
A warmer heart than thine—
A soul more rich in simple worth—
A genius more divine.

It is enough for me to prove
Thou hast a soul sincere—
A heart well made for quiet love—
A fancy rich and clear.

Already by kind heav'n, so far
Beyond my wishes blest,
I would not, with presumptuous pray'r,
Petition for the best.

While thou art wise, and good, and fair,
Thou art that best to me;
Nor would I, might I choose, prefer
A lovelier still to thee.

THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

It is many years since I was in a certain neighborhood among the mountains of New Jersey, where the richest cultivation enhances the beauty of scenery unusually fine, though not wild or bold enough for sublimity. It was a valley somewhat extensive, bordered on the south by abrupt and very high hills, wooded to their summit, except a small strip of cultivated land near their base, and terminating on the north side in sloping uplands covered with the wealth of harvest. A quiet stream murmured through the meadows, now narrowed between high banks, now expanding into a lakelet, near which stood a flour-mill. The house where I passed some days at this time, had lawns sloping down to the stream; and I remember there flourished three large drooping willows, which I hoped might always escape the axe and grow old, as guardians of the crystal water. Their exact locality was fixed in my memory by the circumstance, that over their tops might be seen a cottage, situated on the side of the mountain, just in the verge of the woods and about half a mile distant. The loneliness of its situation gave it something of romance, and I observed then that what had once been a garden was choked with tall weeds and briers, and that a rude screen of boards had been built directly in front of the cottage, so as to shut out all view of the neighboring dwellings. This strange precaution seemed misanthropical; or, was it adopted for the purpose of concealing from curious eyes what might pass within doors? To my inquiry who occupied that hermit's hut, the reply was, "Walter B——."

"The B—— who married Jane S——?"

"The same."

Her name called up distant recollections. I had seen Miss S. once at a rustic ball. She was a country beauty, rather better educated than most of the damsels who were her companions. Indeed, her father used to complain that she spent too much time in reading. His idea was, that after a girl had left school and completed her education, she had nothing more to do with books. But he rarely interfered except by a little grumbling with her pursuits, especially as his house was always in the best order and his dinners excellent. Jane was a choice housekeeper, and her leisure hours she spent as pleased herself—not heeding her father's ominous shake of the head, when he saw her earnestly devouring a book, or noticed the shelves filled with books in her little chamber. "She will leave off such follies when she marries," was his consolatory remark; and in truth, when the indulged girl did marry, whether she gave up her reading or not, she did not suffer it to interfere with her household duties. She was the most exemplary wife and mother in the country; and all her neighbors predicted happiness from her union with young B——. His father had left him a small farm well stocked, with a house large enough for comfort and even elegance; and few men began life with better prospects of contentment. Walter was active and ambitious, and wanted to secure something more than a competence for old age. My acquaintance with the young couple had left them thus, and I was naturally somewhat surprised to find them living in a home of so little pretension.

"The only marvel about it," said the friend to whom I expressed my wonder, "is, that they have a home at all. When Walter took to drink, his stock went first, and then his farm was neglected, till at last when sold to pay his debts, it brought less than half its value."

Alas! it was the common story of the intemperate man: first, moderate indulgence in frequent convivial meetings with his friends; then, occasional excesses that unfitted him for work for days, during which time he would vow and resolve and pledge his word to his wife that each should be

the last—followed by more frequent returnings to the same excess, till the doom of the victim was sealed, and the very friends who had led him into the vice, abandoned him in disgust.

Since the desertion of his boon companions, Walter had become gloomy and sullen—a mood which, under the excitement he now daily sought, gave place to wild and savage ferocity. The little children ran from him if they saw him on the road; and it was rumored that his wretched home too frequently witnessed his cruel brutality towards his unoffending wife. But he soon removed to his retired cottage on the mountain; and the screen of boards he built, effectually excluded all observation.

I listened to this melancholy history with the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate girl, now a helpless mother. She had sought no assistance from the neighbors, and few visited her, partly because they dreaded her husband, and partly because she herself did not encourage them. But some compassionate persons sent her provisions from time to time.

While I looked at the little dwelling which was now the scene of so much misery, with an aching heart for the countless victims of this dreadful vice, a bright flash suddenly shot up from the roof of the hut, while at the same time a volume of smoke poured from the chimney and upper windows. At the same moment a female figure rushed from behind the screen before mentioned, clasping an infant to her breast, and dragging along a child of about four years of age, and rapidly descended the slope of the mountain. Not many paces behind, her husband followed, calling upon her with shouts and execrations to return; but his evident intoxication rendered it impossible for him to equal the speed of his flying wife; and well was it for her, for a large knife was in his hand, which he brandished with frightful menaces. In less time than it would take to narrate what passed, several of the neighbors had run to meet her. Just as she reached the stream, through which she rushed with both children in her arms, then sank exhausted on the bank, they crowded round her with eager offers of assistance.

B. now came up, heedless of the men and women, who regarded him with looks of fear and horror. He had dropped the knife, but had not changed his threatening tone; and with shocking imprecations re-ordered his wife to "get up, and come home this instant!"

The poor woman uttered no reply—indeed she was hardly capable of speech; but the miller, a sturdy man, answered for her that she should go no more to the home of a villain who had nearly killed her. These words provoked B. to unbounded fury; he rushed upon the man who had spoken them with such violence as to throw him off his guard, and would have strangled him but for the interference of others. When he found himself overpowered by superior strength, he revenged himself by the most fearful curses, vented especially on his poor wife, whom again, with abusive epithets, he ordered to "go home, and not expose herself in this ridiculous manner!"

"No, Walter," said his wife, rising at last, and confronting him with pale but determined face: "no—I will *not* return to you. I could have borne, as I have long done, your harshness and violence towards me; but you have this night raised your hand against the lives of these children; and, as it is my duty before God to protect *them*, I leave you forever!"

Whatever reply the drunkard might have made, it was drowned in the indignant clamors of the bystanders, and he was hurried off to jail. His wife was cared for by her sympathising female acquaintance, and soon provided with a permanent situation, where by the labor of her hands she could support herself and her little ones. And soon, very soon, did her changed appearance bear witness to the improvement. She became contented and even cheerful; and the playful caresses of her children beguiled her of many sad thoughts.

When B. awoke from his intoxication in prison, the recollection of what he had done, overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He sent for one of his neighbors, and entreated him to go on his part to his injured wife, supplicate her forgiveness, and pledge the most solemn promises of future

amendment. Jane wept much; she forgave him from her heart, as she prayed God he might be forgiven; but she could not, dared not trust his oft-violated word, and sacrifice her children. Her determination was fixed; and for weeks together, though with a bleeding heart, she returned the same answer to the entreaties of her repentant husband. She dared not even see him, lest her resolution might be shaken.

When at last B. was discharged from jail, full of indignation at what he termed the cruel obstinacy of his wife, he made no effort to see her or the children; but—after shutting himself up a month or two in the cottage, which had been saved, by timely attention, from being burned on the night of Jane's escape—he departed, no one knew whither. He left a reproachful letter to his wife, professing himself driven to desperation, and laying on her the blame of his future crimes. No furniture of any value was found in the house, the greater part having been disposed of to procure food and—liquor.

Two years after this occurrence, (I have the particulars from a friend,) a crowd was assembled round the jail in the little town of ———. A murder, under the most appalling circumstances, had been committed in the neighborhood: a man to whom suspicion attached had been arrested, and, after strict examination, committed for trial. Particulars that had transpired left no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the people; and it was with suppressed execrations that the multitude followed the suspected felon to prison. When he disappeared from their sight within the gloomy walls, the popular rage broke out in groans and murmurs. One woman, young and interesting in appearance, who had listened with undisguised eagerness to a knot of idlers discussing the case, walked away when they ended their conference, and, presenting herself at the door of the magistrate who had conducted the examination, asked leave to speak with him. It was the wife of B. She had seen her husband led to jail, loaded with the most terrible suspicions, and she came to have her worst fears allayed or confirmed. The magistrate soothed her by assuring her that the evidence against B.,

though strong, was only circumstantial, and by no means absolutely proved his guilt. It was impossible to say what might be the event of the trial; but there was ground for hope. Poor Jane clung to this hope: "Oh, sir," sobbed she, "if he is guilty, and must die, it is I who have murdered him! I deserted him, when all the world cast him out!"

When the unhappy wife returned home, it was to give way to the bitter anguish of remorse—to weep and sob all night as if her heart would break. "How have I been able to kneel night and morning to ask pardon of God," she cried to herself, "when I refuse my aid to save a fellow being from destruction? And yet—these little ones," and she hung over her sleeping children—the fair boy, with bright cheek shaded by his clustering curls; and the sweet dark-eyed girl, so like *him* before excess had marred his manly beauty! *Could* she have brought these innocent ones into wretchedness—perhaps guilt? Had she not done right to snatch *them* from ruin, even by abandoning their father? She knelt once more, and prayed for guidance, for discernment of the right; and her mind was calmed.

Before noon the next day, the jail was again visited by groups of idlers, gazing into the window of B.'s cell, which looked upon the street. It might be that the prisoner was maddened by their taunts and derision; he was leaping about with frantic gestures, clapping his hands and laughing immoderately, or thrusting his face between the bars to grin defiance at his tormentors. Suddenly a woman—her face concealed by a drooping bonnet and thick veil—glided through the crowd, and, reaching up to the window, offered a parcel to the prisoner. He grasped it eagerly, with a wistful look, but the woman did not stay to be recognized. It was observed, as she hastened away, that her steps tottered, and she held down her head, apparently overcome by emotion. Well might the fearfully changed countenance of the accused appal one who had known him in better days!

The parcel contained a portion of food more palatable than is usually allowed to prisoners, and a small pocket Bible—the book B. had once prized—the gift of his dying mother.

His name was written on the first page in her hand. Many times in the week, always at dusk, did the same compassionate visitor stand at the grated window, and offer food or books to the prisoner, who was evidently affected by the kind attention. He ceased his idiotic dancing and laughing; he answered nothing more to the upbraidings of vagrants without; and those who looked into his window, saw him most frequently seated quietly at the table, reading, or with his head on his hand in deep thought. With thankfulness unspeakable Jane saw the change; but her joy was dashed with sadness, when on one of her visits the prisoner besought her, with piteous entreaty, to bring him a bottle of brandy.

It now occurred to the wife to do what she had never dared when B. was at home—to force on his perusal some tracts containing the most awful warnings against intemperance, and encouragements to the victim to struggle for recovery. He had no other books to beguile the time; he could not now, as formerly, rail at, or punish her, even had he any suspicion who she was: *what* might ensue if he read them? Her effort was crowned with success. Not a week had passed, when the abject entreaty for liquor—which had been urged night after night—was dropped, to be renewed no more. Jane's heart throbbed when she thought of this; but, alas! even if he were really reformed, would he live to prove himself so?

Thus days rolled on, and the time for the trial arrived. The prisoner had communicated with his counsel; witnesses had been sent for; the principal lawyer engaged in the prosecution had unfolded the chain of evidence by which his guilt was to be proved; the court was to open next morning. The accused had received some of his former acquaintance during the day—and as night drew near, he was alone. On his table lay a letter he had just written. He was pacing the room, tranquil, but with a mind filled with painful thoughts. The jailer opened the door, announced a name, received the prisoner's startled assent; and the next moment the long estranged husband and wife were together. B. did not stir; he was petrified by surprise; but Jane rushed to him; her

arms were round his neck, and she wept aloud. Her husband was moved, but struggled apparently with his pride: he unclasped her arms, stepped back a little, and looked earnestly at her.

Sad indeed the contrast between the two: the man almost spectral in aspect, haggard, wan, emaciated—not even the shadow of his former self; the woman blooming in the freshness of almost maiden beauty! No unhallowed vigils, or excess, or evil passions, had stamped their traces on *her* brow, or marred the symmetry of her form; and the very purity and tenderness that shone in her expression rebuked the conscious sinner as loudly as if an angel's tongue had proclaimed his degradation! As he shrank back and stood thus silent, Jane stretched out her hands beseechingly—"Oh, Walter!" she cried, "have you not yet forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you, Jane? Oh, Heaven, what a wretch am I!"

"I was wrong, Walter, to desert you, even at the worst; but oh, say you do not bear hard thoughts toward me!"

"Tell me, Jane—is it you who brought me these?"—pointing to the books.

"Yes, Walter—for I thought you would read them now; and——"

She was interrupted by the sobs of her husband: he sank on his knees as if to thank her; but to prevent that, she knelt with him, and prayed for him in the deep emotion of her heart.

When B. was sufficiently calm he asked after his children, and, pointing to the table, said—"There, Jane, is a letter I had written you, in a better spirit, I trust, than the last. If it were God's will I should live longer, I might make a better husband and father; but I dare not think of that now."

Jane longed to ask one question, but her tongue refused to utter the words. Her husband seemed to read the meaning of her anxious look.

"Before high Heaven," said he, "I declare to you that I am innocent of the crime for which I shall be tried to-morrow!"

A shriek of joy, scarce suppressed, burst from the wife: she clasped her hands and raised them upwards; gratitude denied her speech.

"Then you will live!" she gasped at length.

"No, Jane, I dare not hope it: and I deserve to die. I am guiltless of murder—but what have I been to you and my children? What have I been these last years?—a reckless outcast—my own destroyer—the enemy of God! I tell you, Jane—I have long looked to the gallows as the end of my career, and I have come to it at last! But I have mastered the tyrant that brought me to this—yes, I have!" He laughed convulsively as he said this—and his wife turned pale. "Look here, Jane—look here!"—and, lifting up the coverlit of his bed, he produced several bottles of brandy and whiskey. They were *full!*

"I asked you to give me liquor," he continued, "and you would not; but others, less merciful, brought these to me! Do not shudder, and grow so pale, Jane. I swear to you, I have not tasted one drop, though I have had them a fortnight! Those books saved me, for I read of even worse cases than mine. I took an oath, Jane, on the Bible you brought me the first night—my mother's Bible—that I would never taste liquor again: and I kept these, to try if I *could* keep my resolution."

"Oh, Walter!" was all the sobbing wife could say—but her tears were those of joy.

"You know, Jane, I was always fond of books; and if I had not been a slave to drink, I might have been fit society even for the judges who are to try me to-morrow. Oh, if I could only live my life over! But it is too late now; yet it is something, is it not,"—and his pale face kindled—"to think that I *can*, that I *have* overcome the fiend at last?—that *I shall not die a drunkard!* Remember that, and let everybody know it. I have it written here in your letter. God will remember it, will he not, when my soul stands before him in judgment?"

"Oh, my husband, you shall not die!" cried the wife, as with streaming tears she clasped him again to her arms

"The will of God be done—and that I can say now sincerely: I am willing to go. The Bible says, no drunkard shall enter his kingdom; but I am *not* a drunkard. I am a degraded wretch—an outcast of men—about to die a felon's death; but I feel a triumph, Jane—a joy unspeakable—that I have conquered my worst enemy. I thank God that he has supported me through the struggle. It was a terrible one!"

I need not at length record this interview. I need say no more than that, after weeks of the most agonizing suspense and anxiety, Jane had the happiness to hear that her husband was fully acquitted of the crime laid to his charge—to receive him once more, and welcome him to a home. For months he lay helpless, the victim of a wasting sickness; but his wife worked day and night to procure him comforts, and her children played round his bed; and in her heart was what the poet sweetly terms "a hymn of thankfulness" never silent. When he recovered, he found it not hard to bear her company in her cheerful toil; and never would he suffer himself to be persuaded to touch what once had proved his bane, and so nearly brought him to an ignominious end.

It is not long since I heard an address of touching eloquence, on the subject of Temperance, delivered by Walter B——. There was truth in every word of it, for he deeply felt what he uttered; and it came home to many a heart, and drew tears from many an eye. He told his own history, and described himself as once the most wretched and lost among the victims of that vice; and yet there had been others more lost than he, who recovered. It was this, he said, that first inspired him with hope for himself.

"Never give up," is an excellent maxim; but it means not that we should always hold on in the same way, as the many take it, but in some way: in the same, if we can, and find it good; but in some other, if we cannot, and find it better.

TO ONE I LOVE.

When the fair sun his smile displays,
And gilds the earth with gladd'ning rays;
When Nature wakes, and sweet birds sing
Their softest praises to the spring—
I think on thee!

Or, standing 'midst the glitt'ring crowd,
Where mirth and revelry are loud;
And hearts are lost in pleasure's maze,
Or 'midst the spell of beauty's gaze—
I think on thee!

Or, when the pensive moon's pale beam
Show'rs silver lustre o'er the stream,
And thoughts of former days arise
Beneath the silent, starry skies—
I think on thee!

When music bids her 'witching note
From some lone harp in sadness float,
And wakes the soul's soft pulses then
To bliss no tongue can tell again,
I think on thee!

Or, in the gloom of midnight's hour,
When all is hush'd, and fancy's power,
(Whose dictates we can ne'er control,)
Sheds thoughts of terror o'er the soul—
I think on thee!

That blessed thought, where'er I go,
'Midst bale or bliss, or joy or woe,
Pursues me still, and soothes the smart
That passing sorrow will impart—
To think on thee!

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

All men are dreamers: from the hour
When reason first exerts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—
That hope 's a dream!

The brazen trumpet's clangor gives
The joy on which the warrior lives;
And at his injured country's call,
He leaves his home, his friends, his all—
For glory's dream!

The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh;
But brightest eyes are deep in guile—
And he who trusts their fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream!

The poet—nature's darling child—
By fame's all-dazzling star beguiled,
Sings love's alternate hope and fear—
Paints visions which his heart holds dear—
And thus he dreams!

And there are those who build their joys
On proud ambition's gilded toys,
Who feign would climb the craggy height
Whose power displays its splendid light—
But dreaming, fall!

Whilst others, 'midst the giddy throng
Of pleasure's victims, sweep along;
Till feelings damp'd and satiate hearts,
Too worn to feel when bliss departs—
Prove all a dream!

And when that chilly call of fear,
Death's mandate hurtles in the ear,
We find, would we retrace the past,
E'en life at best now fading fast—
Is all a dream!

Staal Bannister.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

It is high noon—and a traveler, care-worn and weary, is seated beside an ancient well of Samaria. He has been expelled from Jerusalem and from its gorgeous temple, where bleeding sacrifices had been offered and costly rites celebrated—all typical of himself. But when he came, as predicted, in the form of a man, and in the garb of poverty, and not, as expected by the Jews, in the pomp and splendor of the world, they rejected both his person and his mission. He had healed their sick, he had entered their abodes of poverty with the words of blessing, he had raised the dead, he had pointed to his works, as the undeniable proofs of his divine mission; but all this failed to convince them, and they were determined to drive him from their city and country. He was not afraid of the terrors of men, but his hour had not yet come; "and he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee, and he must needs pass through Samaria." This was a region of country lying between Jerusalem and Galilee; so that in passing from one to the other, the direct course was to go through Samaria. The capital of the country was Samaria, formerly a large and opulent city. It was situated about fifteen miles to the north-west of the city of Shechem, or Sychar, and about forty miles to the north of Jerusalem. Samaria is distinguished in Biblical history as the chosen abode of the ten tribes, who revolted, and formed a separate kingdom under Jeroboam. This people soon degenerated into idolatry, retaining some forms of the temple

worship, blended with the rites of heathenism. They professed great reverence for the five books of Moses, but rejected the Prophets; and their religion therefore was a mixture of perverted Judaism and idolatry.

As Jesus "sat thus on the well," a stranger, covered with the dust, and weary with the toils of travel, "there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water." Cherishing the antipathies and the prejudices of her people, and perceiving from the appearance of the stranger that he was a Jew, she cast upon him a suspicious and scornful look, and was about to accomplish her task and retire, when Jesus ventured to address her and to say, "Give me to drink." She had not learned that a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple would secure a reward; and she immediately commenced an attack upon his peculiarities as a Jew, and expressed her marvel that he should ask a favor of her, being a Samaritan. Political causes first, and religious differences afterward, had conspired to produce a deep and bitter animosity between the two nations. The Jews were accustomed to regard the Samaritans as more hopeless even than the heathen, and refused them the courtesies and common civilities of life. But Jesus, though a Jew, had no prejudices to gratify and no animosities to express. He loved, with equal warmth, the race, irrespective of national or social distinctions. He came to break down the division-walls, and unite the human family in the bonds of a loving brotherhood. He perceived that there was an opportunity, through the instrumentality of this degenerate daughter of an apostate people, of forwarding the designs of his mission. She was a humble woman, and, as the sequel of her history shows, a *bad* woman; but still, she needed what she had no intention of receiving—she needed water, not from Jacob's well, but from the well-springs of eternal life. At this juncture, Jesus gives her some intimation of the nature of his person and the design of his mission; "and said unto her, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.'" He employed the beautiful and expressive

figure of water to represent the purity, the freeness, the refreshing and purifying influence of the blessing he was able to confer. But the saying of Jesus was dark to her; she had no conception of better water than could be drawn from Jacob's well; he himself had drank there, his children, and his cattle. She prided herself upon being a descendant of Jacob; and this well had come down, through thronging and cherished associations, as a gift and a blessing from the venerable patriarch to the Samaritans. She felt almost indignant at the suggestion, that he, a *wayfarer* and a *Jew*, should presume to furnish water purer and fresher than that which she was accustomed to draw. And besides, if he thought to draw from this well, he was destitute of the necessary means: "Whence, then," says she, "hast thou that living water?" Jesus now introduces a beautiful contrast between the water of Jacob's well and that which he was able to furnish: "Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again." It only affords a temporary relief—a momentary gratification. It is neither a satisfying nor a permanent good. "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Here there is a real good, a permanent blessing. The selfish desires of the woman are excited, but still she has no conception of the rich bestowment. Her mind is carnal, her thoughts are groveling and earthly, and she saith unto him, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." This language implies, that she had no just apprehension of the meaning of the Saviour's words, and no preparation of heart for the reception of the blessing which he came to bestow. She would like to be relieved from the fatigues of her daily toil. She would like a water possessing such remarkable qualities as to supersede the annoyance of thirst, and the necessity of repairing to the well for the purpose of meeting her urgent and every-day wants. But we doubt whether she had any confidence in Jesus, as being able to furnish such water, and her request was probably the language of irony rather than the simple

and earnest desire of her heart. Jesus now with the most consummate skill, and without any apparent design, proceeds to expose her guilt and her manner of life. "Go," says he, "call thy husband, and come hither." With a careless indifference she replied, "I have no husband." Jesus said unto her, "Thou hast well said, 'I have no husband;' for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly." The woman is startled at this announcement; not that it is strange or new to her, but that a stranger, whom she had casually met, who had no intercourse with her countrymen, and consequently could not have been informed of the facts of her previous history, should thus be able to mirror forth the characteristic features of her life. Though he was gentle and unostentatious, yet there was an earnest and quiet dignity in his manner which gave tremendous power to this revelation of her guilt. She felt condemned for her sin, and overwhelmed with the conviction that she was in the presence of One who knew her whole life. She could not deny the allegation touching her present criminal connection, or her past irregular conduct; and hence, with troubled emotions, she replied, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet,"—a person gifted with superior knowledge, and favored with secret revelations from the Most High. Stung by self-mortification and reproach, she desired to divert the mind of the Saviour from conversation so painful as that touching her personal guilt, and endeavored to draw him into a controversy as to the appropriate place of worship. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." This had long been a vexed question between the Jews and Samaritans—the former maintaining that Mount Zion was the spot on which the temple was to be erected. Accordingly, after their return from their captivity in Babylon, and by the authority of God, they set about the work. The Samaritans, at first, proposed to assist them; but the Jews, perceiving that they were actuated by political motives rather than from any love for true religion, declined their offer. This greatly exasperated

the Samaritans, and, with Sanballat at their head, endeavored to defeat the efforts of Nehemiah in building the walls. Foiled in this, they at length obtained leave of the Persian monarch to build a temple for themslves. This was erected on Mount Gerisim, a short distance from Sychar; and they strenuously contended, that that was the spot designated by Moses as the place where the nation should worship. Priests were selected irrespective of the Levitical order, rites were celebrated, and thus the religion of the Samaritans was perpetuated, and became, of course, a constant source of quarrel and alienation between the two nations. The Saviour, however, was not to be drawn into an unimportant matter in relation to the place or the formalities of worship. His aim was to impress the mind of the woman with the importance of personal religion—*spiritual worship*—superior to any which consists in mere outward form or ceremony. Hence his reply: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." The dispensation of forms and onerous services is about to close—a new and better one is about to commence, when "the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him." He needs no ecclesiastical pomp of pillars and fretted roof as the *place*, or golden censers and gorgeous vestments as the *means* of acceptable worship. He demands the worship of the inner man; and he is the most acceptable worshipper who presents to him "the offering of a broken heart and a contrite spirit; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." The broad, all-brilliant arch of heaven, or the quiet grove, vocal with the carol of bird-voices, or even the humble cottage, may be the temple where such sacrifices are offered. In addressing the true worshippers, the apostle says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." There were those in the days of our Saviour who were continually chanting the praises of the temple; whose religion consisted in a heartless observance of forms and outward display; and there are those in these latter days

who are ever speaking of *the church*—the beauty of its worship and the regular succession of its priesthood. Now, Jesus, by his reply to the woman of Samaria, would teach us, that forms and chants and regular successions are of vastly less importance than the worship of the heart. Not that he was indifferent to an appropriate form; for everything in his kingdom must be done decently and in order. He recognized the Hebrew ritual as of Divine appointment—as adapted to facilitate the purposes of worship, and through which, a knowledge of God could be secured and retained. The form of the Samaritan worship had never received the Divine sanction, and its tendency was only in the direction of darkness and error. Hence he says to the woman, "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews." God had selected them out of all the nations of the earth as the depositories of his word, as the honored agency for preserving and perpetuating the knowledge of himself in a dark and degenerate world. The Samaritans, on the contrary, had received no such honor, but were aliens from the truth, and had built a temple, and adopted a corrupted form of worship, without Divine authority. Our Saviour, therefore, indirectly though really, settled the question at issue as to the place of worship; yet so settled it, as to leave the impression that place and form were of less consequence than the moral state of the affections.

The woman, though she recognized the weary traveler before her as a prophet, seems not to have been satisfied with his exposition, and said unto him, "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things." The Samaritans receiving, as they did, the Pentateuch, cherished the expectation of a coming Messiah. They believed that he would instruct them more perfectly as to the manner of their faith and worship. The conversation had now reached that point when a sublime and startling announcement might be made. The mind of the woman had become interested; she had acknowledged that the Person speaking to her was a prophet, and hence truthful and worthy of confidence; she had confessed her

belief in the Messiah; and Jesus could say to her what he could not say to the Jews, for they were not able to bear it, "*I that speak unto thee am he.*" The truth flashed upon her mind as from a thousand mirrors. She bowed to his Divine authority, and believed; and, forgetful of everything else, and in an ecstasy of joy, "she left her water-pot, and went away into the city, and saith to the men, 'Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did! Is not *this* the Christ?'" She was doubtless converted to the faith of Jesus; yet she states her faith modestly, in the form of an inquiry, lest she should appear to dictate in a matter, of all others the most important, and deserving the highest consideration. In the streets of the city she boldly declared, that—

"He told me of things that I deemed were unknown
Save unto myself and my chosen alone;
And all that I knew he perused in my soul,
As it bowed to his will, and confessed his control.

"'A Prophet! a Prophet!' I uttered, amazed;
'Our God for his people a Prophet hath raised!
An Angel hath come from the light of his throne,
The Messiah at last to the world to make known!'

"O'erawed by his words, from his presence I turned,
With my heart full of thought, as it flutter'd and burned
With the weight of the marvels I heard and I saw,
By that fountain whose water I wandered to draw.

"Thus, thus have I told what so lately befel
My wondering soul at the Patriarch's well;
Where the waters, though sweet, as the wayfarer sips,
Yet sweeter the words of that bright Stranger's lips."

This simple testimony of the woman produced no little excitement in the city of Sychar. She preached Christ unto the people, and their hearts seemed to have been opened to receive the truth; for they assembled in multitudes at Jacob's well, and heard from the lips of Jesus himself the wonderful works of God; and many believed on him, not from the saying of the woman merely, but they heard for themselves, and knew that he was indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

From this instructive narrative some important lessons may be learned.

We see manifested the two natures of Jesus of Nazareth. He appeared, as he sat weary upon the well, as a man. As such, he was subject to human infirmities. He wearied as a man; he thirsted as a man; he hungered as a man, "for his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat;" he possessed social sympathies as a man. If we pass beyond the simple record of the narrative, we find the proofs of his humanity scattered all along his history, from his birth to his death. He increased in knowledge and wisdom and stature as a man; he toiled and was tempted and suffered and died as a man. But he was not *merely* a man. He was "God manifest in the flesh." He knew the character of the woman of Samaria, as God; he knew the thoughts of men, as God; he cast out devils, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, as a Divine Being. He confidently pointed to his works, and said to his accusers, "These are my witnesses," and they bore ample proof of the divinity of his mission. And when the woman of Samaria expressed her belief in a coming Messiah, he positively declared, "I that speak unto thee am he." Could he have been mistaken? Did he not know his own nature, offices, and work? He then, who sat on the well and talked thus with the woman, was *God-man*—"the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

We see the nature of true religion. It is not a mere form, or outward ceremony. It is represented under the figure of water—"a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." It is a *purifying principle*—it makes men better, holier, cleansing them of the impurities of an unholy life. It is an open and ample fountain, in which all may wash and be clean. It is a *satisfying principle*—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall *never* thirst." Men drink at other fountains—the fountain of sensual pleasure—the fountain of earthly abundance and popular applause—and thirst again. They are not satisfied with temporal good; it does not make them happy. Give them all that their greedy imaginations may have coveted—wealth, fame, and

sensual gratification—and they are continually thirsting for more. Nothing short of true religion can meet the deep, strong, earnest desires of the human soul. This too is an *active principle;* this well of water is continually "springing up into everlasting life." The water never becomes stagnant and still, and consequently impure and unhealthy. It is a *living* fountain—making verdant and fruitful everything around it.

WHAT THOUGH ILL BETIDE US.

BY C. D. STUART.

O! WHAT though ill betide us,
If those we love are nigh,
To soothe the brow of sorrow,
And calm the heaving sigh?
One loving smile will banish
The clouds of care and pain;
One loving word will bring us
Joy's sunshine back again.

The darkest storm that sadness
E'er cast upon the heart,
Is but a fleeting shadow,
Which love can bid depart:
No weight of wo can 'thrall us,
If those we love are near,
To soothe the drooping spirit,
And dry the falling tear.

Our best and brightest treasure,
Our balm for every pain,
Is in the hearts that love us—
A linked and golden chain.
And with that chain to guard us—
A charmed and shining mail—
O! what though ill betide us,
It cannot long prevail.

HOME AND WOMEN.

Our homes—what is their corner-stone but the virtue of women? And on what does social well-being rest, but on our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the door of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones—guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and parental love, (the corner-stones of church and state)—more sacred than either—more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay—let every public edifice, our halls of justice, and our capitols of state, be leveled with the dust—but spare our homes. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world—high walls to seclude the profane eyes of every human being—seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a peculiar name—this is home, and here is the birthplace of every virtuous impulse, of every sacred thought. Here the church and the state must come for their origin and support. Oh, spare our homes! The love we experience there, gives us our faith in an Infinite Goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birthright gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends—one sister, dearer and truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth under the light of smiles—who date back to the same season of innocence and hope—in whose veins runs the same blood—do we not find that years only make more sacred and important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up—distance may separate—different spheres may divide; but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends who God himself gave are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

[The following story is founded upon facts which occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The leading incidents are still in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania.]

Elizabeth Wilson was of humble though respectable parentage. From infancy she was remarked for beauty and a delicate nervous organization. Her brother William, two years older, was likewise a handsome child, with a more sturdy and vigorous frame. He had a gentle, loving heart, which expended its affections most lavishly on his mother and little sister. In their early years Lizzy was his constant shadow. If he went to the barn to hunt for eggs, the little one was sure to run prattling along with him, hand in hand. If he pelted walnuts from the tree, she was sure to be there with her little basket, to pick them up. They sat on the same blue bench to eat their bread and milk; and with the first jack-knife he ever owned, the affectionate boy carved on it the letters W. and E. for William and Elizabeth. The sister lavishly returned his love. If a pie was baked for her, she would never break it till Willie came to share; and she would never go to sleep unless her arms were about his neck.

Their mother, a woman of tender heart and yielding temper, took great delight in her handsome children. Often, when she went out to gather chips or brush, she stopped to look in upon them, as they sat on the blue bench, feeding each other from their little porringers of bread and milk The cross-lights from a side-window threw on them a reflection of the lilac bushes, so that they seemed seated in a flow-

ering-grove. It was the only picture the poor woman had; but none of the old masters could have equalled its beauty.

The earliest and strongest development of Lizzy's character was love. She was always caressing her kitten, or twining her arms about Willie's neck, or leaning on her mother's lap, begging for a kiss. A dozen times a day she would look earnestly into her mother's eyes, and inquire, most beseechingly, "*Does* you love your little Lizzy?" And if the fond answer did not come as promptly as usual, her beautiful eyes, always plaintive in their expression, would begin to swim with tears. This "strong necessity of loving," which so pervades the nature of woman, the fair child inherited from her gentle mother; and from her, too, inherited a deficiency of firmness, of which such natures have double need. To be every thing, and do every thing, for those she loved, was the paramount law of her existence.

Such a being was of course born for sorrow. Even in infancy, the discerning eye might already see its prophetic shadow resting on her expressive countenance. The first great affliction of her life was the death of her mother, when she was ten years old. Her delicate nerves were shattered by the blow, and were never afterwards fully restored to health. The dead body of her beloved mother, with large coins on the eye-lids, was so awfully impressed on her imagination, that the image followed her everywhere, even into her dreams. As she slept, tears often dropped from her tremulous eye-lashes, and nightmare visions made her start and scream. There was no gentle voice near to soothe her perturbed spirit; none to throw an angel's shining robe over the hideous spectre that lay so cold and stiff in the halls of memory. Her father fed and clothed his children, and caused them to be taught to read and write. It did not occur to him that any thing more was included in parental duty. Of clothing for the mind, or food for the heart, he knew nothing, for his own had never been clothed and fed. He came weary from daily toil, ate his supper, dozed in his chair awhile, and then sent the children to bed. A few times after the death of his wife, he kissed his daughter; but she never ventured

to look into *his* eyes, and ask, "*Does* you love your little Lizzy?" Willie was her only consolation; and all he could do was to weep passionately with her, at everything which reminded them of their mother.

Nature, as usual, reflected back the image of the soul that gazed upon her. To Lizzy's excited mind, everything appeared mysterious and awful, and all sounds seemed to wail and sigh. The rustling of the trees in the evening wind went through her, like the voice of a spirit; and when the nights were bright, she would hide her head in her brother's bosom, and whisper, "Willie, dear, I wish the moon would not keep looking at me. She seems to say something to me, and it makes me afraid."

All susceptible souls have felt thus, particularly when under the influence of grief:

"The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall;
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all."

Such a state of feeling, long indulged, could not be otherwise than injurious to a bodily frame originally delicate. The sensitive child soon became subject to fits, the severity of which at times threatened her life. On coming out of these spasms, with piteous tones and bewildered looks she would ask, "Where is my mother?"

At the end of a year an important change came over the lonely household. A strong, active step-mother was introduced. Her loud voice and energetic tread, so different from her own quiet and timid mother's, frightened poor Lizzy. Her heart more than ever turned back upon itself, and listened to the echoes of its own yearnings. Willie, being old enough to work on the farm, was now absent most of the day; and the fair girl, so richly endowed by nature with all deep feelings and beautiful capacities, so lavish of her affections, so accustomed to free outpourings of love, became reserved, and apparently cold and stupid. When the step-

mother gave birth to an infant, the fountains of feeling were again unsealed. It was her delight to watch the babe, and minister to its wants. But this development of the affections was likewise destined to be nipped in the bud. The step-mother, though by no means hard-hearted, was economical and worldly-wise. She deemed it most profitable to employ a healthy, stout niece of her own, somewhat older than Elizabeth, and to have her step-daughter bound out in some family where she could do light labor. It was also determined that William should go to service; and his place of destination was fifty miles from that of his sister.

The news of this arrangement was very bitter to the children. Both answered their father, very meekly, that they were willing to go; but their voices were deep, sad, and almost inaudible. Without saying another word, the boy put on his hat, and the girl her sun-bonnet, and taking each other by the hand, they went forth, and roamed silently to their mother's grave. There they stood for a long time, still—still—and their tears dropped fast on the green sod. At last, Elizabeth sobbed out, "Oh, if dear mother was alive, Willie, we should not have to go away from home." But Willie could only answer by a fresh outburst of grief. A little clump of wild flowers nodded over the edge of the mound. The affectionate boy cut two of them, and said, "Let us keep these, Lizzy, to remember mother by."

The flowers were carefully pressed between the leaves of Lizzy's Testament, and when the sorrowful day of parting came, one was nicely folded in a paper for Willie. "Now, dear sis, give me that nice little curl," said he, putting his finger on a soft, golden-brown ringlet, that nestled close to her ear, and lay caressingly on her downy cheek. She glanced in the fragment of a glass that served them for a mirror, and with eyes brimful of tears, she answered, "Oh, Willie, I cannot give you *that*. Don't you remember how dear mother used to wet my head all over with cold water, to make my hair curl? She used to laugh when I shook my head, and made the curls go all over my forehead; and she would kiss that little curl in particular. She said it was such a

darling little curl." Thus childishly did the innocent ones speak together. The brother twisted the favorite curl round his finger, and kissed it too; and a bright tear fell on it, and glittered in the sunshine.

William left home a few days earlier than his sister, and bitterly did the lonely one sob herself to sleep that night. She shuddered in the dark, and when the moon looked in at the window, its glance seemed more mournful than ever. The next morning, she fell from the breakfast-table in a fit more severe than usual. But as she soon recovered, and as these spasms now occurred only at distant intervals, her step-mother thought she had better be in readiness to depart at the appointed time.

The wagon was brought to the door, and the father said to her, "Lizzy, put on your bonnet, and bring your bundle. It is time to go." Oh, how the poor child lingered in her little bed-room, where she and Willie slept in their infant days, and where the mother used to hear them say their prayers, and kiss them both, as they lay folded in each others arms. To the strong step-mother she easily said good bye; but she paused long over the cradle of the babe, and kissed each of his little fingers, and fondly turned a little wave of sunny hair on his pure white forehead. Her heart swelled, and she had to swallow hard to keep down the sobs; for it was *her* cradle, and she was thinking how her mother used to sing her to sleep. Her father spoke to her in a tone of unusual tenderness, as if he too remembered her infancy, and the gentle one who used to rock her in that cradle. "Come, Lizzy," said he, "it is time to go. You shall come back and see the baby before long." With blinded eyes she stumbled into the wagon, and turned and looked back as long as she could see the old elm-tree by her bed-room window, where all the summers of her young life she had watched the swallows come and go.

It is a dreary fate for a loving and sensitive child to be bound out at service among strangers, even if they are kind-hearted. The good woman of the house received Lizzy in a very friendly manner, and told her to make herself at home.

But the word only sent a mournful echo through her heart. For a few days, she went about in a state of abstraction that seemed like absolute stupidity. Her step-mother had prepared them for this, by telling them there was something strange about Lizzy, and that many people thought her fits had affected her mind. Being of coarser and stronger natures, they could none of them imagine that the slow stagnation of the heart might easily dim the light of intellect in a creature so keenly susceptible. But by degrees, the duties required of her roused her faculties into greater activity; and when night came, she was fortunately too weary to lie awake and weep. Sometimes she dreamed of Willie, and her dreams of him were always bright and pleasant; but her mother sometimes fondled her with looks of love, and sometimes came as the pale cold spectre. Thus the months passed slowly away. Her father came to see her at distant intervals, and once in a great while a letter came from Willie, in a large stiff hand. Unaccustomed to writing, he could not through that medium tell much that was passing in his heart. That he wanted badly to see his sister, and often kissed the flower they plucked from the dear mother's grave, was the substance of all his epistles.

In the mean time, Lizzy was passing into womanhood. Childhood and youth kissed each other, with new and glowing beauty. Her delicate cheeks mantled with a richer color, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with long fringes of the darkest brown, looked out upon life with a more earnest and expressive longing. Plain and scanty garments could not conceal the graceful outline of her flexile figure, and her motions were like those of some pretty timid animal, that has always stepped to sylvan sounds. She was not aware of her uncommon loveliness, though she found it pleasant to look in the glass, and had sometimes heard strangers say to each other, "See that pretty girl!"

There were no young men in the immediate neighborhood, and she had not been invited to any of the rustic dances or quilting frolics. One bashful lad in the vicinity always contrived to drive his cows past the house where she lived, and

eagerly kept watch for a glimpse of her, as she went to the barn with her milking-pails. But if she happened to pass near enough to nod and smile, his cheeks grew red, and his voice forsook; and she could not know or guess that he would lie awake long that night, and dream of her smile, and resolve that some time or other he would have courage to tell her how handsome she was, and how the sight of her made his heart throb. She did not yet know that she could love anybody better than she had loved Willie. She had seen her darling brother but twice during their three years of separation; but his image was ever fresh and bright in her memory. When he came to see her she felt completely happy. While he gazed upon her with delighted eyes, her affectionate nature was satisfied with love; for it had not yet been revealed to her in the melting glance of passion. Yet the insidious and unquiet power already began to foreshadow itself in vague restlessness and romantic musings; for she was at an age—

> "To feel a want, yet scarce know what it is;
> To seek one nature that is always new,
> Whose glance is warmer than another's kiss:
> Such longing instinct fills the mighty scope
> Of the young heart with one mysterious hope."

At last, an important event occurred in Lizzy's monotonous existence. A young girl in the village was to be married, and she was invited to the quilting party. It was the first invitation of the kind she had ever received, and of course it occupied her thoughts day and night. Could she have foreseen how this simple occurrence would affect her whole future destiny, she would have pondered over it still more deeply. The bridegroom brought a friend with him to the party—a handsome dark-eyed young man, clerk of a store in a neighboring town. Aware of his personal attractions, he dressed himself with peculiar care. Elizabeth had never seen anything so elegant; and the moment his eye glanced upon her, he decided that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. He devoted himself to her in a manner sufficiently marked to excite envy; and some of the rich farmers'

daughters made critical remarks about her dress, which they concluded was passably genteel, for a girl that lived out at service. However, Lizzy was queen of the evening, by virtue of nature's own impress of royalty. When the quilt was finished, romping games were introduced, according to the fashion of the times; and the young men took care that the forfeits paid by the pretty girls should generally involve kissing some of their own number. Among the forfeits required of the dark-eyed stranger, he was ordered to beg on his knees for the identical little curl that Willie had asked of his sister. In the midst of her mirthfulness, this brought a shadow over her countenance, and she could not answer playfully. However, this emotion passed away with the moment, and she became the gayest of the gay. Never before had she been half so handsome, for never before had she been half so happy. The joyful consciousness of pleasing everybody, and the attractive young stranger in particular, made her eyes sparkle, and her whole countenance absolutely radiant with beauty.

When the party were about to separate, the young man was very assiduous about placing her shawl, and begged permission to accompany her home. But little was said during this walk; yet enough to afford entrance into both hearts for that insidious and unquiet passion, which tangles the web of human life more than all the other sentiments and instincts of our mysterious being. At parting he took her hand, to say good night; but he continued to hold it, and, leaning against the gate, they both stood, for a few moments, gazing at the clear, silvery orb of night. Ah, how different the moon seemed to Lizzy *now!* Earth's spectral robe had changed to a veil of glory. Her bonnet had fallen back, and the evening breeze played gently with her ringlets. In soft, insinuating tones, the young man said, "Will you not give me that little curl I asked you for?" She blushed deeply, and answered, in her child-like way, "I cannot give you that, because my mother used to kiss it so often." "No wonder she kissed it," he replied; "it looks so roguish, lying there on the pretty cheek." And before she was aware of it,

he had kissed it too! Trembling and confused, she turned to open the gate, but he held it fast, until she had promised that the next time he came she would give him one of her curls.

Poor Lizzy went to bed at night with an intoxicated heart. When she twisted her hair at the glass, next morning, she smiled and blushed, as she twined the favorite ringlet more carefully than ever. She was so childishly happy with her pretty little curl! The next Sunday evening, as she sat at the window, she heard the sound of a flute. He had promised to bring his flute; and he had not forgotten her. She listened—it came nearer and nearer through the wood. Her heart beat audibly, for it was indeed the handsome dark-eyed stranger.

All summer long, he came every Sunday afternoon; and with him came moonlight walks and flute—warblings, and tender whisperings, and glances, such as steal away a woman's heart. This was the fairy-land of her young life. She had somebody now into whose eyes she could gaze, with all the deep tenderness of her soul, and ask, "*Do* you love your own Lizzy?"

The young man did love, but not as she loved him; for her's was a richer nature, and gave more than he could return. He accompanied her to her father's, and they were generally understood to be betrothed. He had not seen her brother William, but he was told a thousand affectionate anecdotes of his kind and good heart. When they returned from the visit to the homestead, they brought with them the little blue bench marked W. and E. Lizzy was proud of her genteel lover; and the only drop which it now seemed possible to add to her cup of happiness, was to introduce him to William. But her brother was far off; and when the autumn came, her betrothed announced the necessity of going to a distant city, to establish himself in business. It was a bitter, bitter parting to both. The warmest letters were but a cold substitute for those happy hours of mutual confidence; and after awhile, his letters became more brief and cool. The fact was, the young man was too vain to feel deeply;

and among his new acquaintance in the city, was a young good-looking widow, with a small fortune, who early evinced a preference for him. To be obviously and at the same time modestly preferred, by a woman of any agreeable qualities, is what few men, even of the strongest character, can withstand. It is the knowledge of this fact, and experience with regard to the most delicate and acceptable modes of expressing preference, which, as Samuel Weller expresses it, makes "a widow equal to twenty-five other women." Lizzy's lover was not a strong character, and he was vain and selfish. It is no wonder, therefore, that his letters to the pretty girl who lived out at service, should become more cool and infrequent. She was very slow to believe it thus; and when, at last, news reached her that he was positively engaged to be married to another, she refused to listen to it. But he came not to vindicate himself, and he ceased to answer her letters. The poor deluded girl awoke to a full consciousness of her misery, and suffered such intensity of wretchedness as only keenly sensive natures *can* suffer. William had promised to come and see her the latter part of the winter, and her heart had been filled with pleasant and triumphant anticipations of introducing to him her handsome lover. But now the pride of her heart was humbled, and its joy turned into mourning. She was cast off, forsaken; and, alas, that was not the worst. As she sobbed on the neck of her faithful brother, she felt, for the first time, that there was something she could not tell him. The keenest of her wretched feelings she dared not avow. He pitied and consoled her as well as he could; but to her, it seemed as if there was no consolation but in death. Most earnestly did he wish that he had a home to shelter her, where he could fold her round with the soft wings of brotherly love. But they were both poor, and poverty fetters the impulses of the heart. And so they must part again, he guessing but half of her great sorrow. If the farewell was sad to him, what must it have been to her, who now felt so utterly alone in the wide world? Her health sunk under the conflict, and the fits returned upon her with increased violence. In her state of gloomy abstrac-

tion and indifference, she hardly noticed the significant glances and busy whispers of neighbors and acquaintance. With her, the agony of death was past. The world seemed to her too spectral for her to dread its censures. At last, she gave birth to a dead infant, and for a long time her own life trembled in the balance. She recovered, in a state of confirmed melancholy, and with occasional indications of impaired intellect.

"A shadow seemed to rise
From out her thoughts, and turn to dreariness
All blissful hopes and sunny memories."

She was no longer invited to visit with the young people of the neighborhood; and the envy excited by her uncommon beauty, showed itself in triumph over her blighted reputation. Her father thought it a duty to reprove her for sin, and her step-mother said some cutting words about the disgrace her conduct had brought upon the family. But no kind Christian heart reminded her that weakness is not always crime, or strengthened her with the assurance that one false step in life might be retrieved. Thus was the lily broken in its budding beauty, and its delicate petals blighted by harsh winds.

Poor Lizzy felt this depressing atmosphere of neglect and scorn; but fortunately with less keenness than she would have done, before the brain was stultified and heart congealed by shame and sorrow. She no longer showed much feeling about anything, except the little blue bench marked W. and E. Every moment that she could steal from household duties, she would retire to her little room, and, seated on this bench, would read over William's letters, and those other letters which had crushed her loving heart. She would not allow any person to remove the bench from her bedside, or to place a foot upon it. To such inanimate objects does the poor human heart cling in its desolation.

Years passed away monotonously with Elizabeth; years of loneliness and labor. Some young men, attracted by her beauty, and emboldened by knowledge of her weakness, approached her with a familiarity which they intended for

flattery. But their profligacy was too thinly disguised to be dangerous to a nature like hers. She turned coldly from them all, with feelings of disgust and weariness.

When she was about twenty-three years old, she went to Philadelphia, to do household work for a family that wished to hire her. Important events followed this change, but a veil of obscurity rests over the causes that produced them. After some months' residence in the city, her health failed more and more, and she returned to the country. She was still competent to discharge the lighter duties of household labor, but she seemed to perform them all mechanically, and with a dull stupor. After a time, it became obvious that she would again be a mother. When questioned, her answers were incoherent and contradictory. At last she gave birth to twins. She wept when she saw them; but they seemed to have no power to withdraw her mind from its disconsolate wanderings. When they were a few months old, she expressed a wish to see Philadelphia; and a lad belonging to the family where she had remained during her illness, agreed to convey her part of the way in a wagon. When they came into the public road, she told him she could walk the rest of the way, and begged him to return. He left her seated on a rock near a thick grove, nursing her babes. She was calm and gentle, but sad and abstracted as usual. That was in the morning. Where or how she spent the day was never known. Toward night she arrived in Philadelphia, at the house where she had formerly lived. She seemed very haggard and miserable: what few words she said were abrupt and unmeaning; and her attitudes and motions had the sluggish apathy of an insane person.

The next day there was a rumor afloat that two strangled infants had been found in a grove on the road from Chester. Of course this circumstance soon became connected with her name. When she was arrested, she gave herself up with the same gloomy indifference that marked all her actions. She denied having committed the murder; but when asked who she supposed had done it, she sometimes shuddered and said nothing, sometimes said she did not know, and some

times answered that the children were still living. When conveyed to prison, she asked for pen and ink; and in a short letter, rudely penned, she begged William to come to her, and to bring from her bed-room the little blue bench they used to sit upon in the happy days of childhood. He came at once, and long did the affectionate couple stand locked in each others arms, sobbing, and without the power to speak. It was not until the second interview that her brother could summon courage to ask whether she really committed the crime of which she was accused.

"Oh no, William," she replied, "you could not suppose I did."

"You must indeed have been dreadfully changed, dear Lizzy," said he; "for you used to have a heart that could not hurt a kitten."

"I am dreadfully changed," she answered, "but I never wanted to harm anything."

He took her hand, played sadly with the emaciated fingers, and after a strong effort to control his emotions, he said, in a subdued voice, "Lizzy, dear, can you tell me who did do it?"

She stared at him with a wild, intense gaze, that made him shudder. Then looking fearfully toward the door, she said, in a strange muffled whisper, "Did *what?*" Poor William bowed his head over the hand that he held in his own, and wept like a child.

During various successive interviews, he could obtain no satisfactory answer to the important question. Sometimes she merely gazed at him with a vacant, insane expression; sometimes she faintly answered that she did not know; and sometimes she said she believed the babes were still alive. She gradually became more quiet and rational under her brother's soothing influence; and one day, when he had repeatedly assured her that she could safely trust her secrets to his faithful heart, she said, with a suppressed whisper, as if she feared the sound of her own voice, "*He* did it."

"Who is *he?*" asked the brother, gently.

"The father," she replied.

"Did you know he meant to do it?"

"No. He told me he would meet me and give me some money. But when I asked him for something to support the children, he was angry, and choked them. I was frightened, and fell faint. I don't know what I did. I awoke up, and found myself on the ground alone, and the babies lying among the bushes."

"What is his name, and where does he live?" inquired the brother. She gave him a wild look of distress, and said—

"Oh, don't ask me. I ought not to have done so. I am a poor sinner—a poor sinner. But everybody deserted me; the world was very cold; I had nobody to love; and he was *very* kind to me."

"But tell me his name," urged the brother. She burst into a strange, mad laugh, picked nervously at the handkerchief she held in her hand, and repeated, idiotically, "Name? name? I guess the babies are alive now. I don't know—I don't know—but I guess they are."

To the lawyer she would say nothing except to deny that she committed the murder. All their exertions could wring from her nothing more distinct than the story she had briefly told her brother. During her trial, the expression of her countenance was stupid and vacant. At times she would drum on the railing before her, and stare round on the crowd with a bewildered look, as if unconscious where she was. The deranged state of her mind was strongly urged by her lawyer; but his opponent replied that all this might be assumed. To the story she had told in prison, it was answered, that her not telling of the murder at the time, made her an accomplice. After the usual display of legal ingenuity on both sides, the jury brought her in guilty of murder, and the poor forlorn creature was sentenced to be hung at Chester.

The wretched brother was so stunned by the blow, that at first he could not collect his thoughts. But it soon occurred to him, that the terrible doom might still be arrested, if the case could be brought suitably before the governor. A petition was accordingly drawn up, setting forth the alien-

ation of mind to which she had been subjected, in consequence of fits, and the extreme doubtfulness whether *she* committed the murder. Her youth, her beauty, the severe sorrows of her life, and the obviously impaired state of her reason, touched many hearts, and the petition was rapidly signed. When William went to her cell to bid her adieu, he tried to cheer her with the hope of pardon. She listened with listless apathy. But when he pressed her hand, and with a mournful smile said, "Good bye, dear Lizzy; I shall come back soon, and I hope with good news," she pointed tearfully to the little blue bench, and said, "Let what will happen, Willie, take care of *that*, for my sake." He answered with a choked voice; and as he turned away, the tears flowed fast down his manly cheeks. She listened to the echoes of his steps, and when she could hear them no longer, she threw herself on the floor, laid her head down on the little blue bench, kissed the letters carved upon it, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was first deserted by her false lover. When the jailor went in to carry her supper, he found her asleep thus: rich masses of her glossy brown hair fell over her pale but still lovely face, on which rested a serene smile, as if she were happy in her dreams. He stood and gazed upon her, and his hard hand brushed away a tear. Some motion that he made disturbed her slumber. She opened her eyes, from which there beamed for a moment a rational and happy expression, as she said, "I was out in the woods behind the house, holding my little apron to catch the nuts that Willie threw down. Mother smiled at me from a blue place between two clouds, and said, 'Come to me, my child.'"

The next day a clergyman came to see her. He spoke of the penalty for sin, and the duty of being resigned to the demands of justice. She heard his words as a mother hears street sounds when she is watching a dying babe. They conveyed to her no import. When asked if she repented of her sins, she said she had been a weak, erring creature, and she hoped that she was penitent; but that *she* never committed the murder.

"Are you resigned to die, if a pardon should not be obtained?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I want to die."

He prayed with her in the spirit of real human love; and this soothed her heart. She spoke seldom after her brother's departure; and often she did not appear to hear when she was spoken to. She sat on the little blue bench, gazing vacantly on the floor, like one already out of the body.

In those days there was a briefer interval between sentence and execution than at present. The fatal day and hour soon arrived, and still no tidings from the governor. Men came to lead her to the gallows. She seemed to understand what they said to her, and turned meekly to obey their orders. But she stopped suddenly, gazed on the little blue bench, and said, in a gasping tone, "Has William come?" When they told her no, a shudder seemed to go over her, and her pale face became still paler. A bit of looking-glass hung on the wall in front of her; and as she raised her head, she saw the little curl that had received her mother's caresses and the first kiss of love. With a look of the most intense agony, she gave a loud groan, and burying her face in her hands, fell forward on the shoulder of the sheriff.

* * * * * * *

Poor William had worked with the desperate energy of despair; and the governor, after a brief delay, granted a pardon. But in those days the facilities for traveling were few; and it happened that the country was inundated with heavy rains, which everywhere impeded his progress. He stopped neither for food nor rest; but everywhere the floods and broken roads hindered his progress. When he came to Darby Creek—which was usually fordable—it was swollen too high to be crossed, and it was some time before a boat could be obtained. In an agony of mind he pressed onward, till his horse fell dead under him. Half frantic, he begged for another at any price—mounted, and rode furiously. From the top of a hill he saw a crowd assembled round the place of execution. He waved his handkerchief—he shouted—he screamed; but, in the excitement of the moment, he was

not heard or noticed. All eyes were fastened on the gallows; and soon the awful object came within his own vision. Father of mercies! there are women's garments floating in the air! There is a struggling, a quivering—and all is still.

With a shriek that pierced the ears of the multitude, the desperate rider plunged forward. His horse fell under him, and, shouting "A pardon!—a pardon!" he rolled senseless on the ground. He came too late. The unhappy Elizabeth was dead. She had gone to

> "Him who made the heart,
> And who alone decidedly can try it;
> Then at the balance let's be mute—
> We never can adjust it.
> What's *done*, we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

Pale as a ghost, with hair suddenly whitened by excess of anguish, the wretched brother bent over the corpse of that beautiful sister whom he had loved so well. They spoke to him of resignation to God's will. He answered not—for it was not clear to him that the cruelty of man *is* the will of God. Reverently and tenderly he cut from that fair brow the favorite little curl, twined about with so many sacred memories, and once a source of girlish, innocent joy to the yearning heart that slept so calmly now. He took the little bench from its cold corner in the prison, and, gathering together his small personal property, he retired to a lonely cave in Dauphin county. He shunned all intercourse with his fellow-men, and, when spoken to, answered briefly and solemnly. There he died, a few years ago, at an advanced age. He is well remembered in the region round about, as WILLIAM, THE HERMIT.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

EMBALMING AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

The Egyptians, of all nations of antiquity, are most deserving of our attention. To this wise and ingenious people, who made such advances in arts and science, in commerce and legislation, succeeding nations have been indebted for whatever institutions civilize mankind and embellish human life. The priesthood of this very religious people—to whom knowledge was exclusively confined, being wholly free from anxiety about secular matters, as they were provided for by the state—devoted themselves to the service of the community. Their time was divided between the performance of their sacred duties and the improvement of the mind. Study was their business, the good of the people was their sole object, and whatever could contribute to the political or moral welfare of their country, was pursued with a zeal worthy of imitation in Christian societies. It is not then surprising that they made such amazing progress in physic and other occult sciences. And though the art of embalming, as practised by them, is now obsolete, and the medicated herbs which they used, may not now be ascertained, yet we may gather from the custom what study and attention they employed in discovering the virtues of simples, though the science of medical chemistry was probably unknown at that early period. The art of embalming the dead was peculiar to the Egyptians; they alone knew the secret of preserving the body from decay. In the Pentateuch, we find that when Abraham and Isaac died, they were simply buried; but Jacob, and afterwards Joseph, were embalmed, because those two patriarchs died in Egypt. This mysterious trade descended from father to son, as an hereditary and sacred privilege. The embalmers were held in high repute, con-

versed with the priests, and were by them admitted into the inner parts of the temples. Embalming may have been practised in Asia, but as there is not any authority for this presumption, it may be inferred that the custom prevailed among the Chaldeans, on account of the proximity of their country to Egypt, and the similarity of pursuits and doctrines: an intercourse no doubt subsisted between these two philosophical nations from the earliest ages. After the death of Alexander the Great, the Egyptians and Chaldeans were ordered to dress the body in their own way; but this event was many hundred years after the times when Egypt flourished under the Pharaohs. The washing and dressing of the bodies, alluded to by Greek and Roman writers, was merely an external application of unguents, performed with facility and dispatch, not for the purpose of preserving the corpse, but in honor of the deceased. The ceremony among the Egyptians was sacred and solemn, and the process tedious, intricate, and expensive. In the patriarchal history, the sacred writer tells us that forty days were employed in preparing the body of Jacob for sepulture. "And Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father: and the physicians embalmed Israel."—*Gen.* ch. 50, v. 2. And here it is to be observed, that the officers called physicians did not profess the art of curing; for physic, as it is now called, was not at that time a professional pursuit: not a word is said of physicians being called in during Jacob's sickness. Besides, the Hebrew word is rendered in the Septuagint, by those who prepare the body for burial. It is true, the author of the Pentateuch does not particularize this ceremony; but Herodotus and Diodorus are clear and diffuse in everything relative to this interesting country. The Egyptians believed that the soul was immortal, or rather, that it was eternal: they imagined that it not only was not subject to death, but that it had existed from all eternity, having neither beginning nor end. They thought that as it was immaterial, it was increate; and as it was increate, that it was a part of the Divine Spirit, and co-existent with that Being from whom it emanated. In order to substantiate this

doctrine, they asserted that the soul had been in a state of pre-existence, and at the dissolution of the outward man, it passed into various states; and, after a circuit of three thousand years, it returned to reanimate the human body. Pythagorus first transplanted this dogma from Egypt into Greece, and, though no works of that philosopher are now extant, yet we may gather from later writers the essential tenets of the Pythagorean sect. Plato, after the death of Socrates, inculcated the same principle, in order to validate the primary tenet of the Socratic school—the immortality of the soul. Virgil has shown himself very sedulous in propagating the same doctrine among the Romans. These two nations were of opinion that death separated the soul from the body; they were therefore no longer concerned about the perishable part of man; and being enlightened by the rays of rational philosophy, through the mists of error and superstition, they looked forward to a future state as a reward for the virtuous and a punishment for the wicked. The Egyptians, on the contrary, were more solicitous to preserve the material part from putrefaction and injury, conceiving that the soul was inseparable from its body, so long as the latter was free from corruption. Inspired by this superstition, they studied and put in practice every means of preserving the human frame: they applied to the study of natural history to discover the virtues of simples, and provided buildings of the greatest magnitude and durability, as depositories for the dead, which still remain the most stupendous monuments of human labor in the world. That the pyramids were built as sepulchres for the kings, there appears no reason to doubt; this is fully testified by modern travelers. Besides, Diodorus says expressly, that Chemnis and Cephron constructed them for this purpose. The principal care of the Egyptians was turned to the preserving the dead; they looked upon their houses as temporary dwellings, but to their cemeteries they gave the name of the eternal mansions.

Among the three modes of embalming, that adopted by the rich was very tedious in its process, and expensive in its preparation. As soon as a man of any consideration died,

the relations of the deceased, after the most violent expressions of grief, sent for the embalmer, who carried away the corpse. The first part of the operation was to extract the brains through the nostrils, with a crooked instrument of iron; for the more ready performance of which, the *medium* septum of the nose was cut away; the vacuities were then filled up with perfumes and aromatic composition. After this, the body was opened with much ceremony; for this purpose the priest made a mark on the left side, just above the hip, to show how far the incision was to be made. A particular officer made an opening with a very sharp Ethiopian stone. As soon as the people saw this, they pelted him with stones, and pursued him with maledictions—for the Egyptians looked with abhorrence upon any one who offered violence to a human body, either dead or alive. The embalmer then inserted his hand, and drew out all the viscera, except the heart and kidneys, while the bowels were washed with odors. The entrails were not restored to the abdomen, but, from a religious motive, they were thrown in the Nile. Afterwards the belly was filled with cinnamon, myrrh, and other odoriferous drugs; and then the orifice of the wound was closed. The body outwardly was anointed with the oil of cedar, and other preservatives, for thirty days. This length of time was necessary to administer the preparations for drying it and preventing its putrefaction. At the expiration of this term the corpse was again washed, and wrapped up in many folds of linen, painted with sacred characters, and seasoned with gums and other glutinous matter. This renders the cloth so durable, that it has preserved its consistence even to the present day, as specimens exhibited in this country and in England fully testify. These swathes of cere-cloth were so manifold, that there are seldom less than a thousand yards of filleting about one body; and so ingeniously were the wrappings managed, that the lineaments of the deceased were easily discernible, even though the face was covered with a kind of mask filled with mastic. On the breast was spread a broader piece of cere-cloth, on which was inscribed some memorable sentiment; but, for

the most part, having a figure of a woman with expanded arms. The embalmer having done his duty, the mummy was sent back to the kindred of the defunct, who deposited it in a wooden coffin made of a species of sycamore, called in Egypt, Pharaoh's fig-tree. Some few coffins have been found of solid stone. The top of the wooden coffin, or mummy chest, was carved in the shape of a woman's head; the face had been richly painted; the rest of the trunk was adorned with hieroglyphics, and the lower end was broad and flat like a pedestal, on which the coffin was placed erect in the place designed for its reception.

SUMMER EVENING.

It is the stilly hour of eve,
When all the blossoms seem to grieve,
And mourn in tears the day's decline,
While on their petals dew-drops shine.
Each setting sun that fades away,
But warns them of their own decay.
Alas! when some few suns are o'er,
They'll revel in the beam no more—
But wither on their lowly bed,
Like some lone maid whose beauty's fled.
The breeze that slumber'd through the day,
Now whispering, kisses every spray
In yonder fragrant jasmine bower,
And fans to health each languid flower.

The nightingale is warbling now
Responses to the lover's vow.
There's music in the grove, the brake;
Nay, music in the sleeping lake;
For every zephyr's wanton sigh
Fills the air with melody;
And every sound
At eve like this,
That floats around,
Breathes balmy bliss.

Designed by T.H.Mutesson.

Engd. by H.S.Sadd.

HARVEY BIRCH AND THE SKINNERS.

THIRTY years ago, or thereabout, it would scarcely have been needful to provide any reader in this country with an explanation of the scene represented in this picture. The fame of the first great American novelist was then rife throughout the land: and "Have you read 'The Spy?'" was a question almost as universal and matter of course as at any subsequent time has been the like query having for its subject a production of Bulwer, Dickens, or Eugene Sue. Mr. Cooper was then giving to the world the freshness not only of his intellect, but of his feelings. Perhaps his later works have been greater in intellect, and imbued with a loftier purpose, but those which appeared at the time referred to had by far the greatest number of readers.

Thirty years ago, or thereabout, as we have said, it would have been unnecessary to inform the reader that Harvey Birch was the hero, or at least the principal character, of Mr. Cooper's "Spy." Now we will not undertake to say that the name may not be strange to the ears or eyes of thousands. A new generation has come into the reading market, having no acquaintance with Captain Wharton, and Harper, and Jack Lawton, and Dr. Sitgreaves; and for the benefit of such, we extract from "The Spy," (by permission of the publisher,) the history of the seene presented in the picture:—

> "'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
> E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'
>
> *Gray.*

"The possessions of Mr. Wharton extended to some distance on each side of the house in which he dwelt, and most of his land was unoccupied. A few scattering dwellings were to be

seen in different parts of his domains, but they were fast falling to decay, and were untenanted. The proximity of the country to the contending armies had nearly banished the pursuits of agriculture from the land. It was useless for the husbandman to devote his time, and the labor of his hands, to obtain overflowing garners, that the first foraging party would empty. None tilled the earth with any other view than to provide the scanty means of subsistence, except those who were placed so near to one of the adverse parties as to be safe from the inroads of the light troops of the other. To these the war offered a golden harvest, more especially to such as enjoyed the benefits of an access to the Royal army. Mr. Wharton did not require the use of his lands for the purposes of subsistence, and willingly adopted the guarded practice of the day, and limited his attention to such articles as were soon to be consumed within his own walls, or could be easily secreted from the prying looks of the foragers. In consequence, the ground on which the action was fought, had not a single inhabited building, besides the one belonging to the father of Harvey Birch. This stood between the places where the cavalry had met, and the charge had been made on the party of Wellmere.

To Katy Haynes, it had been a day fruitful in incidents to furnish an inexhaustible theme to her after life. The prudent housekeeper had kept her political feelings in a state of rigid neutrality; her own friends had espoused the cause of the country, but the maiden never lost sight of the moment when she herself was to be espoused to Harvey Birch. She did not wish to fetter the bonds of Hymen with any other clogs than those with which nature had already so amply provided them. Katy could always see enough to embitter the marriage bed, without calling in the aid of political contention; and yet, at times, the prying spinster had her doubts of which side she should be, to escape this dreaded evil. There was so much of practised deception in the conduct of the pedler, that the housekeeper frequently arrested her own words when most wishing to manifest her sympathy. His lengthened absences from home had commenced immediately after the hostile armies had made their appearance in the county; previously to that event, his returns had been regular and frequent.

The battle of the Plains had taught the cautious Washington

the advantages possessed by his enemy, in organization, arms, and discipline. These were difficulties to be mastered by his own vigilance and care. Drawing off his troops to the heights, in the northern part of the county, he bid defiance to the attacks of the royal army, and Sir William Howe fell back to the enjoyments of his barren conquests, a deserted city and the adjacent islands. Never afterwards did the opposing armies make the trial for success within the limits of West-Chester; yet hardly a day passed, that the partisans did not make their inroads; or a sunrise, that the inhabitants were spared the relation of the excesses that the preceding darkness had served to conceal. Most of the movements of the pedler through the country were made at the hours which others allotted to repose. The evening sun would frequently leave him at one extremity of the district, and the morning find him at the other. His pack was his never-failing companion, and there were those who closely studied him in his moments of traffic, who thought his only purpose was the accumulation of gold. He would be often seen near the Highlands, with a body bending under the weight it carried; and again near the Harlaem river, traveling, with lighter steps, with his face toward the setting sun. But these glances at him were uncertain and fleeting. The intermediate time no eye could penetrate. For months he disappeared, and no traces of his course were ever known.

Strong parties held the heights of Harlaem, and the northern end of Manhattan Island was bristled with the bayonets of the English sentinels, yet the pedler glided among them unnoticed and uninjured. His approaches to the American lines were also frequent; but generally so conducted as to baffle pursuit. Many a sentinel, placed in the gorges of the mountains, spoke of a strange figure that had been seen gliding by them in the mists of the evening. The stories reached the ears of the officers, and, as we have related, in two instances, the trader fell into the hands of the Americans. The first time he escaped from Lawton, shortly after his arrest; but the second he was condemned to die. On the morning of his intended execution, the cage was opened, but the bird had flown. This extraordinary escape had been made from the custody of a favorite officer of Washington, and sentinels who had been thought worthy to guard the person of the Commander-in-chief. Bribery and

treason could not approach the characters of men so well esteemed, and the opinion gained ground among the common soldiery, that the pedler had dealings with the dark one. Katy, however, always repelled this opinion with indignation; for, within the recesses of her own bosom, the housekeeper, in ruminating on the events, concluded that the evil spirit did not pay in gold. Nor, continues the wary spinster in her cogitations, does Washington; paper and promises were all that the leader of the American troops could dispense to his servants, until after the receipt of supplies from France; and even then, although the scrutinizing eyes of Katy never let any opportunity of examining into the deer-skin purse pass unimproved, she was never able to detect the image of Louis, intruding into the presence of the well known countenance of George III.

The house of Harvey had been watched at different times by the Americans, with a view to his arrest, but never with success; the reputed spy possessed a secret means of intelligence, that invariably defeated their schemes. Once, when a strong body of the Continental army held the Four Corners for a whole summer, orders had been received from Washington himself, never to leave the door of Harvey Birch unwatched; the command was rigidly obeyed, and during this long period the pedler was unseen; the detachment was withdrawn, and the next night Birch re-entered his dwelling. The father of Harvey had been greatly molested, in consequence of the suspicious character of the son. But, notwithstanding the most minute scrutiny into the conduct of the old man, no fact could be substantiated against him to his injury, and his property was too small to keep alive the zeal of professed patriots; its confiscation and purchase would not reward them for their trouble. Age and sorrow were now about to spare him from further molestation, for the lamp of life had begun to be drained of its oil. The separation of the father and son had been painful, but in obedience to what both thought a duty. The old man had kept his situation a secret from the neighborhood, in order that he might have the company of his child in his last moments. The confusion of the past day, and the dread that Harvey might be too late, helped to hasten the event he would fain arrest for yet a little while. As night set in, his illness increased to such a degree, that the dismayed housekeeper had sent a

truant boy, who had been shut up with them for the day rather than trust himself in the presence of the combatants, to the Locusts, in quest of a companion to cheer her desolate situation. Cæsar was the only one who could be spared, and, loaded with eatables and cordials by the kind hearted Miss Peyton, the black had been despatched on this duty. The dying man was past the use of such articles, and his chief anxiety seemed to centre in a meeting with his absent child.

The noise of the chase had been heard by the group in the house, but its cause not understood; and as both the black and Katy were apprised of the detachment of American horse being below them, with its discontinuance all apprehension from this disturbance ceased. They heard the dragoons, as they moved slowly by the building, but in compliance with the prudent injunction of the black, the housekeeper forbore to indulge her curiosity by taking a view of the pageant. The old man had closed his eyes, and his attendants supposed him to be asleep. The house contained two large rooms, and as many small ones. One of the former served for kitchen and parlor; in the other lay the father of Birch; of the latter, one was the sanctuary of the vestal, and the other contained the provisions for subsistence. A huge chimney of stone rose in the centre of the building, serving, of itself, for a partition between the larger rooms; and fire-places of corresponding dimensions were in each apartment. A bright fire was burning in that of the common room, and, within the very jambs of its monstrous jaws sat Cæsar and Katy, at the time of which we write. The African was impressing his caution on the housekeeper to suppress an idle curiosity that might prove dangerous.

"Best nebber tempt a Satan," said Cæsar, rolling up his eyes significantly, till the whites glistened by the glare of the fire; "I like to lose an ear, only for carrying a little bit of a letter; but I wish Harvey get back."

"It is very disregardful in him to be away at such times,' said Katy imposingly. "Suppose now his father wanted to make his last will in the testament, who is there to do such a thing for him? Harvey is a very wasteful and a very disregardful man."

"Perhaps he make him afore?" said the black, inquiringly.

"It would not be a wonderment if he had," returned the housekeeper; he is whole days looking into the Bible."

"Then he read a good book," said the black, solemnly. "Miss Fanny read him to Dinah berry often."

"Yes," continued the inquisitive spinster; "but he would not be forever studying it, if it didn't hold something more as common."

She rose from her seat, and stealing softly to a chest of drawers in the room where lay the sick, took from it a large Bible, heavily bound, and secured with strong clasps of brass, with which she returned to the expecting African. The volume was opened, and she proceeded instantly to the inquiry. Katy was far from an expert scholar, and to Cæsar the characters were absolutely strangers. For some time the housekeeper was occupied with finding out the word Matthew, which she at last saw in large Roman letters crowning one of the pages, and instantly announced her discovery to the attentive Cæsar.

"Berry well, now look him all through," said the black, peeping over the damsel's shoulder, as he held a long, lank candle of yellow tallow in his hand, in such a manner as to throw its feeble light on the volume.

"Yes, but I must begin with the book," replied the other, turning the leaves carefully back, until, moving two at once, she lighted upon a page covered with the labors of a pen. "Here," said the housekeeper with impatience, and shaking with the eagerness of expectation, "here is the very words themselves; now I would give the world to know who he has left them big silver shoe buckles to."

"Read 'em," said Cæsar, laconically.

"And the black walnut drawers; for Harvey could never want them."

"Why no want 'em as well as he fader?" asked the black, dryly.

"And the six silver table spoons: for Harvey always uses the iron."

"I guess he say," continued the African, pointing significantly to the writing, and listening eagerly, as the other thus opened the store of the elder Birch's wealth.

Thus repeatedly advised, and impelled by her own curiosity, Katy commenced her task. Anxious to come to the part which

most interested herself, she dipped at once into the centre of the subject.

"*Chester Birch, born September 1st*, 1775;" read the spinster, with great deliberation.

"Well," cried the impatient Cæsar, "what he give him?"

"*Abigail Birch, born July 12th*, 1757;" continued the house keeper, in the same tone.

"I guess he give her a spoons," interrupted the black.

"*June 1st*, 1760. *On this awful day, the judgment of an offended God lighted on my house*"—a heavy groan from the adjoining room made the spinster instinctively close the book, and Cæsar, for a moment, shook with fear. Neither possessed sufficient resolution to go and examine the condition of the sufferer, but his heavy breathing continued as usual. Katy dared not, however, re-open the Bible, and carefully securing its clasps, it was laid on the table in silence. Cæsar took his chair again, and after looking timidly round the room, remarked—

"I tought he 'bout to go."

"No," said Katy, solemnly, "he will live till the tide is out, or the first cock crows in the morning."

"Poor man!" continued the black, nestling still farther into the chimney corner; "I hope he lay quiet after he die."

"'Twould be no astonishment to me if he didn't," returned Katy, glancing her eyes round the room, and speaking in an under voice; "for they say an unquiet life makes an uneasy grave."

"Johnny Birch a berry good man," said the black, quite positively.

"Ah! Cæsar," said the housekeeper, in the same voice, "he is good, only, who does good—can you tell me, Cæsar, why honestly gotten gold should be hidden in the bowels of the earth?"

"If he know where he be, why don't he dig him up?" asked the black, promptly.

"There may be reasons not comprehendible to you," said Katy, moving her chair so that her clothes covered the charmed stone, underneath which lay the secret treasures of the pedler, unable to refrain speaking of that which she would have been very unwilling to reveal; "but a rough outside often holds a smooth inside." Cæsar stared around the building, unable to

fathom the hidden meaning of the damsel, when his roving eyes suddenly became fixed, and his teeth chattered with affright. The change in the countenance of the black was instantly perceived by Katy, and turning her face, she saw the pedler himself, standing within the door of the room.

"Is he alive?" asked Birch, tremulously, and seemingly afraid to receive an answer to his own question.

"Surely," said the maiden, rising hastily and officiously offering her chair to the pedler, "he must live till day or the tide is down."

Disregarding all but her assurance, the pedler stole gently to the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound this father and son together was one of no ordinary kind. In the wide world they were all to each other. Had Katy but read a few lines farther in the record, she would have seen the sad tale of their misfortunes. At one blow competence and kindred had been swept from before them, and from that day to the present hour, persecution and distress had followed their wandering steps. Approaching the bedside, Harvey leaned his body forward, and said, in a voice nearly choked by his feelings—

"Father, do you know me?"

The parent slowly opened his eyes, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his pallid features, leaving behind it the impression of death in still greater force, by the contrast. The pedler gave a restorative he had brought with him to the parched lips of the sick man, and for a few minutes new vigor seemed to be imparted to his frame. He spoke, but slowly and with difficulty. Curiosity kept Katy silent; awe had the same effect on Cæsar; and Harvey seemed hardly to breathe, as he listened to the language of the departing spirit.

"My son," said the father in a hollow voice, "God is as merciful as he is just; if I threw the cup of salvation from my lips when a youth, he graciously offers it to me in mine age. He chastiseth to purify, and I go to join the spirits of our lost family. In a little while, my child, you will be alone. I know you too well not to foresee you will be a lone pilgrim through life. The bruised reed may endure, but it will never rise. You have that within you, Harvey, that will guide you aright; persevere as you have begun, for the duties of life are never to be neglected—and—"

A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient pedler hastened to learn the cause, followed by Katy and the black. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the door-way told the trader but too well, both his errand, and the fate that probably awaited himself. The intruder was a man still young in years, but his lineaments bespoke a mind long agitated by evil passions. His dress was of the meanest materials, and so ragged and unseemly, as to give him the appearance of studied poverty. His hair was prematurely whitened, and his sunken, lowering eye, avoided the bold, forward look of innocence. There was a restlessness in his movements, and an agitation in his manner, that proceeded from the workings of the foul spirit within him, and which was not less offensive to others than distressing to himself. This man was a well known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the county, with a semblance of patriotism, and were guilty of every grade of offence, from simple theft up to murder. Behind him stood several other figures, clad in a similar manner, but whose countenances expressed nothing more than the callous indifference of brutal insensibility. They were all well armed with muskets and bayonets, and provided with the usual implements of foot soldiers. Harvey knew resistance to be vain, and quietly submitted to their directions. In the twinkling of an eye both he and Cæsar were stripped of their decent garments, and made to exchange clothes with two of the filthiest of the band. They were then placed in separate corners of the room, and, under the muzzles of the muskets, required faithfully to answer such interrogatories as were put to them.

"Where is your pack?" was the first question to the pedler.

"Hear me," said Birch, trembling with agitation; "in the next room is my father, now in the agonies of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing, close his eyes, and you shall have all—ay, all!"

"Answer me as I put the questions, or this musket shall send you to keep the old driveller company; where is your pack?"

"I will tell you nothing, unless you let me go to my father," said the pedler, resolutely.

His persecutor raised his arm with a malicious sneer, and was about to execute his threat, when one of his companions checked him, and cried—

"What would you do? you surely forget the reward. Tell us where are your goods, and you shall go to your father."

Birch complied instantly, and a man was despatched in quest of the booty. He soon returned, throwing the bundle on the floor, swearing it was as light as feathers.

"Ay," cried their leader, "there must be gold somewhere for what it did contain; give us your gold, Mr. Birch; we know you have it; you will not take continental, not you.'

"You break your faith," said Harvey, sullenly.

"Give us your gold," exclaimed the other, furiously, pricking the pedler with his bayonet until the blood followed his pushes in streams. At this instant a slight movement was heard in the adjoining room, and Harvey cried imploringly—

"Let me—let me go to my father, and you shall have all."

"I swear you shall go then," said the skinner.

"Here, take the trash," cried Birch, as he threw aside the purse, which he had contrived to conceal, notwithstanding the change in his garments.

The robber raised it from the floor with a hellish laugh, as he said coolly—

"Ay, but it shall be to your Father in heaven.'

"Monster!" exclaimed Birch, "have you no feeling, no faith, no honesty?"

"Why, to hear him, one would think there was not a rope around his neck already," said the other malignantly. "There is no necessity of your being uneasy, Mr. Birch; if the old man gets a few hours the start of you in the journey, you will be sure to follow him before noon to-morrow."

This unfeeling communication had no effect on the pedler, who listened with gasping breath to every sound from the room of his parent, until he heard his own name spoken in the hollow, sepulchral tones of death. Birch could endure no more, but shrieking out—

"Father, hush—father, I come—I come!" he darted by his keeper, and was the next moment pinned to the wall by the bayonet of another. Fortunately, his quick motion had caused him to escape a thrust aimed at his life, and it was by his clothes only that he was confined.

"No, Mr. Birch," said the skinner, "we know you too well

for a slippery rascal, to trust you out of sight—your gold, your gold."

"You have it," said the pedler, writhing in the agony of his situation.

"Ay, we have the purse; but you have more purses. King George is a prompt paymaster, and you have done him many a piece of good service. Where is your hoard? without it you will never see your father."

"Remove the stone underneath the woman," cried the pedler, eagerly—"remove the stone."

"He raves, he raves," said Katy, instinctively moving her position to another stone than the one on which she had been standing. In a moment it was torn from its bed, and nothing but earth was seen under it.

"He raves; you have driven him from his right mind," continued the trembling spinster; "would any man in his senses think of keeping gold under a hearth-stone?"

"Peace, babbling fool," cried Harvey. "Lift the corner stone, and you will find what will make you rich, and me a beggar."

"And then you will be despiseable," said the housekeeper, bitterly. "A pedler without goods and without money is sure to be despiseable."

"There will be enough left to pay for his halter," cried the skinner, as he opened upon a store of English guineas. These were quickly transferred to a bag, notwithstanding the declarations of the spinster, that her dues were unsatisfied, and that, of right, ten of the guineas should be her property.

Delighted with a prize that greatly exceeded their expectations, the band prepared to depart, intending to take the pedler with them, in order to give him up to some of the American troops above, and claim the reward offered for his apprehension. Everything was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, for he refused to move an inch, when a figure entered the room that appalled the group: around his body was thrown a sheet of the bed from which he had just risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy and Cæsar thought it was the spirit of the elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed skinners.

The excitement, which had given the sick man strength, s vanished, and the pedler, lifting him in his arms, re-conveye him to his bed. The reaction of the system which followed hastened to close the scene.

The glazed eye of the father was fixed upon the son; his lips moved, but his voice was unheard. Harvey bent down, and, with his parting breath, received the dying benediction of his parent. A life of privation, of care, and of wrongs, embittered most of the future hours of the pedler. But under no sufferings, in no misfortunes, the subject of poverty and biting obloquy, the remembrance of that blessing never left him; it constantly gleamed over the images of the past, shedding a holy radiance around his saddest hours of despondency; it cheered the prospect of the future with the prayers of a pious spirit for his well-being; and it brought assurance to his soul, of having discharged faithfully and truly the sacred offices of filial love.

The retreat of Cæsar and the spinster had been too precipitate to admit of much calculation; yet had the former instinctively separated himself from the skinners. After fleeing a short distance they paused from fatigue, and the maiden commenced in a solemn voice—

"Oh! Cæsar, 'twas dreadful to walk before he had been laid in his grave; but it must have been the money that disturbed him; they say Captain Kidd walks where he buried gold in the old war."

"I neber tink Johnny Birch had such big eye," said the African, his teeth yet chattering with the fright.

"I'm sure 'twould be a botherment to a living soul, to lose so much money, and all for nothing," continued Katy, disregarding the other's remark. "Harvey will be nothing but a despiseable, poverty-stricken wretch. I wonder who he thinks would marry him now!"

"Maybe a spooke take away Harvey too," observed Cæsar, moving still nearer to the side of the maiden. But a new idea had seized the imagination of the spinster: she thought it not improbable that the prize had been forsaken in the confusion of the retreat; and after deliberating and reasoning for some time with Cæsar, they both determined to venture back, and ascertain this important fact, and, if possible, learn what had been the fate of the pedler. Much time was spent in cautiously

approaching the dreaded spot; and as the spinster had sagaciously placed herself in the line of the retreat of the skinners, every stone was examined in the progress, to see if it was not the abandoned gold. But, although the suddenness of the alarm, and the cry of Cæsar, had impelled the freebooters to so hasty a retreat, they grasped the hoard with an instinctive hold that death itself would not have loosened. Perceiving every thing to be quiet within, Katy at length mustered resolution enough to enter the dwelling, where she found the pedler, with a heavy heart, performing the last sad offices for the dead. A few words sufficed to explain to Katy the nature of her mistake; but Cæsar continued till his dying day to astonish the sable inmates of the kitchen with learned dissertations on spookes, and to relate how direful was the appearance of Johnny Birch.

The danger to himself compelled the pedler to abridge even the short period that American custom leaves the deceased with us; and, aided by the black and Katy, his painful task was soon ended. Cæsar volunteered to walk a couple of miles with orders to a carpenter, and the body, being habited in its ordinary attire, was left, with a sheet laid over it with great decency, to await the return of the messenger.

The skinners had fled precipitately to the wood, which was but a short distance from the house of Birch, and once safely sheltered within its shades, they halted, and mustered their panic-stricken forces.

'What in the name of fury seized on your coward hearts?' cried the dissatisfied leader, drawing his breath heavily.

'The same question might be asked yourself,' returned one of the band, sullenly.

'From your fright, I thought a party of De Lancy's men were upon us. Oh! you are brave gentlemen at a race,' continued the leader, bitterly.

'We follow our Captain.'

'Then follow me back, and let us secure the scoundrel, and receive the reward.'

'Yes; and by the time we reach the house, that black rascal will have the mad Virginian upon us; by my soul, I would rather meet fifty Cow-Boys, than that single man.'

'Fool,' cried the enraged leader, 'don't you know Dunwoodie's horses are at the Corners, full two-miles from here?'

'I care not where the dragoons are, but I will swear that I saw Captain Lawton enter the house of old Wharton, while I lay watching an opportunity of getting the British Colonel's horse from the stable.'

'And if he does come, won't a bullet silence a dragoon from the south as well as one from old England?'

'Ay, but I don't choose a hornets' nest about my ears; raise the skin of one of that corps, and you will never see another peaceable night's foraging again.'

'Well,' muttered the leader, as they retired deeper into the wood, 'this sottish pedler will stay to see the old devil buried, and though we mustn't touch him at the funeral, he'll wait to look after the moveables, and to-morrow night shall wind up his concerns.'

With this threat they withdrew to one of their usual places of resort, until darkness should again give them an opportunity of marauding on the community without danger of detection."

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood mutter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven—not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I LOVE children. I used to think, when I was a bachelor, (it is a good many years ago now,) that there was something *rather* presuming in the manner in which doting fathers and mothers would bring their "wee things" around them, and, for the especial edification of us single fellows, cause them to "mis-speak half-uttered words," and to go through with divers little lessons in manners and elocution. But both parents and children were made so apparently happy by it, that I never could think, as certain of my irreverent companions were wont to think, and to say, that it was "a bore." No, I never thought or said that; but I *did* think, and I remember, as I have said, that there was a little bad taste, and not a little presumption in such a course.

I don't think so now.

When a father, and how much *more* a mother—sees for the first time the gleam of affection illuminating, with what the Germans call an "interior light," the eyes and features of his infant child; when that innocent soul, fresh from heaven, looks for the first time into yours, and you feel that yours is an *answering* look to that new-born intelligence—then, I say, will you experience a sensation which is not "of the earth, earthy," but belongs to the "correspondence" of a higher and holier sphere.

I wish to gossip a little with you concerning children. You are a full-grown man now, friend Godey, *quite* full-grown; yet you were once a boy; and I am well assured that you will feel interested in a few incidents which I am going to relate in illustration of my theme—incidents which I hope you will judge to be not unfruitful of monitory lessons to "children of larger growth" than mere girls and boys.

Don't you think that we parents, sometimes, in moments of annoyance, through pressure of business or other circumstances, forbid that which was but innocent and reasonable, and perfectly natural to be asked for? and do not the best of parents frequently multiply prohibitions until obedience to them becomes impossible?

Excuse me; but all your readers have been children; many of them are happy mothers; many more that are not *will* be in God's good time; and I cannot but believe that many who shall peruse these sentences will find something in them which they will remember hereafter.

"The sorrows and tears of youth," says Washington Irving, "are as bitter as those of age;" and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility, how acute the *passing* mental agony!

My twin brother Willis—may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave!—and myself, when we were very little boys, in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper kite, swaying to and fro, rising and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sunlight in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and, keeping our eyes continually upon it, "gazing steadfastly toward heaven," we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding along upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful artificial "bird of the air" at the upper end.

I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to *think* of it as a boy.

Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us—for we thought we had obtained the "principle" of the kite—we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days; and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

At last it pleased the "gentle and voluble spirit of the air" to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our machine, that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature kite in the blue ether above us. *Such* a triumph! Fulton, when he essayed his first experiments, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved! We kept it up until "'twixt the gloaming and the mirk," when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn—hesitating long *where* to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it endwise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

I am coming now to a specimen of the "sorrows and tears of youth," of which Geoffrey Crayon speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night; and, far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn, approached the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away; and, on looking down into the receptacle, we saw our cherished, our *beloved* kite broken into twenty pieces!

It was our man Thomas who did it, climbing up on the haymow.

We both of us "hated with a perfect hatred," for five years afterward, the cruel neighbor who *laughed* at us for our deep six months' sorrow at that great loss—a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune at the period of manhood sinks into insignificance. *Other* kites, indeed, we constructed; but *that* was the kite "you *read* of," at "this present."

Think, therefore, O ye parents! *always* think of the acuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest "devilment," cut off the foot of a little doll with which his infantine sister was amusing herself. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic dispatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie—which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell—hit him with a slight switch over his temple and killed him instantly—a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother—when I read this I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed—though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it"—still, I *do* say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which, for a moment, I found, on my return, that my long porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face and said—

"No, I *didn't* take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for confession—the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him), of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had swelled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a portfolio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a trifle to you—and perhaps it is—yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who have any sympathy with, or affection for, their children.—That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was con-

vinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B——, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from his birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was *but* a boy, and "boys *will* be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "*boy-man!*" But to the story—

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant!" was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which

awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and, in a harsh tone, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you——"

"Not a word, sir; *go to bed!*"

"I only wanted to say, father, that——"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy, while supper was being prepared; and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him, when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful revery, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggravated spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor boy in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain,

and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish line and hook that was hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying:

"'What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!'"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and *this* was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to

graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had always manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the hearts of every parent who shall peruse this sketch.

"Everything that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy.—Yesterday, I found some rude pencil-sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rumaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.') And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I *cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh, how careful should we all be that, in our daily conduct toward those little beings, sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling!—And how gradually ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."

I will add no word to reflections so true; no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

As our shadows follow us in the clearest sunlight, so will the shades of our sins in our calmest and best hours.

FLORINE.

"Oh! desolate is now the home thy beauty made so fair,
And cheerless is the lonely heart which mourns thine absence there;
Yet, though unknown its sorrows be, its sufferings unseen,
The hope, the light of life are gone; they died with thee, Florine."

In the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, in an obscure corner, there stands a plain monument surmounted by an urn, on which is inscribed the name Florine. Every morning, on my accustomed visit to this beautiful dwelling of the dead, I was certain to find a fresh garland of *immortelle* wreathed around the urn, and the choicest flowers of the season scattered upon the turf; yet, early as my visit might be, I could never encounter the individual who so faithfully performed this act of devotion. One day I happened to fall in company with one of the keepers of the cemetery, and in the course of our conversation inquired of him who was the tenant of that tomb. "Alas! sir," said he—"there is a melancholy story connected with those ashes, and but that I fear I would be tedious, I would willingly narrate it to you."

"By no means," said I—"I am fond of melancholy stories—you will greatly oblige me by your recital."

"Come this way, then," said he—"where we may not be interrupted,"—and leading me a little distance from the path, he spoke nearly as follows:

"On the entry of the Allied forces into Paris, in 1815, a young English lady arrived at the Hotel Delorme. She was without any attendant—could scarcely speak a word of French, and appeared to be suffering from great mental agitation. From her singular appearance, and being alone, some delicacy was felt at receiving her. But having sent for the *Maitresse d' Hotel*, and explained to her the purport of the business which had brought her to Paris, namely, to endeavor to discover her lover and betrothed, a young officer in the 12th Hussars, of whom she had heard no tidings since his departure to join the army. The good lady at once entered into her feelings, listened with kindness to her story, and promised her every assistance within her power; in short, their interview ended with an agreement that on the following day they should together endeavor to obtain some clue to the object of the young lady's affections.

As early as decorum would admit of on the following morning, they accordingly sallied forth. Those who have never beheld a city in the hands of a triumphant enemy, can conjecture nothing so singularly exciting and picturesque, and perhaps never was the strength and brilliancy of war more gorgeously displayed than when the Parisian capital was in the possession of the Allied Powers. Warriors of every nation were there assembled, the bold and ferocious looking Cossack—the hardy Russian—the warlike Austrian—the gay and gallant Italian—the proud and fearless Prussian—the stern and thoughtful German —the frank Swede and Norwegian—the dogged Dane, and the victorious and unconquerable Englishman; all were promiscuously scattered throughout the city, guarding it with lynx-eyed vigilance, lest the Usurper might disavow his abdication, and, by some sudden ruse, again bid defiance to his conquerors.

Through the greater part of these warlike bodies had the two females passed, when suddenly the brilliant costume of the 12th Hussars caught the eye of the young lady. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'he is not there,' and fell almost fainting upon the shoulder of her companion.

'Who is not there?' inquired the matron.

'He that I told you of last evening—my betrothed, Augustus De Ruthven,'—at the same time a soldier of the troop galloped past them. He was instantly recognized by her. 'Hector!' she ejaculated. In a moment he brought his courser to a stand.

The soldier appeared paralyzed at her presence. He raised his helmet deferentially, and in a voice of astonishment exclaimed, 'Miss De Vere!'

'Yes, yes,' she replied, 'my good Hector, where is Augustus?'

The soldier's head sunk upon his breast, and he drew his hand across his eyes.

'Killed?' said the female.

'It is but too true, madam, on the field of Mont St. Jean.'

'Take me hence! Take me hence!' said she, in a deep and solemn voice. At the same moment a wild and rigid look settled on her countenance, and a laugh of thrilling sound burst from her bosom.

The *Maitresse d' Hotel* complied with her request; but from that moment reason had fled its empire. All that humanity could effect to recover her was resorted to, but in vain; in three

days from this occurrence, she had ceased to exist, and was borne to the grave by the hands of strangers."

"And was naught ever heard of Augustus?" asked I.

"Oh! yes, sir," said my informant, "it happened that he had been but severely wounded when left for dead upon the field. By those employed to bury the slain, he was discovered, and carried to a neighboring house, where, by degrees, he recovered, and returned to Paris, to learn the fatal tidings of his love; and it is he who at the earliest dawn of every day, comes thus, to offer his devotions and scatter flowers upon her grave."

On further inquiry, I learned that Augustus, after the restoration of peace, had retired from the service and settled in the precincts of Paris, a broken-hearted, melancholy man. The tomb he had erected to the memory of Florine, as well as to cover his own ashes, when it should please the Almighty to call him hence.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be:
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

BIRTH-DAY LINES.

BY ANNIE DANE.

What shall I sing thee, sister dear
On this thy natal day?
Why dost thou bid me breathe again
For thee my careless lay?

In thine own heart is gushing now
A lighter, gladder song,
Than e'er can flow from lip of mine,
Which has not sung so long.

Methought that in the silent hall,
Where mem'ry loves to weep,
With the dear visions of the past
I'd laid my lyre to sleep.

But thy sweet voice hath woke again
The chords that cannot rest,
As sunlight's touch awoke the lamp,
In Memnon's silent breast.

The summer hours have sped away,
Upon a radiant wing;
But, round our daily paths, thy smile
Did'st brightest sunshine fling.

And we are joined by mutual ties—
So closely, naught can sever;
When fondest hearts surround thy shrine,
Thou'lt turn from mine not ever.

Oh! wheresoe'er thy footsteps lead,
Throughout the coming year,
My fervent prayer shall go with thee,
Unshadowed by a fear.

Ah! would that like a silver cloud,
It might around thee glide,
Impervious to wind and storm—
A shield on every side.

But there's a love—more pure than mine—
Will light around thee throw,
That, if thy faith be firm and true,
Will ever constant glow.

Look up with smiles, if doubt assail,
And trust His holy care,
And know, *whatever* be His will,
'Tis best for thee to bear.

Then light will every burden seem,
And, with prophetic eye,
Hope will discern some ray of joy
In every darkened sky.

If some strange cloud should fall upon
That happy brow of thine,
Oh! may it, passing, leave a beam,
That shall intenser shine.

If ever tear should stain thine eye,
Or dim its gladsome light,
Oh! softly may it melt away,
As dew from floweret bright!

Now, joy go with thee, sister dear,
And hope attend thy way,
And may thy heart be light as now,
Upon thy next birth day!